

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE,  
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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes

In which is combined and consolidated  
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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## Crumbs of Comfort

Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy.

The darkest day, lived till tomorrow, will have passed away.

You may patch up a quarrel, but the patches nearly always show.

Music is the home of the outcast and the wealth of the needy.

The man who makes a character for himself makes foes for himself.

Practice economy in prosperity; you will not need to in adversity.

Bad habits are as infectious by example as smallpox is by contact.

The more you speak well of yourself, the less others will speak of you.

The wisest man may always learn something from the humblest person.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.

He that gives time to resolve gives leisure to deny and warning to prepare.

When our fortunes are at the lowest our wits and energies are at the highest.

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the key to competence.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable and useful than talented inconstancy.

Luxury makes a man so soft that it is difficult to please him and easy to trouble him.

The greatest man living may stand in need of the meanest, as much as the meanest does of him.

We can get out of certain errors only at the top; that is, by raising our minds above human things.

If you have made only one person in the world happy, besides yourself, your life has not been wasted.

Happy the man who early learns the wide difference between his desires and his power to gratify them.

# Gang 13's Finish By Walter K. Putney

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THE way it came to me was somewhat after the style of "the captain told the mate and the mate told the crew" and the crew told me so I know it must be true," except that Martin was one of the crew and it was his picture nailed upon the wall of the shanty of Mike Magee, the aged crossing tender, that made me ask:

"That's a gawky-looking chap you have framed up there; but he looks good; what did he do—save some president's daughter or—"

"Naw he didn't save no president's daughter," retorted Mike. "Nor is that chap a gawwk, nather. He was one iv th' bist av 'em even if he war all bones."

And as I looked dutifully sorry for my harsh rating of Martin's figure, old Mike condescended to tell me the story; here it is "translated," for I doubt if there is a man living that can do justice to Magee's rich brogue on paper.

Away out of sight among the scrub bush back of the steepest grade on the old P. D. Q. line, there used to be a rendezvous. That was up to the time of Martin's appearance as an employee of said line half a dozen years ago. Around the camp-fire gathered a mighty circle of hoboes, yeggs, etc. Perhaps there was an "apprentice" or two, being reared and initiated into the ways and means of "lifting" anything from a loaf of bread to a ride on a brake-beam—these latter were the most decent-looking of the lot.

This motley crew was known as Gang 13. Do you ask why they were not laid for and "jugged"? Ask any brakeman how he would like to turn informer and then be prepared to meet from thirty to fifty of the gang who would swarm over the cars and "settle" with him. Ask any of the old men on the P. D. Q. line what happened to Jim Andrews—his widow lives down to the Forks now and the boys stop in to get a bite at her little restaurant and leave the change for the three little Andrewses that have to be supported.

And that was the way the gang ruled. Organization seemed lacking, yet tramps from all over the country recognized their controlling rights to that section, and they furthermore recognized in the brawny "Smiling Billy"—so named because he was most dangerous when he smiled—the leader and ruler of Gang 13.

The business of the gang was stealing freight and so long as the trainmen let them alone and allowed them their "rights," they made no further disturbance. At the same time "Smiling Billy" saw to it that not too much was taken so as to cause undue suspicion. And so it was that on many a night when the old "Faithful" drew the long freight up the grade, and wheezing and puffing, came almost to a stop before the top was reached, a couple of side doors would slip back and a few crouching figures would jump out, skip under the fence and disappear into the darkness of the night. When these silent forms would gather at the Rendezvous again, Smiling Billy would always make them "cough up," for he was a shrewd old fox and didn't want the pitcher to go to the well too often. So it was also that many a Denver shipping clerk scratched his head and said unprintable things when his way-bills came back with "Goods not Rec'd" across the face. Of course it wouldn't have done for anyone to have stated that there was an "understanding" between some of the trainhands and the gang. As for the local police—well, the "local police" consisted of Bill Spyke, patrolman, William Spyke, roundsman, and Chief W. Spyke—and he, the whole concentrated force, had never forgotten the time he had arrested Smiling Billy when he was so drunk he couldn't stand up to fight back; that night a gang of tramps, toughs, and harem-scams had broken in the jail and incidentally the jailer's head (he was also named William Spyke) and had not left enough of anything to mention except a livid scar over said Bill Spyke's ear.

The night freight west (up grade) was number 98. She came from Denver and ran over the P. D. Q. some time after one-thirty. Just east of this grade there is a mile and one half of level stretch with a gradual climb of several miles through Gun Forks; so the old Mogul had no chance to rest and recover for the final hard climb over Bear Mountain. Mike Murphy used to declare—and Mike knew for he had been station agent at the Forks for nigh on to twenty years and had watched many a freight pull through—Mike used to say that it would take just about a hand car extra hitched on behind a heavy freight to hang 'em up before they had crawled over the Bear's back. It was just because no train, however light, could push over this rise without almost coming to a stop, that Gang 13 made this their headquarters.

One dark night in July a car of breakfast cereal had been broken into and a couple of dozen packages removed. Complaint—strangely enough the first against this train crew—had

gone into headquarters with the result that Conductor Raymond spent an uncomfortable hour "on the carpet" doing his best to explain things. Two weeks later when he returned from his enforced vacation he said to Barney Mann and Steve O'Connell:

"Next time you see any of the gang you tell 'em for me that I object to givin' Cereal Company a chance to advertise that tramps like it so well that they rob a freight car to get it; tell for me also that if they can't leave private cars alone we'll run 'em off this road and into the middle of the Pacific Ocean."

Of course Conductor Raymond was a brave man! O, yes! The "boys" winked at each other and wondered how he was going to do it; they also knew it would take a fighter to handle the smiling leader off, most of the crew would have applied for a couple of days sick leave. Cold feet? Not by a blanked sight! I simply take and wisdom, or as some wise guy has put it, "discretion is the better part of valor." In fact it wasn't three days after Conductor Raymond spent an uncomfortable hour "on the carpet" Driscoll, one of the hardest chaps on the entire road took a second think and made such a brilliant and tearful plea to his "boss" about the climate around Gun Forks not agreeing with his wife, that he got a real nice letter to the boss of division 10 and asked down there to take up new, although great deal harder duties. Perhaps he wasn't relieved when he found he could turn the mental picture of Katie and the kids running a rival restaurant or taking in washing to the wall! And that brings me to Martin! That's why he joined the crew after they had run short-handed for a few days. It was an inky black night with the rain pouring down in sheets when Jack Warner came into the cab and said:

"Have you seen the new man?"

"You mean the feller that takes Mad Muller's place?" asked Hart. "Where's he from?"

"Says he's been brakin' on the O.H.O. He's there with the goods all right and I should hate to hold him up on a dark night."

"Husky lad?"

"Well rather," and then who should come in but the new man, Martin himself. His huge frame almost touched the sides of the door as he "rolled" in. He did roll, too, that's all it could be called, for he was so low-legged that he walked with a limpy, gimpy motion. He stopped as the door itself. Hair? Lots of it and a regular rat's nest. But as Warner said, he was husky and looked as if he had "the goods" with him. Three hours later as the train puffed and coughed up the first of the series of slight grades east of Gun Forks which lead up to that hated level, the other members of the crew became aware of the fact that Martin was there and with a vengeance, too. They were just after leaving the Junction siding when Casey came into the cab where Conductor Raymond was tipped back in his chair with his feet on the bunk near-

est him.

"For the love of Mike!" exploded Casey, "put that country idiot wise. He's just fired off seven of the gang; that means tomorrow night—well, you know what. I wonder if the boss has any more friends he can send a good man to."

"Where are they now?" asked Hart, interrupting Casey's mumbblings.

"Half a mile back and warwhooping like Comanche Indians. I see our finish all right. Guess we had better all make our wills."

Conductor Raymond, literally as well as figuratively, sat up and took notice. Now Conductor Raymond's thinking apparatus was similar to an automobile that has a misconnection in the carburetor on a cold day—it takes a long time to get cranked up, but when it does start working—*wooo!*

When Casey first had burst into the cab he hadn't fully grasped the meaning of what he said, but as he rambled on, Conductor Raymond was "on" all right. At the next moment he was off to hunt up Martin.

"Now, Martin," he started in—a preamble, so to speak—"Now, Martin—" That was all. Somehow he caught a good working view of Martin's anatomy and realized that Martin needed to be handled with kid gloves, a football suit and a padded cage as a possibility. Little did he dream that Martin was such a power. True he had seen him—lazily rolling around, but that was Martin un-stirred up; here he had a far different Martin to deal with. Again the worthy conductor began. "Now Martin—" Martin turned, pulled out his stub of a pipe, looked at his conductor for a full moment and then drawled:

"Well?"

"O, yes, Martin; you see, er, er," and he shifted his feet, "don't you think it is pretty hard on the poor tramps without any home or any mother to kick 'em off on a wet night?"

"Wot yer talkin' 'bout!" and Martin haw-

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(SEAL) F. G. FARRINGTON, Notary Public.

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hated. "Them hoboos? They warn't nothin'. Why! I took four of 'em at once. There's more behind the engine; if you want to see some fun—"

"That's all right, Martin, and the P. D. Q. appreciates your efforts and er—say, Martin," and Conductor Raymond tried to glow as he shoved his hands deep down, bent his head forward and looked out from beneath lowered brows. "Say, Martin, didn't you ever hear of Gang 13? Wot?"

"Not so you'd notice it," replied Martin as he set his teeth on his short pipe-stem.

"It's no use, Casey," Conductor Raymond reported later that night after the Bear's back had been climbed and they were bowling along comfortably. "It's no use; that idiot doesn't seem to realize his er 'precariousness' of position. Why, I argued and argued and argued, and of course I couldn't say too much. I was afraid he might leak. But, Casey, you've got persuasive powers, and you must put him wise. Simply tell him in a comprehensive way that I won't stand for it!" Here the doughty conductor got real excited as his language flowed and he seemed to feel better to get it out of his system. "Why, he's diplomatic; tell him if you have to that the P. D. Q. line would a blanked sight rather settle for little packages that are missing than have a suit for a man's life if he were killed mysteriously."

"But here man," interrupted Hart. "Does the chump know anything about anything being missing. Why don't you make a complaint against him? Gosh, but we've got to get rid of him before tomorrow night!"

"Complaint!" screamed Conductor Raymond. "What and lose my job! Imagine what them idiots at the office would say! Imagine it I say! O, yes, it's easy enough to sit with your feet in the waste-basket and dictate to your stenographer what we shall do, but they don't know what we are up against, and if he should go in there and tell the old man I told him not to touch a few weary Willies I see my finish! But I hadn't thought of him not knowing about missing freight so I guess you'd better not say anything about that, Casey. Just be—no, let him alone and I'll try him again myself."

"Say," yelled Warner, poking his head in the door, "what in—is that fool Martin doin'? For heaven's sake put him wise! I see our finish!"

"Well, what now?" asked Casey.

"Throw Smilin' Billy off the top of a freight into Wade Brook! Held him at arm's length and dropped him overboard."

The men in the cab looked at each other and shook their heads. Then Conductor Raymond asked in a sort of stage whisper, "Say, Warner, you ain't joshin' us are you?"

"You won't think so tomorrow night about this time!" replied Warner as he withdrew.

The next night as number 98 approached Bear Mountain, Conductor Raymond said to Casey: "Say, I wish you'd go forward and send Martin to me."

"Now, Dan—" "Never mind expostulating, Mr. Casey, do as you're bid," and Conductor Raymond pointed dramatically to the door.

"Er, yes," replied Casey as the funny side appealed to him, "but say—don't be too hard on him will you?"

If Casey had caught that glance that came just after he had darted out of the door, he would have been transfixed and wouldn't have lived to tell the tale (for it was he that told Mike Magee all about it).

Martin appeared in due season. "Well?" he asked.

"Far from well," retorted Conductor Raymond. Then he growled, "Do you know that we're going to have a fight pretty soon?"

"O, is that so?" and Martin smiled as he started to peel off. "O, is that so; well, that's interesting; I have heard stories of how sea captains lick all the hands but—"

"No, no," hastily interpolated the conductor somewhat subdued, "that isn't the point. It's the gang we're up against."

"Same gang you spoke of last night?" "Yep," and the conductor nodded sagely.

"Well, I reckon we can handle 'em—that is if you've got any fight in you."

"Don't you think it will be policy to lay low and hide until we get past—"

"What!" roared Martin. "Me hide! Say you're kiddin'."

"O, well, do as you please; only don't blame me if you get killed," and into Conductor Raymond's face came a look of resignation as if he had done all he could. Martin turned shot. "By the way," he drawled, "I just threw off two more hoboos that was tryin' to open a door."

"For heaven sakes, man, let 'em alone!" was the impatient answer.

Martin's pipe dropped to the floor as he stared at the conductor in surprise. "Why I supposed the company didn't stand for that sort of thing; but if you say so—"

"Well, I do say so; will you let 'em alone? Let 'em alone, O, you—"

"What's the graft?"

"Graft you blank fool!" screamed the frascible conductor, "graft! There ain't no graft and if anybody says I got graft—say, do you know what you done last night? You dropped their leader into Wade Creek—that's the graft! Do you understand now?"

As Martin walked back to his place at the forward end he said to himself, "Gee! Was that their leader king; I wish'd I'd known that. He give me the toughest five minutes I ever had in my life. Gosh!"

For perhaps three minutes the conductor enjoyed peace. Then Hart poked his head in the door.

"Better come out; you're missin' it."

The conductor became limp and he shook his cap far down over his eyes before he shook his head.

"Aw rats!" Hart ejaculated, "Smilin' Billy won't hurt you; he is wise; they only want their legitimate prey, Martin. It's him they're after, but you ought to see 'em. Swarms! Rafts of 'em. Martin is hidin' between two empties next the flats. Six jumped the tender, and a dozen more is 'stringin' along behind and I'll bet there's twenty more to follow. Come on out!"

The door was slammed shut and Conductor Raymond was alone again. Then he, too, got up and crept cautiously forward. Next to the flat cars they (for he had caught up with Hart) came upon Casey and Warner. Across the space and beyond the flats they saw a buddled mass of hoboos. In the dusk below they could make out the figures of two combatants swaying back and forth on the further flat car. Conductor Ray-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



November



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Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

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Motion Picture Plays Wanted. \$25 to \$100 each. You can write them. We teach you. No experience needed. Big demand. Details free. Asst. M. P. Schools, Suite D., 674 Sheridan Rd., Chicago.

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Free Mail Book-keeping, Shorthand, Type-writing tuition; books, etc., only cost. Act quick. Southern Corres. Inst., C9, New Orleans.

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Songs, Poems, Don't Waste Your Money. Write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered. J. E. Minnick, Catalogue, Publishers, 493 West 28th Street, New York City.

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Song Writers, Poem Writers, Composers, Send us your manuscripts today. Prompt publication if acceptable. No experience necessary. Successful writers make big money. P. J. Howley Music Co., Dept. 18, 102 W. 42nd Street, New York.

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Wanted. Lady representatives, whole or part time; our famous "Knittop" Form Fitting Petticoats assure good immediate, permanent income, sells on sight, experience unnecessary; prompt reply secures exclusive territory. No "dealer" competition. Spelman & Co., Dept. C, Chicago.

## HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 498-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2¢ stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.

# To the Readers of COMFORT

Dear Readers:

I hope you will read over this page with the greatest care.

I believe that it is living fully up to its name of "The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities."

You will note some new classifications this month and a lot of interesting advertisements under the old ones.

Although only one month old, this

page is winning its way into the respect and admiration of readers and of advertisers.

It will become, I am sure, a great meeting place of those who buy and those who sell.

Read it over and see if you do not agree with me.

Very truly yours,  
W. H. GANNETT.

## HELP WANTED

Local Representative Wanted. No canvassing or soliciting. Good income assured. Address National Co-Operative Realty Co., V-240 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Be a Detective—Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly. Easy work; travel; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 452.

Government Jobs for men and women. \$5 to \$150 Month. Common education sufficient. Thousands of appointments every year. Write for free book of positions available. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 12, Rochester, N. Y.

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Earn \$50 a Week Operating a Candy kitchen. \$15 complete course for only \$1. Particulars for stamp. Wilson's World, Chicago.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen & Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Men 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; \$50 to \$100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Manager, W885, Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Expert Automobile men earn \$25 weekly. We teach you at home and get you a job. Free Booklet. Rochester Auto School, 285 Rochester, N. Y.

Man with team can earn \$150 monthly. No experience or capital needed. Own boss in permanent, profitable business. Write quick. Heberling Med. Co., 38th St., Bloomington, Ill.

Make Money Writing Short Stories. Big pay. Send for free booklet, Tells How. Dept. C, United Press Syndicate, San Francisco, Cal.

## BOOKS

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\$1.00 starts you manufacturing stove polish that polishes nickel and blackens stove at same time. Fine seller. A money maker. Formula, complete instructions, guaranteed \$1.00. P. Finkbeiner, 416 Seymour, Syracuse, N. Y.

Men Learn the Barber Trade. I teach you quickly—cheaply—thoroughly and furnish tools. I have 33 big Colleges in principal cities. There is one near you. Write me for catalogue. A. B. Moler, Pres. C. 2, Moler College, Chicago, Ills.

Get Into Business For Yourself. \$100.00 to \$500.00 a month sure. Man or woman—18 to 50 years—any locality. Experience not needed—We teach you. Write quick. Box 5 Y-292, Covington, Ky.

## POST CARDS

25 Beautiful high grade Souvenir Post Cards. Also our new illustrated catalog for only 10¢. The Rehm Co., Weehawken, N. J.

25 Greetings, Xmas and New Year cards 10¢. Write for catalogue. German Am. Post Card Co., Dept. 68, Burlington, Ia.

## POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 117, Syracuse, N. Y.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted to buy live pheasants, partridges, peacocks, quail. Write particulars and prices. Lock Box 116, South Bend, Indiana.

Goldometer for locating Gold and Silver ore, lost and buried treasures, etc. Particulars for 4¢. Wilson's World, Chicago, Ill.

Celebrated Model Printing Press, York, Pa. Send for catalogue, Type &c., at bargain prices.

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Receive Pretty Postcards and jolly letters from everywhere. Join the very best club. Trial membership 10¢; year 25¢. Jolly Card Exchange, Box 132 C, Decatur, Ind.

## MONEY TO LOAN

Money Loaned at low interest on resident and farm property to buy, build, improve, remove incumbrances, extend notes, mortgages and other securities. Terms reasonable. Write Commonwealth Securities Loan Co., 237 Sam Houston Life Bldg., Dallas, Texas.

## BY PARCEL POST

Emboss your stationery with our small hand press. Write for price and samples. Stewart, 900 So. 57th St., Phila., Pa.

# A HINT TO ALL ABOUT CHRISTMAS MONEY

Could you use a little extra money around Christmas-time?

This November COMFORT offers you an opportunity, not only to make more but to spend what you have to the greatest advantage.

Read over the advertisements on these pages.

Some of America's greatest commercial organizations are represented here. They offer you the opportunity of buying the newest and best goods at the lowest prices and on the most advantageous terms. They make money for you by saving money for you.

Advertisements on this and other pages of COMFORT offer opportunities for making money by taking agencies, selling goods and in other honest and dignified ways.

It is none too soon for boys and girls, men and women, to begin gathering money for Christmas presents. So we say again, look over the advertisements on the pages of this Anniversary edition of COMFORT.

See if they do not offer you ways both to make and to save money.



# A Few Words by the Editor

We Thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright,  
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night  
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,  
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.  
We Thank Thee O Father, for all that is dear—  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;  
For never in blindness and never in vain  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.  
We Thank Thee, O Father of all for the power  
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;  
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand  
And all the soul help, that sad souls understand.  
We Thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be,  
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee.  
Let all our eternity form, through Thy love,  
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

**A** HAPPY Thanksgiving to all of our readers. There is cause for rejoicing in every heart, and the humblest of us need not gaze far afield, to find some reason for gratitude and thankfulness. Whatever troubles we have are nearly all man made, and being man made, can be unmade and our sorrow be turned into rejoicing, if we but have supreme confidence in our ability to surmount all difficulties and an honest determination to put to the best possible use, all the good and uplifting qualities within us.

So count your blessings and commit to memory, or read aloud the little poem that appears above. Do this and you'll feel a different man, for prayer, gratitude and thankfulness always exalt a man and make him more manly, more righteous, and more god-like.

Though our readers have heard much of Japan as a naval and military nation there are probably very few who know anything about the Japanese farmer, and the conditions under which he lives and toils, in his native land.

Most of our readers who live on 160-acre farms, not to mention those who own entire sections of land, would turn up their noses at the ordinary Japanese farm, for 46 farmers out of every 100 in Japan own less than one and one quarter acres of land.

How would our readers who view their broad acres from the verandas of their comfortable homes, like to try raising a family, educating and clothing them on the proceeds of crops raised on a tiny piece of land but slightly bigger than the ordinary farm flower or vegetable garden? We feel confident no one would care to make the experiment, but the Japanese farmer does it and does it successfully, though naturally his life is one of frightful poverty.

Passing by the one and one quarter acre farmer, we find that 26 out of every 100 Japanese agriculturists own less than two and one half acres and very few are those who own twenty-five acres. A man who owns that amount of land in Japan, is regarded by his fellows in much the same light as the small stockman regards the owner of the 101 ranch in Oklahoma with its thousands and thousands of acres of grazing ground.

The Japanese farms resemble very much the tiny squares on a checker-board, pocket-handkerchief farms, is what one writer calls them. These tiny plots of land, however, yield abundantly. Here is proof, if proof were needed, that we have so often tried to impress upon our readers, that it isn't the size of the farm that counts, but what you get out of it. Intensive agriculture has been reduced to a science in Japan. The soil is watched over with as much loving care as a mother gives to her

baby. The little patches of land are thoroughly fertilized, and cultivated with such extreme care and skill that every particle of ground yields amazingly. Nothing ever goes to waste in Japan, and nothing good and worth while should be allowed to go to waste here.

It will astonish our readers to know that the Japanese feed 2,277 people on the food products raised in one square mile. In the main island of Japan, 21,321 square miles of intensively cultivated fields support no less than 48,542,367 people. These figures, however, will mean little to the average mind. Not until we apply them to our own soil can one appreciate the masterly ability of the Nipponese soil tiller.

If Iowa were cultivated after the manner of the fields of Japan it could feed 100,000,000 people in Japanese style. From these figures you will see that the whole population of the United States, say 100,000,000 people, could under Japanese methods be supplied from food stuffs raised in the State of Iowa alone. But that also means that in such a case of over-crowded population the American people would have to cut their diet down to scanty standard of the Japanese and live in the same degree of abject poverty generally prevalent throughout Japan.

We do not hear anything in Japan about wornout and depleted soil, or abandoned farms. For scores of centuries the Japanese farmers have been getting splendid crops from lands which under American methods, would have been worn out and exhausted in half a century. They have to do it or starve to death.

Naturally the Japanese, crowded as they are, and with such microscopic farms, or rather garden patches, for that is what they really are, are miserably poor. How they live at all and work and fight as they do is a puzzle the Caucasian mind cannot solve.

With the exception of fish, the average American eats more meat in a week than does the average Japanese in a year. The average Jap in a whole year consumes but 1.7 pounds of meat. From this you will see that the little brown man is to all intents and purposes a vegetarian. In the same time that the average Japanese is consuming a pound and a half of animal food, the people of America are disposing of 150 pounds of meat per capita. A big contrast between 150 pounds of meat a year for every individual in this country and only a trifle over a pound and a half per head for the entire population of Japan.

There are of course in Japan, tens of thousands of people who, owing to their poverty, never have an opportunity to taste animal food. Many of the Japanese farmers are so poor that they sell for export the best quality of rice they raise, and import an inferior kind which comes from the mainland of Asia. This is mixed with barley and ground.

Nearly all the agricultural work is done by hand for only one farmer in three is the fortunate possessor of horse or ox. The brown man works with the crudest of tools, turning over the soil with a kewas, a long handled-spade affair, the blade of which is six inches wide, and two feet long.

With so little land it is of course absolutely necessary, that the ground be kept constantly producing. There is no land lying idle in Japan, and as truck gardeners raise three crops a year, one may know that the soil gets little rest.

The Japanese crops vary but little. Half the agricultural area produces rice. The most important industry next to the raising of rice, is that of the silk worm, from which we get those wonderful fabrics, which come from Chrysanthemum land. The Japanese also raise barley, wheat, vegetables, soy beans,

sweet potatoes and fruits. Not even the mountainside is forgotten; for hill and valley to the last available foot must produce its crop. If the season is a dry one, both men and women toil laboriously up the mountainside, with buckets of water to refresh the withered vegetation.

Raised under such conditions as these, is it any wonder that the frugal sons of Nippon, who are almost crowding one another into the sea, have swarmed into California, and are revelling in the joy of limitless room, abundance of food, and golden opportunities of acquiring wealth undreamed of in their poverty-stricken land. This article should give you all plenty of food for thought, and also give an added fervor to your Thanksgiving prayers. Contrast your life with that of the Japanese farmer, profit by his industry, make better use of your opportunities, and be grateful that your lot is cast in the United States and not in the land of the indefatigable yellow man.

Conditions of over-crowded population, much the same as those in Japan and producing similar or even more distressing and demoralizing results, are generally prevalent in India, China and many other parts of Asia and exist to a considerable extent through large sections of Europe where the great mass of the people are half starved, half clothed and housed in quarters that a prosperous American farmer would consider unfit shelter for his cattle.

It is true that we can and should improve our methods of agriculture and make our land yield larger crops in this country; and we shall have to do it or starve in the near future if the present rapid increase of population continues. But remember this, that excess of population, such as exists in Europe and Asia, while it may enrich a few who own the monopolies, necessarily and inevitably reduces the great mass of the people to poverty, suffering and distress.

Remember, when you hear or read the oft-repeated statement that the United States could support many times its present population without being more crowded than some parts of Europe, that our country could not comfortably support such a population, and that the American people would have to live, not as they do now, but in the abject poverty of the foreign immigrants who are flocking to America by the million to escape starvation.

The day will come, and is not far distant, when we shall be over-crowded in this country. But let us put it off as far as possible by restricting immigration, and especially by entirely cutting off the most undesirable elements. Shut out all Asiatics and put the bars up against the dregs and scum of Europe now being dumped on our shores. If we admit any immigrants, let the number be strictly limited to a certain number per month, and accept only those that are clean and healthy in body and mind, sober, honest, law-respecting and industrious.

In parts of the United States, even now, the population is too congested and too largely composed of a debased foreign element. It is better for the rest of our country to grow and develop a little slower and have a higher class of citizens.

Above all beware "the yellow peril," for the countless millions of darkest and most degraded Asia are waiting the opportunity to send a flood of immigration to America that would shortly overwhelm us. It is not selfish, it is a plain duty for Americans to keep America wholesome and clean as a heritage for their children and their children's children rather than to pass it over to the possession and defilement of the hords of Asia.

Comfort's Editor

## Kit Carson the Famous Scout

His Bold Exploits and Thrilling Adventures in the Indian Wars

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### CHAPTER I.

**A** SMALL, quiet-appearing man, compact of frame, with a firm-lipped mouth, square chin and a pair of shrewd gray eyes twinkling beneath a broad forehead, dressed in fringed deerskin, a long-barreled rifle in his hand, powder-horn and bullet-pouch swinging under his arm, pistol and knife in his belt—such is the picturesque pen-picture left us by his contemporaries of this remarkable man of the rifle and the trap, the most feared and the best respected of all the brave men of our western plains and mountains, Kit Carson. Indeed, there is not a more attractive character in all the history of our West than that of this deer of deeds and scorner of words.

Christopher Carson, better known to fame as Kit Carson, was born December 24th—the day before Christmas—1809, in a little log cabin in Madison county, Kentucky—a Christmas gift, he might be called, to his country. His father was a skillful and courageous backwoodsman, and, it is said, that his grandfather was the famous Daniel Boone, so I think he can be called very well born, indeed.

When Carson was but a little over a year old, his father sold out his Kentucky lands and moved to Howard County, Missouri, then on the remote American frontier, where the wild game and the Indians still roamed in almost uncontrolled possession of forest and prairie.

Here the early youth of Kit Carson was passed. A rifle was his constant companion, his most prized possession; and when only fifteen years old he had already gained so great a reputation as an unerring marksman and a skilled backwoodsman that, even the hardy men of the rifle and the woods among whom he lived, considered him able to perform a man's work, either with the rifle or the plow.

At about this period his father, wishing Kit to learn a trade, unwisely apprenticed him to a saddler. For two years Kit faithfully plied the awl and the needle, doubtless all the time longing for the grip of his rifle in his hand and for the wild free life of the woods and the prairies; and then the awl and the needle could hold him no longer. The call of the vast unknown plains and mountains and forests of the mighty West became too insistent. He felt that there, in the midst of the perils of their awesome and mighty solitudes, lay his life work. He determined to become a trapper and hunter; and, as if to second his decision, a caravan, bound across the plains for the distant Mexican settlement of Santa Fe, now appeared in the little town where he worked in the saddler's shop. Here was his opportunity; and, when the long line of white-topped wagons again rolled on their way westward, young Carson was with them.

At that date, 1826, crossing the plains was no pleasure trip. There were no guide-posts, no charts to point out the way and to indicate suitable camping-grounds, where fuel and water could be found. The rivers were bridgeless, the plains and forests and mountains roadless, houseless and infested with numberless hostile savages,

ever on the watch to rob and murder. From the moment the caravan left the little frontier town in Missouri until it reached Santa Fe, it would be thrown absolutely upon its own resources. And this was less than ninety years ago, within the life of an old man!

One day, shortly after the caravan left Kit's home, one of the men, in getting his rifle out of the wagon to shoot at the wolves, was a bit careless, with the result that the hammer caught on some projection and the gun was discharged, sending the lone through his arm, shattering the bone and inflicting a serious wound. There was no surgeon in the party, and no possible way of securing surgical aid. All that could be done for the wounded man was done. But their rude surgery did not avail and the arm became constantly worse, until it was determined that, in order to save the man's life, the arm must be amputated; and, remarkable as it may seem, Kit Carson, then a boy but seventeen years old, assisted by two others, was chosen out of all that band of strong and hardy men, to wield the knife and saw.

The instruments of this rude surgery were a razor, an old saw, and the king-bolt of a wagon. With the razor young Carson cut through the flesh, with the saw he severed the bone, and with the king-bolt, heated red-hot, he cauterized the wound; and so successful was the operation that, when the caravan reached Santa Fe a couple of months later, the man had fully recovered.

Ninety years ago all that vast territory lying westward from the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean and north of an east-and-west line drawn through the old Spanish town of Santa Fe, was a wilderness of great plains and mighty mountains, without a single white settlement, except the Spanish missions along the coast of California and a number of small Mexican-Indian pueblos in the northern part of New Mexico; and was inhabited only by the Indians and the wild beasts and a few scattering bands of roving white hunters and trappers. These fearless men of the trap and the rifle went everywhere, wherever they thought there was a chance of getting the skins of the beaver and the other fur-bearing animals, trusting unhesitatingly in their own undaunted courage and the deadly powers of their long-barreled rifles to bring them safely out of every danger.

When young Carson reached Santa Fe, his ambition was to join one of these bands of trappers. He longed to pit his courage and wit, and endurance against the savagery and cunning of the wilderness, to see with his own eyes those stupendous scenes of mountains and valleys and plains, just as nature made them, to feel in his own heart the thrill of the hunt and the Indian fight, and to live the free independent outdoor life of the mountains and plains. But, for a time, his youth and inexperience were against him. Trappers were loath to take untold and inexperienced men with them on expeditions, where the safety of all might hang on the cour-

age and skill of the recruit. For two years he worked and waited before his opportunity came. Then, at Taos, he fell in with a band of trappers that had been sent out by Mr. Ewing Young, and had been driven back by the Indians. Young at once raised another company of forty men, determined to chastise the Indians and then to continue the trapping expedition. Kit applied for a place in this company; and Young, pleased with his appearance, promptly accepted his services.

They found the Indians near the head of Salt River; and Young, quickly concealing the greater part of his men in ambush, ordered the others to halt as if in sudden terror. The ruse succeeded. The Indians mistook the halt for cowardice; and, still flushed with their recent victory, boldly charged the little party of trappers visible. The men fell back, as if unable to resist the fierce impetuosity of the charge. The Indians pressed eagerly forward, yelling their terrible battle-cries, until they were well within the trap prepared for them. Then Young gave the command to fire; and at the first volley of those unerring rifles, fifteen of the bravest Indian warriors fell dead while many others were wounded. This was too great a slaughter for Indian courage to stand; and, panic-stricken, the red warriors fled in every direction, leaving the victorious trappers masters of the field.

For a time Young's company tramped down the Salt river, then the band divided, one part returning to New Mexico and the other, under Young going to the Sacramento Valley in California, with the California detachment went Kit Carson. The journey to California was one of great hardships. They passed through a region destitute of game, grass and water, their three necessities; and came near perishing from hunger and thirst.

### CHAPTER II.

Now began the series of adventures that won for Kit Carson his place in the stirring history of the West. Already, in spite of his age—he was then but a little over nineteen years old, he was accounted one of the best men in Young's company.

While our band of trappers were encamped in the beautiful Sacramento valley, the priests of the Mission of San Rafael appealed to them for aid. A number of Indians belonging to the Mission had rebelled, and, after committing some excesses, had fled. The Mission had sent a strong force after the fugitives, whom they had found hidden in an Indian village, and had demanded that they be given up to them. The Indians had refused, and a fight had ensued in which the priest's party had been badly defeated. The Mission now asked the assistance of the trappers to compel the Indians to return the fugitives. Kit Carson and eleven of his comrades volunteered for the service. Again the Indians refused the demand to surrender the deserters. The trappers promptly stormed and captured

the village, killing about a third of its inhabitants. Needless to say that, after this lesson, the fugitives were quickly surrendered.

One dark night, shortly after the Mission adventure, the trappers becoming a little careless, the Indians succeeded in running off with sixty of their horses. Mr. Young at once directed Carson to take twelve men, with the remaining horses, thirteen in number, and go after the red thieves. After a swift ride of about one hundred miles Carson and his men discovered the robbers in camp, feasting on the flesh of six of the stolen horses. The Indians greatly outnumbered the trappers; but this did not trouble their young leader.

"We'll crawl close up to them and then shoot and charge," he ordered, as he gathered his men well together and began silently creeping upon the feasting Indians.

When almost upon the unsuspecting foe, Carson leaped to his feet.

"Shoot and charge!" he yelled; and, with the flash and roar of a thunderbolt, the trappers fired and sprang upon the startled savages.

Eight warriors were killed on the spot. The others fled from those deadly white men as fast as their legs could take them. All the horses, except the six that had been killed to furnish the feast, were recovered; and the triumphant trappers returned joyously to their camp.

On their journey back to New Mexico occurred another adventure with the Indians that illustrates in a most striking way Kit Carson's remarkable characteristics—the ability to know the right thing to do and the pluck and the courage to do it in exactly the right way and at exactly the right moment.

The incident took place while the party were encamped on the banks of the Colorado river. One day, when all the trappers except Kit Carson and a few of the men who had been left in charge of the camp, were away looking after the traps, a band of five hundred Indians suddenly appeared and, professing great friendship for the whites, entered the camp, apparently leaving their weapons behind to show their peaceable intentions.

Carson watched his visitors closely and soon discovered that they had their weapons concealed under their blankets. This could have but one meaning; the Indians intended to murder him and his men and make off with the rich booty of the camp.

Five hundred Indians bent on pillage and murder, and but a handful of trappers to oppose them! Surely an emergency to test to the full the courage and the ability of the young leader, then but twenty years old!

But Carson proved equal to the occasion. He quickly got his little band of trappers together, without awakening the suspicion of the Indians, who could not understand a word of English, and then, suddenly, ordering every man of them to cock his rifle and stand ready to shoot at the first sign of a hostile movement on the part of the Indians, he threw his own rifle to his shoulder, and, leveling it at the chief's heart, bade him in Spanish, a language that many of the Southwestern Indians could understand, to take himself and warriors out of that camp as quickly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)





This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering a sum of money for ideas, or undertaking information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RE "nerves" a mental habit, and was Dr. Potts right when he said the kind of nerves this may be, my sympathies go out to the nervous woman.

"Americanitis" is described as a nervous condition peculiar to Americans who have done too much worrying and hurrying, who are struggling with suppressed nervousness and are unhappy and distracted. As a people, Americans indulge in far too little relaxation, and especially true is this of American women—or, are too many following a false lead?

I am inclined to think the latter, because women who live in the country are much happier than those in the cities where a large portion of money earned, is spent for that which neither feeds nor clothes the mind or body, an evil which the woman living in the country is little exposed to.

The girl who works in a crowded, poorly ventilated shop all day will insist that her evenings be spent socially. Unconsciously, often, she senses the narrow confines of her life, and with excitement will endeavor to round out an existence. Women with families, living in cities and trying to live on a lean purse have a very difficult task before them. The ceaseless lure of amusement places, the call for fashionable clothes, and the constant mental strain over the moral welfare of sons and daughters, crowd out all sweetness and love of life. Each day brings new cares and anxieties. A life of self-destruction is pitiful to see.

In contrast to this mode of living are the noble joys of unpretentious rural life. Why are so many men and women of the cities taking up the abandoned farms and isolating themselves on homesteads? Surely because the strain of a false lead that compelled them to live two days in one has lost its charm; they have discovered there is nothing in it.

Let us have some letters from sisters who have lived in both city and country. We will welcome arguments on both sides of the question. Also, letters about club life among women in a country, or other worth-while ways of social gatherings. We want ideas along these lines.

Some of COMFORT's loyal friends, who appreciate the good it is doing and wish to help extend its sphere of usefulness but are unable to solicit subscriptions, send our publisher sums of money to pay for charity subscriptions without designating the persons to whom the magazine is to be sent. They request Mr. Gannett to send COMFORT to the time their money pays for, as a gift to some shut-in or other worthy person who cannot afford to subscribe, leaving it to him to select the recipient. Just at present we have a considerable number of such gift subscriptions to bestow, and we would like the sisters to help us place them where they will do the most good. So please send the Sisters' Corner the names and addresses of any shut-ins you know of who do not have COMFORT but would appreciate it as a gift.

By request I am pleased to quote the following from "The Life Line," published at 711 Osage Ave., Kansas City, Kansas: "We have seven babies for adoption, five boys ranging from three weeks to three months old, and two brown-eyed baby girls four and six months old. These are fine, healthy babies. We have not had so many nice babies all at one time for many a day. We wish Christian homes for them. Is there not some heart ready to take one as their own?"—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I wonder if you would be interested in the experience of another teacher—one who believes that the supreme aim of education should be the formation of character; for without moral integrity, intellectual culture is of doubtful value.

At the beginning of each term all my pupils were placed on probation for the Honor Roll, and therefore were considered trustworthy, and therefore granted certain privileges, such as leaving the room without permission, etc. The conditions of membership were obedience, industry, truthfulness, purity, kindness, helpfulness—in general, observance of their guiding precept, the Golden Rule. Once each month candidates were nominated, for reasons stated, and voted upon by the school. Any members who proved themselves unworthy were again placed on probation.

From time to time one of the moral virtues was selected for study and written on the board, with appropriate quotations. Every morning there was a brief talk, story or discussion pertaining to the theme. The great truth was often emphasized that every good thought, desire and deed helped to mold the brain, and to develop a beautiful soul—the one absolutely essential condition of highest happiness in this life and that to come; that every evil thought, desire and act deformed the brain and soul, and must inevitably result in unhappiness. "This day God helping me, I will be clean and pure, kind and helpful, noble and true, in thought, word and deed." Every recitation, study and play period furnished opportunities for training and testing in these principles. Meritorious conduct was always noticed and highly commended. Each child was encouraged to be on the lookout in his reading and everyday life for incidents illustrating the various traits of character. These were told in the classroom and written in a "Book of Golden Deeds." A composition book may be used, illustrated with drawings or pictures, cut from magazines, etc. A prize was offered for the best book.

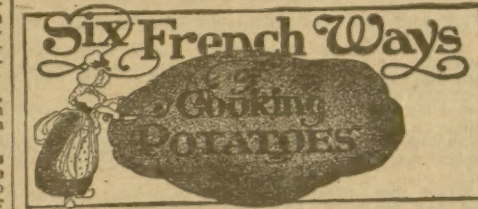
The results have been most encouraging. The marked change in many of the young lives inspired by high

ideals, the grateful testimony of the parents, and the spirit of earnest endeavor that pervaded the entire school, have proved most conclusively to me that this effort is well worth while.

Sisters, will you not do all in your power to secure the adoption of systematic moral instruction and training in every public school in the land? The necessity for this is all the more urgent, since it is neglected in so many homes. Try to interest the teacher of your local school. Urge her to send for White's "Character Lessons," offered free to teachers (only) by the Character Development League, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. This is a cloth-bound book, containing a splendid collection of deeds of moral heroism, memory gems, exercises for practice, etc. See that there are inspiring pictures and mottoes on the walls of the schoolroom, including the Golden Rule and Hoffman's famous picture of the boy Christ. Help the children and suitable stories for the teacher to read at the morning exercises. Now is our golden opportunity to impress upon these young minds and hearts, that are "wax to receive and marble to retain," the knowledge, love and practice of the pure and good and true. If we are true to this sacred trust, eternity only can know the results.

FRANCIS M. CRAIG.

### Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps



Potatoes are more generally used than any other vegetable combining well with meat and fish to give the necessary food elements. It is a mistake to think potatoes are an all-around food. They give very little flesh-forming material, and three quarters starch. People who find potatoes indigestible are often able to eat them when peeled before baking or boiling. In and near the rind of a potato lies an acid juice which is unpleasant and often causes indigestion. Those who find potato yeast bread has a peculiar taste can overcome it by taking a thick peel from potatoes before boiling. Taste of the water and you will find this out.

In frying raw potatoes, they should be sliced thin and soaked in cold water which will remove the starch and render them crisp instead of mealy when cooked. As soon as baked potatoes are soft they should be served. If necessary to keep them longer in oven, place with fork that the steam may escape which otherwise will make them watery and unwholesome. When potatoes become frozen they should be kept so until ready for use and then thawed in cold water. Potatoes that have frozen and suddenly thawed will be sweeter, as the exposure to a warmer air changes the starch to sugar. Potatoes that have been allowed to sprout are unfit for food, as the small amount of nourishment has been exhausted.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Peel one dozen large potatoes, giving them the form of an egg. Cut off one extremity of each so that they will stand firmly. Place on a flat pan and bake them in the oven. When cooked and nicely browned take off the top of each potato with a spoon, scoop out the insides and put into a bowl, season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, add a large lump of butter, the yolks of two eggs, one cup of minced white of chicken or other meat, and four tablespoons of thick cream, mix well. Fill the shells with this cover with the top, wipe each potato with melted butter, place on a baking pan and place in the oven for ten minutes.

Serve on a napkin.

POTATOES A LA PARISIENNE.—Fry two finely chopped onions in butter until browned then put in a stew-pan with a pint of water or more, add six or eight peeled potatoes cut into quarters, a small bunch of herbs, and season with salt and pepper. Boil slowly until potatoes are well cooked but not too soft; remove the bunch of herbs and serve with the juice.

POTATOES WITH CHEESE.—Peel and chop finely six large potatoes, add one quart of boiled milk, one egg (well beaten), one quarter pound of grated cheese, season with salt, pepper and mix well. Rub a baking dish with a piece of garlic, pour in the mixture, sprinkle some grated cheese on top and some small lumps of butter. Bake very slowly till potatoes are soft, which will usually take about forty minutes.

SIMMERED POTATOES.—Put into a stew pan six tablespoons of olive oil, the juice of half a lemon, one green onion and a sprig of parsley finely chopped, a tiny bit of garlic and a little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper. Peel and cut the potatoes into cubes, put them in the oil and let simmer slowly until well cooked. Just before serving add the juice of one lemon.—Ed.

APPLE AND NUT SALAD.—Cut equal quantities of celery and apples in dice shape and mix with chopped walnuts and mayonnaise dressing.

SALT PORK.—Freshen, then make a batter of one beaten egg, two teaspoons of milk, and one of flour, well-beaten together. Put a little fat in the frying pan, dip the pork in the batter and fry slowly and serve hot.

CORN OYSTERS.—Grate six ears of sweet corn, add two tablespoons of flour, a pinch of salt and one well-beaten egg. Mix well together and fry in hot butter. Make the patties about the size and shape of oysters if the shape is not kept add a little more flour.

FRUIT PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one half cup of butter, one cup of stoned and chopped raisins, one half teaspoon of grated nutmeg and pinch of salt. Mix well and steam two hours.

MRS. NELLIE MCCOY, Butler, R. R. 3, Okla.

LEMON JELLY FOR CAKE.—Beat one egg add one cup of water, the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Pour this slowly on one cup of sugar, mixed with two tablespoons of flour. Cook in double boiler till smooth, like cream. Let cool before using.

LEMON PIE.—Mix one heaping tablespoon of corn-starch with one cup of sugar, add a scant cup of boiling water and cook five minutes. Add a teaspoon of butter, the juice of one lemon and part of the grated

rind and one well-beaten egg. Line a deep pie plate with crust, fill with the prepared filling, and cover with narrow strips of crust put across both ways to form open squares.—Ed.

BREAD CAKE.—Two cups bread sponge, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, one cup of nuts, one half cup of shortening, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot coffee, a little of all kinds of spices, one egg, make stiff. Put in two bread tins. Let stand two hours, then bake.

RAISIN PUFFS.—Two eggs, four tablespoons of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of milk, two tablespoons of sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of raisins. Steam one half hour. Serve with vanilla sauce.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup boiling water, one cup flour, three eggs, one fourth cup butter, melt butter in boiling water and stir in flour slowly, when mixture has cooled a little, stir in the whole eggs, one at a time. Drop the batter from spoon on buttered tins. Bake twenty to thirty minutes in moderately hot oven. When cool fill with sweetened and flavored whipped cream or made cream.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—Take bread dough and roll out about one quarter inch thick and spread with melted butter, also some sugar and cinnamon and a few currants, roll up like jelly roll, cut about one inch thick, spread a little sugar on top and let rise double in bulk and bake.

MEAT LOAF.—To two pounds of ground beef or veal, add one half pound of pork, one cup of bread crumbs, one half cup of milk, one egg, a tablespoon of lemon juice, a small onion and salt and pepper. Mix well, mold into loaf and bake three hours. Baste often.

GERMAN COFFEE BREAD.—Mix one third cup of sugar, one third cup of butter, one half teaspoon of salt together; add one cup of scalded milk, and when mixture is lukewarm, add one yeast cake dissolved in one

quarter of a cup of warm water, add two eggs (beaten) and enough flour to make stiff batter. Let rise till more than double its bulk. Put in two shallow round tins. Cover evenly with following mixture: One cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoons of butter, two and one half tablespoons of sugar, three quarters teaspoon of cinnamon, a few grains of salt, three tablespoons of finely chopped almonds. Let rise fifteen minutes and bake one half hour.

MRS. LILLY GALLAGHER, Dacapo, Weld Co., Box 48, Colo.

TOMATO PRESERVER.—Use half ripe tomatoes. Cut in quarters and remove seeds then cut up smaller. Have syrup boiling, a pound of tomatoes to a pound of sugar. Cook till transparent. It is better to cook a small amount at a time.

MRS. A. J. OMLOR, Fostoria, Ohio.

CEREAL COFFEE.—To three quarts of bran, take one big cup of molasses, work it well with the hands and bake for hours in a moderate oven, turning now and then with a spoon till mixture is all nice and brown. This is very cheap and healthful, we never use anything else in place of coffee.

MRS. A. HANSEN, Mays Landing, N. J.

SAUERKRAUT. (Requested.)—That will not fail. Chop cabbage fine or shred. Put salt as though it were to be cooked, no more, no less. Put in keg or barrel with open top, make a stamp of oak block or any hard wood (no metal), stamp ten or twelve times a day. Put large earthen plate and weight with several large rocks. Stamp every day for six weeks.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING. (Requested.)—One pound of stoned raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, one pound of flour, one quarter of a pound each of cut citron and preserved lemon peel, one half pound of preserved orange peel, two eggs, two cups of sugar, one quarter teaspoon of cinnamon, one eighth teaspoon each of nutmeg, mace and ginger. Put on uncracked porcelain dish, tie in large, firm cloth and boil five hours, or put in individual cloths. Will keep a very long time.

RELIABLE MINCE MEAT.—One pound each of currants, suet, raisins, cut up candied citron, chopped suet, chopped apples, brown sugar and seeded raisins, one ounce of mixed spices, grated rind and juice of three oranges and three lemons. Mix well and cover tightly for two weeks when it is ready for use.

MRS. GRIFFITH RYAN, 1708 E. 22nd St., Los Angeles, Cal.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.—Take large, firm cucumbers, boil them until tender, remove from stove and let cool, cut off the end of each cucumber, and with a teaspoon scoop out the center, being careful not to break the skin. Boil one half pound of veal, mince and mix with the cucumber pulp; add one chopped onion and two tablespoons of bread crumbs. Mix well and fill cucumbers. Heat them in a moderate oven and serve with brown sauce.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Two pints of raw potatoes sliced, one half onion, one half cup of cream or milk, one cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, and with a grate of onion, with salt and bits of butter and continue until pan is full. Dilute milk or cream with boiling water so that there will be enough liquid to cover the potatoes. Bake slowly until done and the top layers are nice and brown.

MRS. REINO KANZA, Palatka, Box 125, Mich.

OLD-FASHIONED PLUM PUDDING.—One and one half pound of raisins, one half pound of currants, one half pound of sugar, one half pound of beef suet, one half pound of bread crumbs, eight eggs, one wineglass of brandy, spice to taste. Seed raisins but do not chop them, mince suet finely, grate bread crumbs or run them through food chopper. Mix all well and press into your mold well buttered. Bake in a cloth for four hours and you have something worth eating when it's done.

PICCOLILLA.—One peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions chopped fine with one cup of salt well stirred in; let stand over night; in the morning drain off all the liquor. Take two quarts of water and one of vinegar, boil all together twenty minutes and strain all through a colander. Put it back into the kettle again. Put in two quarts of vinegar, one pound of sugar, half pound of white mustard seed, two tablespoons of ground pepper, two of cinnamon, one of cloves, two of ginger, one of allspice, one teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Boil all together fifteen minutes or until tender, stirring all the time to keep from scorching. Seal in glass jars.

MRS. LANA THOMASON, Boiesevain, Tayewell Co., Va.

FLAT BREAD.—Take six good-sized potatoes and boil with skins on; peel and mash fine. When cold add one cup of water, teaspoon of salt and equal parts of white and rye flour. Mix quite stiff and knead. Take a small piece and roll thin and then roll around a stick of wood which should be round if possible. Have a clean cloth and some water and dampen all over carefully. Cook on top of stove till crisp.

MRS. MARGARET SOLLIE, Sumatra, Mont.

LEMON PUDDING.—In the dish you bake it in, slice one lemon, add one cup of sugar, one cup of boiling water, and leave setting till batter is made up. Batter. One egg, one cup of sugar, butter size of an egg, one half cup of cold water, one half teaspoon of baking powder, and a cup and a half of flour. Put this over the lemon in dish and bake in moderate hot oven one half hour. Eat with cream.

MRS. BEAT HUDSON, Paradise, R. R. 2, Box 16, Kans.

ICE CREAM.—Heat one pint of milk and in it dissolve two thirds cup of sugar and add one pint of cold milk, stir and cool. Beat two eggs and into them beat half a can of condensed milk and a pinch of salt, add one pint of cream that has been whipped and vanilla to flavor.

LEMON EXTRACT. (Requested.)—Fill a glass jar with lemon peel and then to the top with alcohol. When sufficiently strong, remove peel and bottle. Use best of alcohol.

No. 2. Peel of two lemons, one ounce of lemon oil, and one pint of alcohol. Shake two or three times daily. Ready for use in one week.

MRS. E. F. YOUNG, Sheridan, R. R. 2, Oregon.

PRUNE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, three eggs beaten separately, one half cup of sugar, two cups of sifted flour, one half teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves, a little nutmeg, one cup of cooked prunes, chopped fine and one teaspoon of soda mixed in prunes.

LULU'S FAVORITE CAKE.—Two eggs beaten very light, one cup of sugar, one half cup sweet cream, one and one half cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder sifted in flour. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in layers and fill with whip cream, jelly, or some boiled filling.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, whites of four eggs, one third cup of butter, one half cup of milk, one and one half cups of flour and two teaspoons of baking powder. Make dark part the same only use yolks of eggs with one cup of grated chocolate. Bake in layers, let cool, then fill and coat with chocolate icing.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Put one half cup of chocolate in a shallow pan, place where it is warm enough to melt but not scorch; when melted add one cup of sugar, one half cup of water, or part water and part milk, let boil until it will form a ball when dropped in cold water.

MRS. C. E. SPRAGUE, Blackley, Oregon.

CLIFT, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I am glad to hear that you are allowed to enter your charming circle. We have taken COMFORT for several years and think we could not do without it for all the family enjoy reading it.

Will say by way of introduction that I am just the plain wife of a farmer. I am forty-three and my husband is one year older. We have moved around but very little as husband has his father's home place and has lived here most all his life. We have six children: the two eldest are country school teachers, so you see we are interested in education.

We live in Northwest Arkansas, in the Flint hills. Our fields are not so large as in other counties, but produce fine corn and most any kind of vegetables. As wild grass makes fine pasture and cattle bring a good price, people are raising quite a surplus of cattle and the country is fast coming to the front. We have our telephone and R. R., and prospects of railroad coming within a few miles of us, although it is fifteen miles now to the nearest railroad.

When someone writes more about the care of the old folks? I for one think it would be very interesting and do much good. If there are old people living near you, go every few days and spend an hour or so with them, and should one live in your home, it is not only your privilege, but it is your duty to make their last days as pleasant as possible. Should they disagree or impose on your child, try to teach that child that age is to be respected, and by doing so you will instill a principle that will be a blessing all through life.

MRS. B. HINDS.

Mrs. Hinds. We can with profit discuss this vital question of caring for the aged, and your letter at once brought to mind a well-remembered family discussion, for and against giving a home

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to a grandfather (on the mother's side) and the influence this discussion had on the minds of the children before whom it was unfortunately carried on.

First, let me tell you, as is frequently the case, this same grandfather had been in his prosperous days, financially the backbone of this family, consequently flattered and petted by all, but when misfortune overtook him, it was quite another story, and when it came to giving him a home, his shortcomings were magnified, his virtues forgotten.

But in time the grandfather did enter this household as one of the family, and very soon alteration took place of adoration between grandfather and children, and it was plain to be seen that at the time grandfather was so thoroughly "picked to pieces" in their presence, the seed of an unfriendly spirit was sown. And so the children would make points on grandfather without any allowance for infirmities and old age, and at times when the children's attitude was too discourteous to be ignored, the mother would intercede, in words that were fair enough, but with a tone and manner that would have made them better unspoken. An evident battle was going on between her mother-love and the consciousness of being woefully lacking in justice toward her father and benefactor; but she, unfortunate woman, had not the courage of her convictions, and the situation worked havoc on her own disposition, and she suffered as much as did grandfather, who, after a few months took up his abode with an unmarried son.

The grandfather was a kindly, well-disposed old gentleman, and had this mother but known it, by teaching her children to respect old age with the fact that grandfather could tell them many things worth listening to, she might have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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# FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

## CHAPTER XXI.

"OH! MY LOVE! MY LOVE!"

THE HEART OF THE LOVING Lord Wallace, accompanied by two other skillful surgeons, made his appearance in Clifton's rooms at the appointed hour.

Five minutes later Clifton had been borne from the room to an unfurnished apartment opposite, where an operating table had other necessary appliances had been prepared, and, as the door closed upon him, Shirley, unable longer to endure the restraint which she had up to this time put upon her feelings, threw herself prone upon the bed, where her husband had so lately been lying, every nerve in her body quivering as if she herself were under the knife.

Here Madame Marton and Annie Vining found her a little later, in a partly conscious state.

Annie had come in her own carriage, to take the young wife out for a drive, hoping, by getting her away from the house and all signs of the much-dreaded operation; to shorten and shorten, in a measure, the horror of the long waiting and suspense.

So Shirley tacitly allowed them to get her ready and assist her down to the carriage, where she lay back among the cushions, pale and still, scarcely uttering a word during the drive, for she was too weak and sick at heart to make the slightest effort.

They went to the park, where they drove about for nearly an hour, Annie and Madame striving to keep up a steady flow of conversation, hoping thus to distract Shirley's mind in a measure, although they did not annoy her by trying to make her talk.

It was not an easy thing to do, for their own hearts were filled with dread and sorrow and an almost unbearable anxiety regarding the result of the operation.

When they finally returned it was only to find the door of that mysterious room still closed and no tidings to cheer and comfort their heavy hearts.

Another hour dragged wearily by—such an hour as those women never forgot as they waited in Madame's room, then at last the nurse came to tell them that "it was over."

"Is it well over?" Annie inquired, with pallid lips, as she threw her arms around Shirley, who had sprung wildly to her feet the moment the man appeared.

"I cannot tell you, miss," was the grave reply. "But—oh! it has not been fatal!" persisted Miss Vining, although that last word was almost inaudible.

"Oh, no, miss; we have carried her back to his own room and he is beginning to recover from the effects of the ether. Ah! poor lady!"

This last remark the man uttered as he sprang forward and caught Shirley just as she was slipping from Annie's arms to the door.

He laid her upon the bed and then was obliged to leave her with her two companions, to go back to his patient.

She began to recover almost immediately, however, and looked up eagerly as Dr. Wallace came hastily into the room, he having learned of her condition from the nurse.

He administered a restorative, which brought back a little color to her lips; but when she attempted to rise, he laid her gently back upon the pillow.

"You must lie quietly here for the present," he said; "you need the rest. All is going as well as we can expect in the other room. When Mr. Vining comes wholly to himself, I will return for you and take you to him."

His manner was so quiet and assured that Shirley instinctively trusted him. She did not resist his authority; indeed, she was too far spent to make much effort, and, closing her eyes wearily, she was soon in a profound slumber and it was several hours before she awoke.

Then she was allowed to go to Clifton, whom she found looking very comfortable, though of course pale and weak.

He feebly put out his hand to her, a fond smile wreathing his lips, and clasping it, she sat down beside him, although she was, for the moment, too overcome to speak.

"I have not suffered, my darling," he whispered, as he realized the cause of her emotion. "I knew nothing after I began to inhale the ether until I awoke and found myself here."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Shirley murmured, in a tone so heartily grateful that tears started to her husband's eyes.

"Poor little wife!" Clifton went on, while he regarded her white face tenderly. "I know you have been the greatest sufferer from the hard experience; but you must forget it now that it is over." Then, noticing the anxious look in her eyes, he added: "I do not know yet, dear, what the doctors think. Wallace is coming in again toward evening to talk with me about it; but, love, we must be patient. I do not imagine that anyone can tell just what the result will be, and since I am safely through with this dreaded ordeal, we can afford to wait and trust, can we not?"

More than a week elapsed between the operation and an opportunity to discuss it freely with his surgeon.

When Dr. Wallace made his appearance one morning Clifton observed after the exchange of their usual greeting:

"And now, Wallace"—with a direct, searching glance—"I want the whole truth—I want to know just what you found?"

"A tumor, or false growth," was the brief reply.

Clifton's lips contracted spasmodically, but after a moment he reached out his hand and laid it upon his companion's arm with an impressiveness that thrilled the young man.

"Wallace," he continued, "I have grown to feel that you are my good friend as well as my faithful medical adviser, and I want the truth; I want to know just where I stand. You say you found this tumor or false growth, and now I can understand the numbness which has been growing upon me—the substance pressing upon the spine has caused partial paralysis."

"Yes," gravely admitted the young surgeon.

"It was your plan—your hope to remove it?"

"Neill nodded, but his eyes clouded in anticipation of Clifton's next question.

"Did you remove it?" he inquired.

"Yes—the greater portion of it."

The hand resting on Dr. Wallace's arm closed a little more tightly over it at this reply.

"Not all of it?" he questioned after a moment, in a strangely calm voice.

"No; it is not possible without touching a vital point."

"It will grow again?"

"It may."

"It will. Do not try to keep anything from me, my friend," Clifton urged with grave appeal.

"It is better that I should know; in fact, I have known, or rather I have felt from the first, that there was no help for me. But, for the sake of Shirley, and because—with a sudden painful contraction of his brow—"Life was dear to me on her account, I have wanted to do everything possible, and so I consented to this operation. You think this growth will come again?"

He persisted in conclusion, determined to have a definite answer.

"I am afraid that it will," said Neill, regretfully.

"Will it be possible to remove the growth again?"

"I do not think that would be practicable," was the low, sad reply; and Clifton knew he meant to imply that it would probably prove fatal if attempted.

He did not speak again for several minutes, but lay as if gravely observing a picture which hung opposite his bed.

"Well," he said at last, "it is the edict which must come to all, sooner or later."

Neill Wallace started slightly and bent an

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Inquiring look upon him, as if he had not fully comprehended him.

"Yes, I mean—death," Clifton went on, with sweet solemnity. "Do not look so grieved, Neill—if you will let me call you so for a little while"—he added, with a faint smile, "for the thought is not so new to me as you may perhaps imagine. Of course it has been hard to meet the growing conviction, for one with so much to make life pleasant and desirable as I possess, would naturally cling to the world, and battle with all his might for a foothold in it. And yet I could better bear to go now, than to live to be a burden upon my darling for long and weary years."

The young surgeon regarded his patient with surprise as he gave utterance to these thoughts.

Clifton, observing the look, smiled again as he said:

"You did not think it was possible for me to know. Ah, well, I believe one is sometimes taught things by unseen influences, and possibly those same influences will help me to meet the coming shadows bravely and unshrinkingly. Now, just tell me one thing more, my friend, and then we will not speak of this again: How long before the end?"

For a moment the man beside him could not find voice to answer this hard question. There was a mist before his eyes—a huge lump in his throat. But, after an effort at self-control, he said, in a low, compassionate tone:

"I hope it may be some weeks."

"Some weeks," repeated Clif, with a quick catch in his breath, his white face almost convulsed for an instant.

He covered his eyes with one of his thin hands,

"Yes, I believe you would," he said after a moment. "You are a grand and noble man, Neill Wallace, and— But good night—good night," he added, as he quickly repressed the sigh that smote heavily upon his companion's heart, "and let me see as much of you during the next few weeks as your duties will permit."

He clung to his hands for a moment longer, then released them, and Neill went out from his presence feeling strangely moved and humbled by the solemn interview.

"And I have said that his was not a 'strong character,'" he murmured, in a self-reproachful tone, as he stepped out upon the street. "I stand abashed before him. He has the spirit of a martyr within him."

## CHAPTER XLII.

"NOT THE END, BUT THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY."

When Shirley went to her husband, after the departure of Dr. Wallace, she found him looking pale and weary, but with a strangely calm, almost exalted, expression on his face.

But he smiled up at her so cheerfully that her heart leaped within her and she was sure that he had good news for her; for she had known that he was to have a long, confidential talk with Neill.

When she questioned Clif regarding it, he told her brightly that the doctor had assured him that "the surgeons had done everything possible, and time and nature must now do the rest."

"We must be patient, love; such an injury as

Clifton bent a sorrowful look upon her, for he felt that he could no longer keep the truth from her, but he made a feeble effort to return her smile, as he answered:

"Then you will have to put them on my pillow, love, for I cannot move my arm."

"Clif!" the young wife breathed, in a frightened tone.

"Yes, it is the numbness," he replied, thinking it best to tell her.

"It is going up into your arms?" she said, growing as white as the sheet that covered him.

"My darling!" that was all he could say, but his tone told her everything.

"Oh! and you are not really better!—you are not getting well!" she breathed, almost inaudibly, a feeling of despair almost numbing her own senses.

"I have known it from the first, love, that I could not get well."

"And you did not tell me!"

"I wanted to be happy with you, while I stayed—I could not bear to see you grieve."

"Clifton—oh! my husband!" was the wall of anguish that broke from the young wife's quivering lips.

"Hush!" Clifton said gently. "Try not to grieve, dear, though of course I know it is but natural; but let us try to make the most of the little time that remains to us. I would have it full of peace."

Shirley realized that he would suffer most keenly if she allowed herself to give way to the grief that was just ready to burst all bounds, and she battled mightily within herself for composure, as she stood looking down upon him, but hardly seeing him, for the sudden blindness that had come upon her with this unexpected blighting of all her hopes.

We know something of her resolute will, and it was not long before she had mastered all outward signs of the cruel wound she had received.

Then she bent and softly kissed her husband on the forehead, placing his flowers on his pillow, where he could both see them and inhale their fragrance.

Nothing more was said that day about the great change which both now knew must soon come. Clifton remained calmly cheerful, though it was evident he, too, had been severely shaken by the revelation he had made.

But, after a few days, he spoke with Shirley again regarding his condition, while she, having fought her battle out alone, was able to converse with him with a semblance of calmness, for she had resolved that she would make the little time that remained to him "full of peace," as he had wished.

One evening, after she had retired, and Clifton sent the nurse for Madame Marton, and had a long, confidential talk with her.

"I want you to promise me that you will remain with Shirley after—when I go away," he said. "It will give her something to think of—an object in life, if she has you to care for."

Madame promised this readily enough.

"She is like a dear child to me," she said, "and I should be desolate separated from her."

"And one thing more," the sick man continued, pausing a moment, as if considering how best to frame what he had to say. "If, at any time in the future, there should seem to be an opportunity for her to be happy as—as one so lovely should be, will you tell her that I thought of it—spoke of it—wished it?"

Ever brusque, stoical Madame Marton could not quite bear this evidence of self-renunciation with composure, and for a moment she was completely overcome. But recovering herself almost as quickly, she gave the desired promise, and Clifton thanked her heartily.

He grew weaker more rapidly after this, and of course more and more helpless.

The third day after his conversation with Madame, Neill saw, when he came to make his usual visit, that the end was very near, and his eyes turned upon Shirley's pale face with a look of wistful tenderness which told how deeply he felt for her at this trying time.

The young wife was sitting upon the bed, fanning the invalid, and while the surgeon was watching her thus, with yearning solicitude, Clifton was quietly studying his expressive face with an intensity which, under other circumstances, must have made itself felt. At length, however, his lids gradually closed, and he seemed to sleep, when Shirley stole softly from the room to attend to some little duties before he should awake.

The door had scarcely closed after her when Clifton unclosed his eyes, and, meeting the glance of his friend, he smiled gravely up at him.

"The end is near," he said, in a feeble voice. Neill's eyes grew moist.

"Not the end, but the dawn of a new day, and I am sure you have no fear," he said with solemn sweetness.

"Oh, no; not for myself, but for her—my ever faithful Shirley," and Clifton's eyes wandered sadly to the door through which his wife had just disappeared. "There are few who are so alone in the world," he added with a sigh. "My sister will love her, but, as you know, she has nothing to hope for from my parents."

His companion's face grew very tender, and he longed to tell Clif how glad he would be to shield and watch over his darling in the future. But he did not speak—he felt that he could not without betraying the secret which he had so faithfully guarded in his own heart that no one suspected it, save Shirley, perhaps, to whom he had once confessed it.

"I hope," the dying man went on, his eyes searching on the noble face beside him, "I trust that she will not always be lonely. I want her to be happy—I would not wish to withhold any future joy from her; and, Neill, my friend—my brother, by and by, when she has had time to get used to being without me, if you should think it would be wise and best, I would like you to tell her this."

He paused suddenly, for Shirley reentered the room at that moment, and, shortly after, making some slight excuse, Neill himself went out, his whole soul stirred within him, his brain in a whirl from mingled consternation and amazement, for he was now assured that Clifton Vining had discovered his long-cherished secret—that his keen, love-sharpened eyes had read his very soul, and knew that he loved the wife he was leaving with all the strength of his manhood.

More than this—and the thought filled him with wonder, admiration and a strange, sweet joy, though this was tempered with grief for the friend he was losing—Dr. Wallace realized that what the invalid had said had been spoken with a definite purpose—that of making him understand that if, by and by, he could win Shirley, he would gladly commit her to his tender care.

It was long before Neill could recover his composure sufficiently to trust himself again in the sick-room; but at last he schooled himself to calmness, and returned to his post.

Clifton was asleep, when he entered, his cheek resting upon Shirley's hand. He had loved to lie thus, of late, since the sense of touch in his own hand failed him, and he could not feel her clasp, while it was her greatest pleasure to grant his slightest wish.

She was watching the sleeper with sad and heavy eyes, but with a look of patience upon her tired face that touched the young surgeon deeply.

He went to a table, poured out a glass of wine, which he brought to her, himself holding it to her lips.

She drank it obediently, then turned back to her silent watching.

Neill sat down by the opposite side of the bed, and for half an hour there was no sound in the room, save the subdued ticking of the pretty marble clock on the mantel.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

## COMFORT'S 25th Birthday

By Charles Noel Douglas

We greet you with a smile today, and again would clasp each hand  
Of you, our friends in Texas, down by the Rio Grande.  
And you in far Alaska, and all that mighty host,  
That dwells in Uncle Sam's domain, far flung from coast to coast.  
For our hearts are overflowing with joy and thankfulness,  
And we're filled with honest longing your loyal hands to press,  
For we know that you'll come forward in your usual hearty way,  
And assist in celebrating Comfort's twenty-fifth birthday.

Twenty-five long years ago, the Comfort tree took root,  
A literary sapling that promised little fruit;  
But swift the weakling grew apace and gained prodigious size,  
Its branches stretched from coast to coast, and towered to the skies.  
And 'neath its giant limbs there grouped a great and noble band,  
The builders of our nation, the pillars of our land.  
Devoted souls who stood with us in that dim dawning gray,  
And still are here to help and cheer, our twenty-fifth birthday.

Not all's been pleasant sailing, for tempests will arise,  
They test the heart, and then depart, revealing fairer skies;  
We've made mistakes, but then, dear friends, mistakes will oft occur,  
For as you know 'tis human for all at times to err.  
But though it human is to err, forgiveness is divine,  
So let's join hands dear comrades, for the sake of old lang syne,  
And sing a song of fellowship in militant array,  
For we've reached the quarter century mark, our twenty-fifth birthday.

Onward and upward's ever been our motto, and we've tried  
To send Truth's sacred beams of light, far flashing nation wide.  
We've taught the joy of giving, more than just a grudging dole  
And lit the lamp of hope in many a dark despairing soul.  
Real Christ-like Christianity we've tried to show is best,  
The kind that lifts the burden from the suffering and oppressed.  
Religion of men's brotherhood, God's Fatherhood—ah, may  
That ideal great all animate on our twenty-fifth birthday.

So gather friends around us, and help the cause along,  
Far flung our mighty battalions, and full six million strong.  
Armed with the sword of righteousness, let's plunge, into the fight,  
For Providence is with us in our battles for the right.  
Our motto Onward, Upward, for home and native land,  
Upon the rock of Justice, embattled we will stand.  
So group round Comfort's banner, and join us while we pray,  
In thankfulness, that Heaven may bless our twenty-fifth birthday.

and lay thus for a while, and a solemn stillness brooded over the room.

At length he looked up and held out his hand to Neill, a wonderful peace shining through his pain-refined features.

"Well, so be it," he said, in clear and steady tones, as Neill's hand closed over his in a strong and tender clasp. "I had hoped you would say months; for how can I bear to leave my darling so soon? But we will make the most of what respite there is allowed me. We will not tell Shirley, please—I could not endure to see the dread and grief upon her face, day after day, and she will learn the truth gradually of herself. I—I hope, for her sake, that I may not suffer so very much," he concluded with a slight shiver.

"There will be very little, if any pain," said his companion, in a gentle tone.

"Only this creeping, creeping numbness, which makes one realize, more and more, that man is only a lump of clay," Clifton responded, with only a ring of bitterness which had yet thrilled the only lump of clay which had yet thrilled his voice.

"But you will try to keep me here as long as possible," he pleaded, with pathetic helplessness; then all the bitterness of death rang out in the yearning cry, "Oh! my love! my love!"

Neill Wallace could bear no more. He arose, and, bending over Clifton, took both his hands in his, while his richly modulated voice was tremulous with emotion as he said:

"You must not talk more now—you must save your strength. Believe me, I will do my utmost for you in the battle for life, and—I feel as if I would gladly exchange places with you to save you and that sweet wife of yours this crushing sorrow." His voice broke as he concluded.

Clifton looked earnestly into the sad eyes above him; it seemed as if he were trying to read his very soul.

I received must have time, you know."

"And they think there will not need to be another operation?" Shirley inquired, with some anxiety.

Clif was thankful she put the question in this way.

"No, dear," he quietly returned. "Dr. Wallace thinks not." Then he began to talk of something else, and, for the time, the subject was dismissed.

Several weeks passed, and day after day Clifton wore a bright face and steady look.

Whenever Neill came he seemed unusually happy and content, chatting with him and Shirley in a pleasant, friendly way, and thus those three, who were growing nearer and dearer every day in the bonds of a sacred friendship, passed many a delightful hour in that peaceful sick-room.

No murmur or complaint ever passed Clifton's lips. He did not even allow Shirley to suspect how that deadly numbness was creeping up and up a little higher, with every passing day, and it was only when she discovered, by her own observation, that his hands and arms were becoming useless and losing their sense of feeling, that she began to realize he was failing, instead of improving, as she had hoped.

Her attention was first called to these facts in a most pathetic way.

Dr. Wallace had brought some exquisite flowers to his patient one morning, and Shirley, making up a dainty little bouquet of some of the choicest, brought it to her husband.

He tried to take it, but his fingers refused to close around the stems.

Shirley looked a little startled as she observed this, but, pressing the flowers into his hand, smilingly commanded:

"Inhale their fragrance, dear; they are lovely."



# The Van Alvords' Thanksgiving

Holiday Story Cycles No. 11  
By Joseph F. Novak

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"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed, in what we share with another's need; Not what we give, but what we share,— For the gift without the giver is bare; Who gives himself with his aims feeds three,— Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me." James Russell Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal.

**V**AN ALVORD sat before the library fire, engrossed in a newspaper, a thing of gliding headlines. It was a publication that appeared on Sunday afternoons and holidays only, and was headed: "Thanksgiving Extra."

Morosely he scanned the sensational "scare-heads" or dozed over them. A sound on the stair aroused him, and he sat up to behold his wife, in evening dress, standing before him. Her maid was a little in the rear, carrying her wraps.

Van Alvord surveyed his wife through half-closed eyes. She was a beautiful woman, tall, stately, somewhat dashing. He inwardly admired the graceful lines of her throat and shoulders, the sweep of her reddish-brown hair from her neck, her white skin, and general shapeliness of her head.

She was gowned in a thing of pink, of many shades, so blended that her every movement sent forth soft radiance.

Van Alvord was always impressed anew with each beautiful gown she wore, but he said nothing, for his compliments had long failed to impress the beautiful man.

For a moment she stood, then she said: "Well, I'm going, Herbert."

"Where tonight?"

She was about to answer, when she bethought herself of her maid. "Magnolia, just put my cloak upon the divan there, and then you may go."

The maid bowed, did as she was bidden, and left the room.

"I am taking dinner with the Duke and Duchess of Florenzo. Their dinners are particularly stupid, but they are the 'thing', at present, to rave over. Knowing how you despise dinners, I refused the invitation for you."

"Thank you," he replied, rather stiffly. "I'm sorry, though, that you are going out. I thought, since this is Thanksgiving Day, we would have dinner together. It's been a long time, Lorraine, since we've dined together, or gone anywhere together, as a matter of fact."

"That's true," she admitted, "but then you care so little for society and it is everything to me, and you are proud of my social triumphs, are you not? But, had I known that you would have wanted me to stay at home with you today, I surely would have done so. I suppose we ought to dine together, at least on Thanksgiving Day," and a faint smile came to her lips.

"The old holiday spirit seems to be waning, doesn't it? Just look what this scare-head newspaper contains. You wouldn't believe it, would you? Let me read it," and picking up the paper, he read that old school-reader classic:

"Over the river and through the woods To grandfather's house we go; The horse knows the way, to carry the sleigh Through the white and drifting snow."

He finished reading the rest of the verses, then threw the paper to the floor. "I sometimes long for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Bah! I'm getting sentimental," and he smiled at her.

"Well, Herbert, if you'd rather, we can go to some cafe and have dinner together. That is the best we could do for as I was going out, I gave no orders for dinner, and I presumed you would dine at your club."

"Never mind, Lorraine. It's too late. Keep your appointment. We'll see what we can do at another time. Shall I help you with your cloak?"

He rose from his chair, and picked up the cloak of gray and silver, and threw it about her stately form. Then picking up her long white gloves, he drew them on her white fingers, and buttoned them. After which he playfully put his arm about her.

She shook it off with a kind of impatience. "Oh, Herbert! Please don't catch me about the waist in that fashion. I dislike exceedingly to be 'pawed' over."

"I beg your pardon, Lorraine. Well, good night. I trust you will not find the dinner an unusual bore." And he kissed her.

It was a cold cheek that responded to his salutation. He stood then, while she fussed a bit, then with a bright smile, but one curiously void of warmth, she swept from the room.

"My wife," he murmured, "my wife. No, no! My statue!"

He resumed his seat at the fire, and then glanced at his watch. It was but five thirty, the limousine would bring Mrs. Van Alvord to the home of the Duke and Duchess of Florenzo in fifteen minutes.

He arose from his chair in a moment again, and stepped to the window. The elements were blustering, the first real snow of the year was tearing and battling about the streets. It was a cheerless prospect, and while the thought of his club was a pleasant one, relatively, the exertion of going there was a tax upon his holiday indulgence.

He decided to remain at home, with his cigar, book, and later, perhaps, a game of solitaire.

He went back to his chair, and sat listening attentively, for without he saw the powerful arcs of the limousine's lamps, and he knew that Lorraine had not yet gone. In another moment, he heard the door shut, and he was alone.

He reached for the bell, intending to summon the butler and ordering a lunch of whatever was in the house, for it was always well supplied in expectancy of unexpected guests, in spite of the fact that the usual order had not been given as Lorraine had said.

But ere he touched it, the door-bell rang again, and in a moment, Van Alvord heard his wife's voice calling anxiously:

"Herbert! Herbert!"

He rose and quickly went to the reception-room, where he found his wife hovering over a basket which the pompous butler had deposited upon the table.

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert! Someone has abandoned a baby on our doorstep."

"Jove!" he exclaimed, as he went to her side. "There in the basket lay a little creature, a babe, perhaps eighteen months old. It had been peacefully sleeping, but now in the glow of the light, it sat up in its improvised basket-bed and rubbed its eyes with childish gravity."

"Mamma!" it announced unceremoniously, and stretched forth its little fat arms beseechingly.

"What a manly little fellow!" Van Alvord exclaimed. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"Yes," Lorraine answered, hesitatingly.

"Mamma!" came a somewhat imperious command.

"Do you want your mamma?" Van Alvord asked of the little intruder, smiling and wholly engrossed in the new toy.

"Mamma!" came the little voice again.

"Can't you say anything else, little rascal? Who are you?" and he attempted to take him up.

The little intruder balked.

"No—mamma!" was the order of the insistent little voice that knew no other word.

"Take him up, Lorraine," Van Alvord advised, "don't want to fondle the child, Herbert," she said. "Heaven alone knows to whom he belongs. Perhaps he is a—"

she stopped and shuddered.

"Don't wrong the innocent babe," he said soberly, "poor, poor little castaway. What would I not give for one like him?" he murmured.

Lorraine did not catch her husband's last sentence, but she did note the longing in his voice.

"Mamma!" came the little voice again, and this time a radiant smile broke over the pretty features, and two little arms swayed in the air appealingly.

Lorraine Van Alvord looked at her husband. Then suddenly she threw the cloak from her shoulders, caught up the little waif, and regardless of the fact that her costume was being crushed, and that two plump hands played with her carefully arranged coiffure, she crushed him to her breast.

"Call up the Duke's home, Herbert. I am indisposed and must beg to be excused."

He quickly did so, and gladly.

When he came back, he found her sitting before the reception-room gas logs, with the tiny creature on her knee. The babe had jerked off its tiny stockings, and was waving them aloft, laughing gleefully.

Lorraine seemed entirely engrossed in the babe. A new look of tenderness, of love, was in her eyes, the artificial smile of society had disappeared.

Herbert went softly to her side, and sat down on a little divan at her feet, almost as if in adoration of the little waif.

"I never saw you look so beautiful, and so interested, my Madonna," he said softly, "how does the new toy please you?"

But Lorraine scarce heard. She was wonderfully engrossed in two quintettes of little pink toes. "Hasn't he the cunning toes? And see the pretty smile, and how nicely he makes up. Children don't, usually, do they?" she asked.

"Why, I—I guess they don't," he answered. "We are a precious pair. All we know of babies wouldn't fill even a half sheet of note paper, would it?"

"I'm afraid not. Oh, Herbert! Do you—do you suppose we could keep him? He has such pretty eyes, they are so grave and sweet and lovable. And see how beautifully formed his little legs are. I was afraid to touch him at first, because he might be—well, ill-born, but I don't think he is. He's too beautiful, too innocent for that."

"Do you really want to keep him?" Van Alvord asked, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, if you do not mind. I suppose we could legally adopt him and really make him our son. And I guess the house would be more cheerful with him here. We have plenty, and—"

"Not what we give, but what we share, for the gift, without the giver, is bare, you know."

"Lorraine, do you mean it?" he cried. "We can adopt him and make him legally our son, and it was beautiful of you to suggest it. But would you want to give him your time and attention? For I wouldn't want to adopt him if I thought he would only have the attention of servants. God has been good to us in the twelve years that we have been married, and we ought to, in plain

last night, when I had come to the determination of leaving Jamie with someone. I prayed for a miracle to intervene that I might not have to carry out my desperate resolve. It was Thanksgiving Eve. It was the time of the year when all hearts should be filled with compassion. Would not God perform a miracle, would He not show a way, so that I, too, might join in a song of Thanksgiving?"

"But no, nothing happened, and in a hard and thankless mood, I made my way to your house here. I left baby, and when I saw him taken in, I went away."

"But I had judged God as thankless humans do. I didn't know that He was preparing the miracle for me. As I walked along the street, suddenly I saw gleaming in the snow, a diamond cross, attached to a rope of pearls. I knew someone must have lost it, for the clasp was broken. I picked up the beautiful thing, worth a ransom, and stood for a moment, half stunned with my good fortune. Then as I started away, a gloriously beautiful woman in a sealskin coat and furs came down the street, looking about her on every side. I saw at once she had lost something. I asked what she had lost. Then she described the necklace I had found and said she had lost it."

"When she had finished, I drew forth the necklace. Her anxious eyes cleared, and she told me she would reward me. With beating heart, I followed her into her beautiful mansion, and she gave me five hundred dollars! Five hundred dollars! It was as good as five million to me. And then she gave me her card and told me that if I needed any work, she would always be glad to give it to me. I promised that I'd see her."

"With my money hidden away, I at once started for your home. I ran, ran like the wind, for now I could reclaim my baby. I have him now, my treasure, my Jamie. I've got money to keep him, and I, who have faced starvation, will know how to use it. Do what you like to me," she continued, turning to Van Alvord, "have me arrested for abandoning my baby, I have repented, and though you put me into jail, it will not keep baby from me. It must not! It will not!"

She sank to the floor, tenderly crooning over the little one in her lap, and swaying back and forth.

Van Alvord raised her to her feet, and motioned her to a chair beside the fire.

"Why, young woman, we'll not take your baby from you, though we have already learned to love him. We intended to keep him and rear him as our own. But if he is yours, and we don't doubt that, keep him. As for arresting you, or attempting to punish you, don't think that for a moment, for repentance cures every wrong."

"Thank you, sir, thank you so much," she rose and picked up her shawl from the floor.

"Don't go yet, young woman," said Lorraine.

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert! Someone has abandoned a baby on our door step."

"Oh, give me back my baby!" she cried, "Give me back my baby."

Then slowly a soft white arm stole about Van Alvord's neck.

"Won't you stay and have a little lunch? You look pale, and spent. Perhaps you are hungry. Let me get some lunch for you."

"Oh, don't bother, dear lady," the girl answered. "Don't think, either, that I am thankful, because I am not. But I want to be alone with baby, and to think over my good fortune and to thank God for His kindness to one who so bitterly derided Him. I'll pray for you every night, you who would have become father and mother to my little Jamie. O God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee. Truly, truly this is a day of blessed Thanksgiving!"

She put her shawl over her head, then went to the basket from which she picked the blankets and wrapped them about the babe. The little mite crowded, then held out his arms.

"Mamma!" he cried, and pitched ecstatically in his mother's arms, but extending his fat little ones to Lorraine.

"Oh, let me kiss him," she cried, as she caught him to her breast, while his fat little arms encircled her throat. A sob came to her lips, she clasped him tightly, kissed him tenderly, then regretfully she resigned him to the girl.

The girl took him, wrapped him warmly in the blankets, then with eyes streaming with gratitude, she bade them good by.

The door shut, the childless couple were again alone.

"The Lord gave, and then took away," Van Alvord said, as he sat down before the reception-room fire. "I'm sorry. I'd already been contemplating what we should name him. Too bad."

His voice held keenest disappointment.

Lorraine sat down beside him. Van Alvord looked at her. Her hair was a little ruffled, and yet she looked more beautiful than ever. Her beautiful gown was a bit crushed, baby hands had torn a bit of silvery pink trimming loose.

For some time they sat silent. On the mantel, a little clock ticked busily, and showed the hour at eight o'clock.

Then slowly a soft white arm stole about Van Alvord's throat, and a soft hand clasped his.

His body was swept with an emotion, an emotion he had often thought was dead.

"Lorraine."

Van Alvord's voice was low. In his face was the look of a man, long denied love, given it at last. It opened a well-spring in her heart. She submitted herself to his breast, and kissed his lips.

"What is it, dear?" he whispered so gently.

She clung to him. He felt the old fervor of their early courtship days, the response of love to love. And then, with her face upon his shoulder, she wept:

"Oh, Herbert! The baby! I want the baby!" His arms held her. He gathered her close.

"I, too, Lorraine, want him, but since we cannot have the little waif, can we not, God willing, have our own?"

She looked up into his eyes bravely, and smiled through her tears.

"Thanksgiving Day has finished out in the true way, hasn't it, Herbert?" she whispered.

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**H**OP up on my lap, and get a wiggle for I have some great news. We've got the income tax at last, a tax which will take some of the burdens off the poor man's back and place them on the backs of those best able to bear them—the rich. Maybe you didn't know it but the poorest of you who read this have been paying as much toward the running and support of this government as have the biggest of our millionaires. Now here's the joke! Proceed to laugh, he! he! he! ha, ha! he! he! Our old friend Olly John D. Rockefeller has got to fork up a million dollars yearly on this income tax proposition. Isn't that immense? Isn't that great? But look in John D's face and you'll see no tears in his eyes, his wig is still adjusted to the correct angle. That income tax instead of breaking John's heart is making him the happiest old boy in the world. Why? Well I'll tell you why. John will pay his million dollar income tax, and then he will clap another cent a gallon on oil, and get back millions for the million he's paid out. Of course he hasn't said so, but judging from his record that is what we may confidently expect him to do. You see John belongs to one of a number of private tax gathering concerns sometimes called trusts, and if the government takes a dollar out of their pockets, they can turn round and take ten out of your pocket, if you eat, drink, or wear clothes; so don't weep for the big trust magnates but weep for yourselves, for it's you who will pay their income taxes. The income tax is a mighty good thing, for only a few can make others pay it for them. I'm not knocking it remember. All I am kicking about it is that we allow private monopolies to tax us.

COUSIN EARL B. POWELL,  
AMBULANCE CO. 1, FORT D. A.,  
RUSSELL, WYO.

Talking of trusts, I want to give you the views of some very eminent persons on the corporation problem. Ex-President Taft seemed willing to let the trusts own the people. Ex-President Roosevelt said, "Let the people regulate the trusts." Billy the Goat, who though a goat has views fifty years ahead of the gentlemen previously mentioned, says: "Let the people own the trusts." Now if all you who are interested in this subject and you can make others pay it for them, I'll drop me a postal card and tell me which of the above three views you endorse. I'll count up the votes and let you know the result at the earliest possible moment, and I won't stuff the ballot box the way some of the old political party hacks do.

Now here's another joke and you'll surely enjoy this! To reduce the cost of living and take a whack at the beef trust, Congress at the time I am writing this has in its new tariff bill put beef on the free list. Now the only place from which we can get beef is Argentina in South America. The little old meat trust knew that sooner or later the people who are forced to pay forty cents a pound for steak would raise a howl and insist on foreign cattle being brought in here free of duty, thus giving the people a chance to get cheap foreign meat, as the meat trust has all the home supply cornered. Another brief and delectable dream. Poor old common people soaked again. The meat trust controls the Argentine beef, so even if it comes in free and steak could be sold at a profit at fifteen cents a pound, the meat trust which owns it will soak you forty cents for it.

Another little item I think will interest you. Congress has been asked to pass a minimum wage law of nine dollars a week for women, while Illinois insists that no woman can live decently on less than twelve dollars a week, and is going to see that she gets it. Now if Congress or Illinois do not keep quiet, a dreadful secret is going to leak out. We all know that even at nine dollars a week, after a woman has paid for food, room rent, carfare, clothes, doctors' bills, and drugs, and the thousand and one things that are eternally cropping up to separate folks from their dough—not forgetting the slack season when women have no work to do, and the necessity of providing for sickness and unemployment—even at nine dollars a week she won't have any money left over for steam music or automobiles. But hush there, slow, yachts and dark stage, while we reveal the dreadful secret! If a woman can't live on less than nine dollars a week, and she can't, how can a man, his wife and half a dozen kids live on eight dollars a week as tens of thousands do in the South, and ten and twelve dollars a week, as tens of thousands of families do in the North?

Now that they have begun to probe, and found out what a single girl can live on, it will surely be an awful joke or a terrible tragedy when they lay bare the horrible facts concerning the conditions under which the wretched male workers, with wives and families, earning starvation wages have to live. If nine dollars is only just enough for one single woman to live on, for God's sake will someone tell me how, six, eight, ten, and a dozen people have ever existed on a sum, but slightly larger? Thank heaven the wage question is being investigated at last, but I'll bet if the investigators had known what they were going to stumble across when they lifted the lid and peered into the lives of the toiling masses, that lid would have been kept closed so mighty tight that it would have taken the dynamite of public wrath to have pried it open one inch.

It may interest you to know that in Boston, the city of "culchaw"—or culture, if you prefer it that way—the great metropolis of New England, babies only fetch two dollars a piece, while in Back Bay, Boston's fashionable section, a poodle dog is the idol of the average home and the price paid for the poodles range from \$100 to \$1,000. These facts were revealed by a prominent social worker while giving evidence before the legislative Committee on Public Health, in Beantown, Mass. If I were given a chance of being a baby or a dog in Beantown, I would choose dog, every time. When Boston reverses prices

and makes babies \$1,000 and dogs \$2.00, I'll have a higher opinion of it, and then I'll choose baby life instead of dog existence.

Another little word of interest: Congress has put fish on the free list, just as they have beef, but nearly all the fish we get here in New York with the fishing grounds right at our doors, averages twenty and twenty-five cents a pound. Sometimes there is a notice in the papers, that just off Sandy Hook, there are so many of a certain kind of fish, packed so tight in the water that ships cannot get up to the harbor, so they have to slide up to their docks on the fishes' backs. And then you rush off to the market and think you are going to get that fish for a few cents a ton, but if you want it at all, you still have to pay the same old price of twenty-five cents a pound. The law of supply and demand, cuts no frozen water in this section, only the law of grab and greed and extortion goes here. Now the wise ones will tell you that meat is dear, because cattle are expensive things to raise, feed and fatten, as also are hogs. Feed is dear, ranges are being cut up into farms, and transportation costs are heavy. That being explained to our entire satisfaction (I don't think) we content to have our pockets bled for pork and beef. Now we approach the fish man, and we know that his prices are as high or even higher than the prices of some grades of meat. The fish man if he dared would give you a cock-and-bull story, about the cost of breeding, feeding, fattening, and raising fish in gold bowls for market, but mendacious pirate though he is, and pharisaical prevaricator as he also is, he doesn't spring that story on you because we all know it's *God Almighty who feeds the fishes*, and no one has fenced in the ocean and made water dear, as land is made dear. The fish raise themselves and are so obliging they even wait for the fishing boats and whistle to the man on deck to let down the net, so they can hop into it. Then the boat hurries the obliging fish to market, and instead of you being allowed to feast on God Almighty's bounty for next to nothing, prices are made so high that you can't buy a herring's tail without mortgaging your neighbor's house to pay the bill. If you doubt this, come to New York and see for yourself.

Food is made so dear that you have to lock and bolt yourself in your room for fear some hungry member of the family may waylay you on the stairs, do the cannibal act, and make a meal of you. Nature's bounty in the fish line never helped New Yorkers or anyone else. When the supply is low plentiful, it is dumped by the tons on the Jersey coast and the farmers cart it off and use it for fertilizer. Meanwhile in the tenements of great cities only a few miles distant, people are starving for food, and would thank God on their bended knees if they could get that fish for the price they are able to pay for it. But no one thinks of human needs or human necessities. The only thought of humanity today is dollar grabbing, and so hundreds of tons of the finest food in the world is destroyed, the price of fish in the New York and nearby markets can be kept up to the highest possible figure.

There, I've given you a few things to think over. Ponder them well and try and realize how long a road we've got to travel before we can get human and civilized. Perhaps we'd all make a greater effort to get civilized, if we would only remember that we are still in the troglodyte class, and after two thousand years of Christianity and Christ's teachings, and the example of His life to lift us out of the rut of savagery, we are still today, compared to what we ought to be, a bunch of thoughtless, semi-barbarians. Don't despair. Keep up your courage and we'll come out all right yet. It's a pretty long and dark tunnel we are in, but that little pin point of light which marks the tunnel's end, is growing larger every day—so cheer up and keep plugging, with your face ever towards that blessed pinhole of light for in that direction lies the salvation of all of us. Let us thank God we can glimpse the light, for that is more than the mass of humanity could do a few score of years ago.

I am writing this the day after my birthday, and I just can't wait another moment until I have thanked you, oh, so heartily and sincerely, for the kind and loving way in which you made that day memorable for me. Thank heaven I had, what I rarely have, a day free from pain, and so I was able to enjoy every minute of those blessed hours which fled all too quickly. I passed the day entirely with you, my friends, for each mail brought me a load of letters, letters the like of which no living man has ever received; of that I am positive. Of course you are interested in that birthday present of mine, so let me tell you about it. Up to the present (Sept. 26), seven hundred paper covered books have been disposed of, and four hundred of the silk bound.

That is so few that if it stopped there it would make my Birthday Souvenir Story Book a losing venture and a bitter disappointment to me. But I am not discouraged, for I am sure that this is only the beginning and that from now on orders will come thick and fast because very many who want the book have not had time to get the necessary subscription clubs since receiving the announcement which first appeared in September COMFORT. I have had two thousand copies printed as my first edition, and when they are all disposed of I shall barely come out even, just get back the cost. If this first two thousand goes quick I shall put out a second edition, and if that also goes well there will be a small profit for me a little something for my birthday present. The call for this book ought to run it through five or six editions, ten or twelve thousand copies at least, and I expect it will between now and Christmas.

Remember, no one ever makes any profit on the first edition of a book. When this first edition which cost six hundred dollars to produce, and consisted of two thousand copies is disposed of, every club that you send in after that will bear me a profit, even though Uncle Sam taxes me

LAVILLA AND RUBY GREEN,  
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sixty dollars a thousand to mail these books. To you who are building up a regular Uncle Charlie library in your homes, let me whisper—get the cloth-bound edition if you possibly can, for it is an artistic gem, beautiful beyond words. Whenever you can just make your club four instead of two, for this is a souvenir of me and my work, and I want it to decorate your homes while life lasts. Remember a thing of beauty, as this is, is a joy forever. I have made the paper bound books as beautiful as money can make them, but no matter how artistically you make a paper covered book it never comes within a mile of being the thing of beauty that springs from the binders' hands in ribbed lilac silk, beautifully lettered in white. This is the companion book to the lilac silk bound poems, and the latter has been improved so as to make both books twins of beauty for Christmas giving. Mr. Gannett, with his usual kindness, is extending the gay and festive occasion of my fiftieth birthday away into the Yuletide season so that you may have an opportunity in your Christmas gift giving of getting up a club of two for the paper bound copy, and a club of four for the super silk bound one, and make a really glorious wind-up to that festive occasion which began in September, and which for reasons explained could not bring profit to me until that anniversary is long past. Again I want to thank you from the depths of a grateful heart for the glorious letters you have sent me, and for the way you made that happy day free from care and full of joy for me. With Maria's help I sent a personal reply to over two hundred of the thousands who wrote to me. Then we both caved in. We would have replied to all, but it was physically impossible. The spirits were willing, but both the bodies very weak. Once again, and may the four winds of heaven carry this greeting to everyone of you. God bless you, my dear ones, God bless each and all of you!

Christmas is almost here, and as you all want to give presents that will make everybody happy, don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make your Christmas joyous.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you admit another cousin into your charming circle? I am twenty-two years of age, have black hair, blue eyes, freckled face, am six feet short and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. I am a farmer boy and this is the farm on which I live. We grow almost any kind of farm products here, such as corn, wheat, oats, cotton, alfalfa and prairie hay, although cotton is our principal crop.

I have been reading the cousins' page for some time, and I enjoy it fine. If everyone would do as much for the betterment of humanity, as you have done, this would be a grand old world indeed. I have your book of poems, and every time I read them I laugh until I am almost sick. They are a sure cure for the blues.

Now Uncle what do you really think of taxing an unmarried man of over twenty-five years of age? I have been reading something in the papers about it. I see that you believe in woman suffrage. I agree with you Uncle. I think if the women want to vote the men should not try to keep them from it. I believe that when the women get their vote the liquor traffic will have to go, and that will be one great step toward civilization. As I am not a very interesting talker I will ring off.

So with love and best wishes to Uncle Charlie and the rest of COMFORT's staff I will close.

Your nephew,  
FRED C. ANDERSON. (League No. 22,964.)

Fred, you want to know my idea about taxing unmarried men over twenty-five years of age. This bachelor tax has been a mooted question for many years and there are a lot of bachelors that I would love to tax and tax good and plenty. A bachelor's existence is not a normal one, and he is not as a rule doing the state any particular good. The married man who with his wife's assistance, aid and help, inspiration and guidance, raises children and raises them properly, mind you, is the only thing that counts in the male line. Most bachelors live entirely for themselves, and if there is anything sporty going on, you'll find that Mr. Bachelor is usually there. The red light district where the poor outcast daughters of other men are herded like cattle (worse than cattle for cattle can roam the plain and live under God's blue sky and enjoy something approaching complete freedom, and that's more than the white slave can do) Mr. Bachelor is a regular and liberal patron. The money that other men disburse in evil resorts, debauching unprotected women, women who in a civilized state of society would be happy wives and mothers, mated to honest, decent, wholesome, manly men. I know a lot about bachelors, and how a man can stay a bachelor (that is, unless he is so scandalously homely, so hideously unsightly, so diabolically repulsive that even a dog would shun him) is more than I can understand. There is something radically wrong in the make up of a man, who has never loved one woman with such fervent ardor that he would be ready to brave all the furies of the hot place itself, to make her his. The man who is able to go through life without feeling that one grand and glorious passion for one good and noble woman, that irresistibly sweeps the real man into matrimony, is only half a man. He belongs to the freak class, and is grouped amongst the three-headed calves, four-legged chickens, six-tailed pigs, and other curiosities of that type. Maybe he's an old lady himself (te-he) and there are lots of ladylike men in this world, masculine old maids, who stole onto this earth in rubber shoes, half made up and partly unsexed. These trouser wearing, old lady males, are harmless enough as a rule except that most of them, are close fisted and miserly. I don't think any lone woman would want to accept any tax money from this type, because no woman wants to marry that kind of male hybrid and it's good for the world that they don't marry, for heredity plays a tremendous part in the evolution of the race, and we don't want abnormal traits passed on to another generation. Now we've discussed the sporty bachelor, who not only ought to be taxed to his ears, but rounded up and put with the rest of his kind in some house of correction or passed on to the surgeon for sterilization, there are other things to consider. The bachelor tax, should not be extracted from a man until he is twenty-eight or thirty, as very few men have any right to get married until they are thirty. A man should be at least from seven to ten years older than the woman he marries, and if you ask any level-headed girl she will tell you that a man as a rule, isn't worth marrying until he is thirty. There are too, alas! a great many bachelors who are bachelors because they can't afford to be anything else. A coterie of college girls (I'm not sure whether it was Wellesley or Bryn Mawr) agreed among themselves that they would not marry a man whose annual income was less than five thousand dollars, which is as you know about a hundred dollars a week. Now if all unmarried

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girls would hold off until they got the hundred dollar a week man, few of them would get married, for five thousand dollars a year men are scarce. I'm glad to say that the majority of the girls of this particular college when they heard of this resolution roundly denounced their sister resolves as being snobs and unworthy of good men at any price. A woman is, however, exceedingly foolish to marry any man who does not earn enough and earn it steadily, to make her a good home, for there is a good deal of truth in the old saying: when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window. If however, society started to tax bachelors it would find as usual that the reason there were so many bachelors and also the reason there were so many old maids, was entirely an economic one. There are of course men, just as there are women, who would never marry in any state of society but we need not concern ourselves with abnormalities. Most men and most women want to marry, but they are not so desperately anxious to start housekeeping at such an early age as they were a generation ago, and it's a great deal better for both that they are marrying later and staying married, than marrying earlier and regretting it. If all men were paid wages and salaries that would enable them to comfortably support the girls of their choice, bachelors would be a negligible quantity. So many men remain single today, not so much because they lack the money to begin housekeeping, but because they are in positions (as so many tens of thousands of men are) where the chances of earning more money than they are already getting are practically nil. A man might start housekeeping on fifteen dollars a week and manage to exist after a fashion, for the first year or two of his married life, but when the children, sickness, doctor's bills, in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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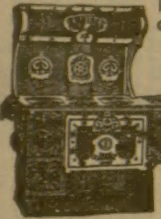


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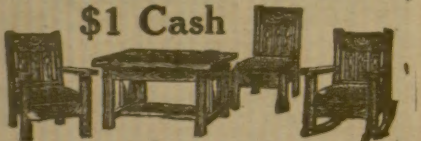
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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

rendered her boys and girls a service beyond measure or price.

This case simply illustrates that children catch the household atmosphere and are absolutely ruled by it, and that there is never harmony until one has conquered self.

Politeness should be cultivated, particularly where there are old people, for the young know not of the heartaches they carry from being ordered about, sharply spoken to, and allowed no voice in the family discussions. Chesterfield says: "True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
Will you admit a Kentucky "school ma'am" to your most interesting circle? I have often thought of writing to your corner, but have been shy of the waste basket.

I am a farmer's daughter, have black hair and brown eyes (wear glasses), am five feet seven inches in height, weigh one hundred and twenty-four pounds, and will let the sisters guess at my age.

I have been teaching in the rural schools of Henderson Co. for five years. I attended our State Normal in Bowling Green, in 1911. It is certainly a grand school for the training of young people, who are going out to teach the little folks.

I think each teacher should have an aim in view and should prepare themselves to do a better work each year than in the one past, not to drag along in the same old "ruts" that their predecessors trod. There is a great responsibility resting upon the teachers of today, so let's be up and doing.

While I was at the Normal School I went with a crowd of students (chaperoned by several members of the faculty) to the Mammoth Cave, which is in Edmonson Co. There were about sixty students in our crowd and a jolly crowd it was indeed. Mammoth Cave the largest of all caves, has about one hundred and fifty-two miles of avenues, that have been explored, but the tourist visiting the cave only sees those places most easy of access. The brain reels, when one tries to fathom some of the mysteries to be seen on every hand—pits, domes, hills, valleys, pools and rivers are to be found in this strange place, all shrouded in darkness.

This cave was first discovered by the white man in the year 1809. The story goes that a hunter chased a wounded bear in the yawning gulf that forms the entrance. Whether he explored it to any extent on that occasion will never be known, but his story of the immense cavern spread rapidly even in that early day.

I will give a short description of my trip in the cave: I went what is known as the "Long and Short Route." We arrived at the mouth of the cave where all is hushed and quiet. The first sound to greet our ears is that of falling water. In a moment more we see an immense opening forty feet deep, and feel refreshed by the cool cave air as it forces its way to the upper world. The water that we heard is seen pouring over a ledge of rock directly over the arch that forms the roof of the cave.

One can't keep back an uneasy feeling as he moves, half-seeing, half-groping after the guide, toward the iron gate, for our eyes are not yet accustomed to the gloom. We halt a moment for the guide to light our lanterns, and proceed on the "Short Route." He calls our attention to the stones carefully piled on either side of our path. These rocks were piled here by the salt-peter miners nearly one hundred years ago.

Some of the places we saw on this route were, "Olives Bower," a beautiful stalactite formation, "Kentucky Cliffs," "Methodist Church," "Post Oak Pillar," a stalagmite formation, "Old Armchair," and the guide informs us that Jenny Lind, the celebrated Swedish singer of fifty years ago, rested in this chair. Next the "Bridal Chamber," and a beautiful place it is, the guide tells us that a number of marriages have taken place here. The "Pillar of Hercules," and "Giant's Coffin," deserve mention.

Next we arrive at the "Stone Cottages," built in 1843, for the accommodation of a number of unfortunate people who were afflicted with consumption. It was supposed that the dry, even temperature of the cave would be beneficial, but the experiment proved a failure. "Star Chamber," "Bottomless Pit," "Mammoth Dome," "Bridge of Sighs," and "Martha Washington's Statue" are wonderful sights.

On the "Long Route" were the "Dead Sea," "River Styx," "Lake Lethe," and "Echo River," where one can ride for about a half mile, on flat bottom boats, and it is an experience never to be forgotten. The charm of this river is its marvellous echo. "Bandit

Hall," "The Egyptian Temple," the "Ruins of Karnak," and we make our exit back to the Cave Hotel, through the "Corkscrew," and a trip through that is long to be remembered. We are glad to get through and find ourselves in the main cave. It is also a welcome sight to get a glimpse of daylight again. We climb the stone steps and rest a few minutes before going back to the hotel. As it takes some minutes before one can get accustomed to the change in temperature.

The hotel is a quaint, old building that is a survival of the "South before the War," and reminds one of the old days gone by never to return. It is situated on the top of a ridge within twenty minutes' walk from Green River. It is surrounded with grand old trees, and a view from the broad veranda across the lawn is very pretty and restful indeed.

Hoping to hear from teachers of all the states, and with best wishes to all,  
MISS HELENE SKEETS.

WHITESVILLE, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
Will you welcome a Mountain maiden into your charming circle? I am seventeen years old, five feet three inches tall, light brown hair and gray eyes and of a blonde complexion. I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I began to read and get much useful information from every page.

I will tell you a way to make salt water beads which I think is fine. Take four tablespoonsful of salt slightly hot and two tablespoonsful of flour and enough water to make a dough that can be handled. Make any size desired and string on hat pins to dry. Color with dyes or water colors.

I am making a friendship quilt and would be grateful for calico scraps from sisters.

Miss Laura McCraith. Your letter was excellent. I certainly believe as you do concerning the early marriage of boys and girls.

I would appreciate hearing from any of the sisters, especially those living on homesteads in the far west. Sincerely yours,  
MISS LORA BARKER.

BATFIELD, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:  
I have thought so many times of writing to COMFORT, and then I would think, "well, I have nothing helpful to offer," but on reading Mrs. Hutchinson's letter in the July COMFORT I decided to write what benefited me for enlargement of the liver. Not being able to take olive oil with my food, I took one tablespoonful after each meal. It is also excellent for stomach troubles and constipation.

I have tried many of the recipes in our paper and find they are good, and like Mrs. Bertha Collins, I do not want to keep house without our paper.

In answer to request asking for short prayers for children I send the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Heavenly Father, wilt thou keep  
Me and those I love, all night,  
For with Thee 'tis always light."

"Kneeling before Thee, My Father,  
Two prayers from my heart I would make,  
Forgive me and cleanse my life wholly  
From sin, for the dear Savior's sake."

"And when my wrong deeds are forgiven,  
And my heart is made pure in Thy sight,  
May I learn to be gentle and patient  
And to do and to say what is right."

I also want to add the prayer I taught my boy, who is now in heaven, and when he knew he was leaving me he started to say it.

"Four corners to my bed,  
Six angels guard my head,  
Two to watch, two to pray,  
Two to bear my soul away,  
God bless papa, mamma and all  
I should pray for, Amen."

As my letter is longer than I had expected to write I will close, may God's richest blessing be upon COMFORT's band, editors and readers.

MRS. W. B. WELLS.

Mrs. Wells. It is particularly kind of you to send us the prayer around which so many hallowed memories must hover. I have committed it, that I may teach it to another little boy with the sweet story you have told us.—Ed.

ROBNSY, PA.

DEAR SISTERS:  
Seeing a request for short prayers for children, will send what I learned in childhood, now in old age:

#### Morning Prayer

"Now I wake and see the light,  
'Tis God who kept me through the night,  
To Him I lift my voice and pray,  
That He will keep me through the day.  
If I should die before the day is done  
O God accept me through Thy son, Amen."

#### Evening Prayer

"Here on my bed my limbs I lay,  
Oh, bear great God the words I say,  
Preserve I pray my parents dear,  
In health and strength for many a year,  
And still O Lord to me impart,  
A gentle and a grateful heart,  
That after my last sleep  
I may, awake to Thy eternal day. Amen."

KATHARINE ALBERT.

Mrs. Albert. In reading these beautiful prayers learned in childhood and carried through a long life, somehow impressed me as being written in a spirit of benediction. As if you were blessing the little heads who shall bow and repeat these same prayers. Am I right?—Ed.

Children's prayers sent in by Ruth Allen.

"I thank Thee Father for the care,  
Which fills my life and makes it fair,  
The sunshine and the pleasant rain,  
The seed which grows to golden grain,  
For all these gifts so sent to me  
I now thank Thee."

"Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord to keep me,  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen."

1030 S. Seminary St., PRINCETON, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:  
I have been a reader of your paper for some time and have often intended writing about taking some orphan baby in our home. As I have no children, I am thirty-eight and my husband is thirty-nine. We have often wished for a baby to be put on our doorstep. We are not rich people, but my husband has a very good position for the railroad company. We both love children and would like a little girl between six and eighteen months. If we cannot see her in advance we would like a picture.

MRS. J. M. LINDENMAIER.

IMPERIAL, CAL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
I am writing, thinking you might be interested in California, especially you who live in the East and are not acquainted with the conditions and peculiarities of this state.

My husband and I were reared in the East and knew nothing about California until a year ago. We have been trying to inform ourselves relative to the chances for the poor, and having come to a definite conclusion regarding this matter, I thought it my duty to inform you through COMFORT's columns the conditions that await you here.

As to climate, there is all kinds from extreme heat to extreme cold. In productiveness of the soil it runs from extra to nothing. The people may be divided into two classes, those who are established here in business, and those who are here as sojourners or strangers in a strange land. Those who are established here depend on the strangers to do their work. They advertise in every possible way to induce strangers to come here. The more that are here the greater their chances and the more to select from.

The hotels, restaurants and real estate men depend largely on the Eastern people to swell their bank accounts. Practically everything is for sale at prices that are many times their value. There is one class of white men whom I believe can make a success here, and they are the mechanics, as there are few here among the foreign people that are so numerous. All nationalities are here, but the most numerous are the Japs, Chinese, Greeks, Mexicans and Hindus. These are so numerous that in many localities a white man will not be employed unless he is a mechanic. The wages for the laborer is small compared with the cost of living. The laborer must be sober, steady and constantly at work to make both ends meet. The working class in many parts of the state are not fed or housed

by their employers. They must provide their own meals and beds.

I have endeavored to portray the conditions here; this is not exaggerated. You will find all this and more to be in effect when you come here to make a home.

If you have money you can live cheaper in the East. If you have not do not come here expecting to make it. I write you with kindest regards to Mr. Wilkinson and all the sisters,  
ANNIE E. SKEELY.

MOBERLY, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:  
I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for the past fifteen years.

In reading the sisters' letters and enjoying them so much, I thought I would add my mite. Someone asked for a cure for chilblain. Will say that a five-cent bottle of yellow vaseline and ten cents' worth of calomel powder will cure the worst case of chilblain. Empty the vaseline in a saucer, put calomel in, and with a thin bladed knife work together thoroughly. Put back in bottle and it is ready for use. This remedy can't be beat for eczema or scalp disease, as an aunt had the worst case of eczema I ever saw and is entirely cured.

To relieve backache, have patient lie on stomach and with fannel cloths over pain, iron with as hot an iron as can be borne.

I gave up my dear old father, seventy-eight years old to the day, and I was just wondering how many of the sisters' fathers marched with Sherman to the sea, as did my father.

I have two sons and one daughter, both of the oldest are married in happy homes of their own, and the youngest is seventeen and at some learning. The marriage trade is a marvellous thing and never regretted it. I am eighteen years older than my oldest child and have one of the best Billies on earth.

With best wishes to all COMFORT people, everywhere,  
MRS. M. MILLER.

TALLADEGA, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
Will you let a Southern sister come in and chat a little? I have been taking COMFORT two years and I like it better than any paper I ever read. I certainly do enjoy the sisters' letters and receive much benefit from them. I am always interested in reading, children and Christianity. I have four children, three of whom are nearly grown, but I don't think they are far advanced on the journey of life. It seems to me that some parents do not realize the duty and responsibility resting on them when they bring children into this world. I have heard some widowed mother say they could not work and rear their children, which I think is a mistake, made through lack of a religious faith which lightens every burden.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson whom I think is doing a great work, and I know she is my neighbor, though many miles away, Mrs. MARY BLANKENSHIP.

Mrs. Blankenship. Your kind thoughts of me are most sincerely appreciated, and I often wish I had some way of telling each sister who writes to our corner how grateful I am for their letters. Very frequently I receive personal letters from sisters who have found this contact with one another a great source of daily inspiration, that has materially helped them.

What you say about some parents not realizing responsibility is true, and right here is one way that the influence of COMFORT's sisters' letters have been a benefit. Every mother, I believe, desires to do right by her children, but from various causes are completely in the dark regarding many of the essential duties which appear to the more fortunate parent little short of bondage for mother as well as child. In this it does not follow there is an insufficient expenditure of energy, quite likely the reverse, but rather a condition of misguided efforts. For instance, a child may be well-dressed and scrupulously clean, but ill-mannered and a source of discomfort to all about it. I say, that better off by far is such a child with less time spent on its personal appearance and more on the moulding of its character. The best rule I can suggest is to use plain, sound sense.—Ed.

SUMATRA, MONTE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:  
May I come in and have a chat with COMFORT sisters? I have taken COMFORT for only one year and my husband and I like it very much. I read the Sisters' Corner first, there are so many helpful things to learn.

I have been married two years to one of the very best husbands, and we have the sweetest little baby boy seven months old. We live on a homestead in Rosebud Co., Montana, and like it pretty well. Last year we just had a little garden. This is a fine country for wheat, oats, rye and corn. All kinds of vegetables grow here. My husband goes out to work because we are poor; but then, we are very happy.

I wonder how many of the sisters are physical culturists. It should be studied in every home as it teaches you to take care of yourself. Has anyone tried the fasting cure? My husband fasted for ten days and cured himself of a bad case of indigestion. He went to three doctors first, but they could not help him.

We eat very little meat, not any in summer, but plenty of vegetables and eggs and milk. We also use whole wheat, mixing it with white flour for bread. Plenty of fresh air is the best tonic if you want to be healthy. Our windows are open day and night, even when it is twenty below zero. Our baby is so big and healthy, never having been sick.

Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie are doing a noble work, if we had a few more men like them, the world would look different.

I never went to school in this country and the languages is yet a little difficult. We are both Norwegian, having been in this country for six years. Would be pleased to hear from some of the sisters.

MRS. MARGARET SOLLIE.

Mrs. Sollie. Speaking for our COMFORT sisters as well as myself, we are interested in your husband taking the fasting cure for indigestion. We read so much about this treatment, for and against it, that to really hear from one who has experienced it would be interesting and profitable. So, when you have the leisure, won't you write us about it? Did your husband continue work during this ten days' fasting and did he feel a great loss of strength? Also was there any great degree of physical discomfort? What was the first food taken into the stomach after fasting and what form of indigestion did your husband suffer?

You have a wonderfully good command of English from only six years' experience, with practically two of them spent by yourselves. I should be very grateful for the letter on fasting Mrs. Sollie, and I hope it is not asking too much. With best wishes from COMFORT.—Ed.

1708 E. 22nd St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
I have never written you before and have never seen a letter from Los Angeles, although I have taken COMFORT since a mere child.

I am five feet six inches in height and a "fatty." I have golden hair, gray eyes and very fair complexion. Southern California is my native place. I am twenty-four years old.

This is certainly a glorious country. I have been in very many cities and towns but none can compete with beautiful and progressive Los Angeles, taking into consideration, climate, healthfulness and prosperity. A city of large and fair buildings and beautiful residential park and you are in the lovely beach resorts so well known the world over, "Venice of America," "Long Beach," "Redondo," "Ocean Park," "Santa Monica" and many more. The moving picture town called "Universal City," is very near here and a great number of the "movies," you all enjoy are made in Los Angeles and its environs.

I am much interested in Scenario writing. Have written about ten. Of course all are not accepted but each one written helps to perfect one's ideas for another.

We have had many instances of the terrible "white slavery" in Los Angeles and have had many indictments of degenerate men and women who were responsible. We all work for cleanliness, seen and unseen.

I am passionately fond of children. I have one half orphan girl, eight years old, in my care and expect to adopt a baby soon. There are so many orphan little ones abandoned in this large city, and not enough homes are opened to them. Poor little waifs never to know a mother's tender care. Even if a girl has fallen and feels disgraced, I respect her much more if she keeps her poor innocent little one and works to rear it and to repay it, as far as she can, for its unfortunate birth. I have written enough, though I could write fifty pages without stopping, on different subjects.

I love all your letters and many a prayer is uttered for you that you may all be less burdened. I would like to hear from any who care to write. I have an excellent and loving husband and feel sorry for those who are not as blessed as I.

With love to all, I remain your sister,  
MRS. GRIFFITH RYAN.

TELOCASET, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
I have just finished reading COMFORT and cannot say which department of the paper I like best; one is just as good as another and a great deal better; only the whole paper is getting better all the time. I have never paid much attention to any of it except the stories, and we have taken COMFORT always, until a few years ago I began to take an interest in the Sisters' Corner and found out what I had been missing. I think it one's duty to read every bit of a paper that comes their way; not only read it but take an active part in all the corners you can get into. Each month after reading the sisters' letters I always feel ashamed for not having courage to add my mite to the Sisters' Corner—or to the waste basket. If not acceptable just pitch it over and let it fall wherever it will. I know it is every sister's duty to write; though our letters may never be published, we do not know they will not be. It is our business to write them, and that of our editor to publish them if she wants to.

I am an old maid twenty-six years old, but let me tell you girls, it is no disgrace to be an old maid; an old maid's life is much preferable to some married lives I have known. If more of the girls would live to be old maids, there would be fewer divorces, less grays made too soon and children left orphans, for the older you get the wiser you become and the better you can read human nature; the men that some girls marry at sixteen they would not look at twenty, twenty-five or thirty. When you get to be twenty-five or six, you will find out that you do not know anything, and thank God every day of your life that He led you the way He did. Some young girls that hate the thought of being an old maid ask why I am so happy; I tell them to live to be the right kind of an old maid and they will find out why I can afford to be happy all the time.

I am keeping house for a dear brother about two miles from Telocaset on a homestead that he took last winter. He has three dear little children, from three to six years old, that are a great trial to me as well as the greatest comfort. His wife died two years ago this month with that awful disease, consumption. I left my home and the schooling I was obtaining and came on here to try to mother these poor little kids; and believe me when I say I will never regret it as long as I live. It was the greatest trial of my life to have to play mother to them when I never had loved children at all. But I made myself like them and that was not hard to do, for these are uncommonly sweet ones. I am the only mother the baby has ever known, for he was just eighteen months old when his sweet mother died. He is just now standing by me telling me what he wants to buy me when he gets big; a narrative they all like to indulge in very often. It is very sweet to my ears I assure you. I pray that I may rear them as they should be. I am learning them how to work and aim to give them an interest in everything on the farm that they want. I gave them each a hen and chickens, to sell the chickens when they are large enough, and when they realized what that meant they began naming the things in the catalogue that they were going to buy with their money. So you see you can't begin too soon to interest children in things on the farm. There is nothing that will draw children away from home like the thought of making money for themselves. Let them know they can make more at home and a great deal easier than they can elsewhere, and they will stay with you.

Mothers, if we don't manage to keep our girls and boys at home, at the rate the white slavers are destroying them every year, what will our womanhood be in a few short years? My blood runs cold when I read how they are making away with them every day. I feel paralyzed when I think there is no rapid national movement going on to stop it. Oh, what a corrupt nation and government this is! Does not the president know what is going on at his very door? If President Lincoln set the black slaves free, why can't President Wilson set the white slaves free? We are in the same country now as our forefathers were. Little did the Pilgrims know when they landed on the free soil of America for the sole purpose of serving a master Divine in their own way, that the noble American girl of this day would be so serving masters more cruel than death! Little did the brave Lincoln know when he fought for the freedom of the negroes that there was a war ten times bloodier in store for the fairest flower on earth, the American

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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## Kit Carson, the Famous Scout

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

as their legs could carry them, or he and his men would shoot to kill.

For a moment every Indian stood as if frozen stiff in his tracks, glaring into the little round holes of those deadly rifles, not daring to move a muscle.

"Go!" and Kit Carson took a quick step toward the chief, keeping his rifle leveled.

For an instant longer the chief hesitated; and then, seeing the deadly earnestness of the trappers, he turned and sullenly strode out of the camp, followed by his five hundred warriors.

Not bad generalship for a boy twenty years old!

In April, 1830, Mr. Young and his party returned to Taos. Kit Carson had now served his apprenticeship. Thereafter he was a full-fledged trapper, with a reputation for coolness and daring in times of danger and skill with the rifle that henceforth made him a welcomed addition to any band of trappers.

In the fall of 1830, Carson joined another trapping expedition, bound for the wilds of the Rocky Mountains; and for the next six or seven years, he roamed over all that vast region of mountains and plains and valleys lying westward from the Missouri river to the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Sometimes he went on foot, sometimes on horseback, usually in the company of other trappers, yet often alone, with nothing to protect him from the relentless hostility of the treacherous Indians and the wild beasts but his undaunted courage and good rifle, with no food except that killed by his rifle, with no clothing except that taken from the bodies of the animals shot with his rifle, and with no shelter from the rigors of the weather except that rudely formed by his own hands.

Someday, some poet will sing the epic of the American long-barreled rifle.

During this time his reputation as a hunter, trapper and Indian fighter grew, until, among all those bold and dauntless men, the bravest and the most resourceful any nation ever fathered, he was accounted one of the most skillful with rifle or trap, one of the boldest and shrewdest of Indian fighters and one of the best guides through that wild region known in the history of the West.

Of course Kit Carson had not won this place in the esteem of his comrades without having proven his worth in many a daring hunting exploit and desperate fight with the Indians; but, in a biography as brief as this, it would not be possible even to mention all of these hunting adventures and Indian fights. Only those that seem to show most clearly the remarkable characteristics of the man can be related, and these must be told briefly. In a full biography of Kit Carson there is a description of an Indian fight on nearly every page.

One of these Indian exploits, which well illustrates the daring, perseverance and wonderful skill and quickness with the rifle that helped to win Kit Carson his reputation, occurred in 1832, while he was in winter camp with a company of trappers on the Winty river.

A huge Indian, known to be one of the most powerful and dangerous men, white or red, to meet in a contest in all that region, one night stole six valuable horses. As each one of these horses was then worth about two hundred dollars, the value of the steal can be quickly computed. Carson was at once appealed to; and, quickly arming himself, he mounted his horse and, accompanied only by an Indian friend, started after the red desperado. For a hundred miles the two men unerringly followed the trail, then, unfortunately, the Indian's horse was suddenly taken sick and gave out completely. Carson was now compelled to continue the pursuit alone. A little while after this accident occurred he caught sight of his quarry. At the same moment the savage saw him. Both were on the open plain; but a short distance ahead of the Indian was a small grove of trees; and he was quick to see that, if he could get behind one of those trees, he would have Carson at his mercy; and at once began lashing his horse furiously in an effort to reach the grove. Carson was as quick to see his object; but he only rushed his horse the harder. For a few minutes the mad race continued, Carson gaining slowly, then the Indian reached the grove, leaped off his horse and sprang for a tree. But Carson was too quick for him even then. Without checking the speed of his horse in the least, he threw his rifle to his shoulder, took quick aim and fired. The Indian, with a spasmodic bound in the air, fell dead at the foot of the tree, his rifle going off as he fell.

Wonderful shooting that, with horse going at full speed!

Carson now secured the stolen horses, and returned them to their delighted owner.

A short time after this adventure, in a fight with a party of Blackfoot Indians, who had stolen eighteen of his horses, Carson showed that he was as chivalrous as he was brave and skillful. During the fight it chanced that he and a trapper named Markhead were behind neighboring trees. Directly opposed to them were two warriors, also behind trees. At the moment Kit raised his rifle to fire at his antagonist, a glance toward Markhead showed him working at the lock of his gun and unmindful of his cunning adversary, who already had his rifle aimed, with almost the certainty of killing him, if he shot.

Quick as thought Kit Carson, notwithstanding his own peril, changed his aim and sent a bullet through the Indian's heart. But, in doing this, he was obliged to expose his body to the rifle of his antagonist, who instantly fired. The ball cut the skin on Carson's neck and passed through his left shoulder, completely disabling him for the time being and making an exceedingly painful, although not a dangerous wound. He had unhesitatingly risked his life to save the life of a comrade; for, had the Indian been a good shot, he undoubtedly would have killed Carson. As it was, he was disabled for weeks, but eventually recovered the full use of his arm.

Not long after this adventure Kit Carson fought his famous duel with Captain Shunan, the Big Bully of the mountains.

Every year, for a couple of months during the summer, the trappers all gathered at some previously appointed spot in the wilderness, to meet the traders, sell their furs and procure their needed supplies. To one of these wilderness fairs, or rendezvous, as they were called, came Captain Shunan, a huge, powerful Frenchman, who boasted that he was the Big Bully of the mountains and could lick anything that walked on two feet.

One day he became particularly offensive. He provoked a quarrel with a couple of weak and inoffensive men, both of whom he pummeled brutally; and then, swelling with the pride of his cowardly victories, he strutted about, loudly proclaiming himself the bully of the camp and boasting that he could easily dog all the Frenchmen at the rendezvous, while, as for the Americans, he declared them to be a lot of squaws and said that he would presently cut a bundle of sticks and switch them all.

At last the big bully approached a little party of American trappers, one of whom was Kit Carson, whose manhood for sometime had rebelled against the cowardly brutality and vain boasts of the big Frenchman. He felt that the good of the camp demanded the squelching of the troublesome bully; and, since no one else seemed disposed to do the squelching, he determined to undertake it himself.

"Captain Shunan," he said, stepping out from among the trappers and confronting the boasting bully with a quiet firmness more effective than any amount of bluster would have been, "I am one of the smallest and weakest of the American trappers gathered here, among whom I am sure there are many who could easily thrash you, and who would gladly do so if you personally affronted them; but you are too cowardly to do this. You always quarrel with a weaker man than yourself. I have seen your brutal assaults on inoffensive men. I have listened to your boasting words and brutal threats against the Americans. Captain Shunan, this must stop, or I will be under the necessity of shooting you."

For a minute Shunan stood glaring into the steadfast eyes of Kit Carson, then, without uttering a word, he whirled about on his heels and started for his lodge.

Kit Carson knew that this action meant. Shunan had gone to get his gun. It was to be a duel to the death, with bullets instead of fists. And he at once started for his tent.

Shunan was the first to appear, mounted on his horse and armed with a rifle. Then a little later Carson was seen, quietly riding toward him, armed only with a single-barrel dragon pistol—a pistol against a rifle!

The two men rode rapidly toward each other, until their horses' noses almost touched, then each suddenly pulled up his horse.

"Am I the man you are looking for?" Carson asked, his steady eyes watching the eyes of Shunan.

"No," answered Shunan; and, at the same instant, he threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

But, even then, Kit Carson was too quick for him. He had read the murder in his eyes; and the ball from his pistol struck and shattered Shunan's right forearm the fraction of a second before the bullet left the rifle, causing the barrel to tilt upward sufficiently to send the ball intended for Carson's head through the skin on the top of his head, while the muzzle was so close that the powder burnt his face severely, leaving no doubt as to what the intentions of Shunan were.

Kit Carson had hit his adversary in one of the only two places—his right or left arm—which would render the aim of his rifle uncertain and disable him without killing him, thus proving that he had no thought of killing Shunan, only of disabling him and ending his career as the Big Bully of the mountains forever.

For two or three years longer Kit Carson followed the life of a trapper; and then, trapping becoming unprofitable, he hired out as a hunter to Bent's Fort, a trading-post. His duties here were to keep the men in the fort supplied with meat, and, during the eight years in which he faithfully performed this work, his rifle never failed to have the needed supply of meat on hand.

Of course he had many thrilling adventures with the wild beasts and the Indians during this period; but we cannot even mention them here, and must hasten on to the second and more important period of Kit Carson's life, his services with John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, for which all his life up to the present time had been in a way but a preparation.

## CHAPTER III.

For sixteen long years Kit Carson had now lived in the wilds a life hardly less wild than that of the Indians themselves; and now he began to long to visit once more his old Missouri home. Accordingly, in 1842, he returned to the scene of his childhood's days. He found everything changed. The log cabin of his father was deserted and crumbling in ruins. Relatives and friends were dead or had moved. He felt himself a stranger in a strange land. He missed the wild free life of the plains and the mountains; and soon determined to return to the West and to the life he had come to love so well.

On his way back Carson spent ten days in St. Louis; and then took passage on a steamboat bound up the Missouri river. On this same steamboat was John C. Fremont, then a lieutenant of the United States corps of topographical engineers, bound, in behalf of the government, on an exploring expedition into the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. Carson soon learned that Fremont was in need of a guide; and, after considering the matter for some time, he approached that officer.

"Sir," he said, after having modestly introduced himself, "I hear you are in need of a guide. I have been for some time in the mountains, and think I can guide you to any point there you may wish to reach."

Fremont, who was a keen judge of men and who doubtless knew Carson by reputation, promptly accepted his proffered services, and hired him as guide to the expedition at a salary of one hundred dollars a month.

This was Fremont's first Exploring Expedition; and, when after four months of arduous and dangerous exploration, the expedition returned, having accomplished its mission, and the young lieutenant sent in his report to his commanding officer, he like Byron, suddenly found himself famous. Indeed, so valuable were the explorations made and the scientific data acquired, and so interestingly and fascinatingly written was the report that Congress ordered an extra number of copies printed for free distribution. The press at home and abroad gave the report extended notices; and the name of Fremont was soon known wherever the English language was read.

Much of Fremont's success in this expedition was owing to the skill and care of his guide, Kit Carson; and in his report he often mentioned Carson and described his exploits. In this way the name of Kit Carson soon became widely known as the beau-ideal Western hunter, scout, guide and Indian fighter.

At Fort Laramie Carson said good by to Fremont and set out for New Mexico. The next year he married a Mexican lady, Senora Josepha Jarimilla, a woman of many virtues and great personal beauty, who made him a devoted wife.

A few months after his marriage, Kit Carson again found himself at Bent's Fort, where, to his surprise and pleasure, he learned that Fremont had passed by the fort but a few days before, bound on another exploring expedition. Carson at once decided that he would like to see his old commander again and immediately started on his trail. After riding about seventy miles he overtook Fremont, who was greatly pleased to see his old guide, and at once began urging him to join the expedition. Carson, after some little hesitancy, he was a married man now, yielded; and thus it came about that Kit Carson was with Fremont on his Second Exploring Expedition.

This Second Expedition of Fremont was even more important in its results than his first.

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Expedition had been; and very greatly increased his own fame and that of his guide, Kit Carson. He passed over the Rocky Mountains, and explored for the first time scientifically Great Salt Lake. Thence the party went northward into Oregon and the region of the Columbia river; and from there they journeyed Southward to California, stopping at Sutter's Fort and passing through the Golden Belt of California, where gold was discovered only four years later; and then, turning eastward, again crossed the Rockies and the intervening mountains and returned to the United States by way of Bent's Fort, having been some fourteen months in the wilderness.

It is not possible to mention here the details of this expedition, or to narrate, even briefly, the important part played in them by Kit Carson; but, fortunately, there is no need, for Fremont himself, in his fascinating report has told the story and told it so entertainingly that it makes almost as interesting reading as a romance.

At Bent's Fort Carson again said good by to Fremont and returned to Taos, but not until Fremont had received his promise to join him in a third expedition, should one be organized.

Heretofore Kit Carson had been quite content to have no place that he could call home; but now, having a wife, he began to long for a home of his own, where he could bring up his family. Accordingly, on returning to Taos, he determined to settle down and become a farmer; but such a quiet life was not yet to be his fate, for, hardly had he purchased his farm and begun to get things in working order, when an express came from Fremont, informing him that he was on his way to the mountains at the head of a third expedition, reminding him of his promise, and bidding him come to Bent's Fort at once.

In four days from the receipt of the express Kit Carson had sold farm and stock at less than half they had cost him, left his family under the protection of a friend, and had joined Fremont at Bent's Fort—a striking illustration of how he valued his word and what he would do, if needed, to keep it.

This Third Expedition of Fremont was the most important and memorable of all the expeditions made by him. In its results to the United States and the interest it aroused throughout the world, not only on account of what it accomplished, but also because of the unfortunate controversy that arose between Fremont and General Kearney and other army officers over the conduct of matters in California during the war with Mexico. But, in this brief biography, we can only concern ourselves with those things that directly concerned Kit Carson, and must leave all else to the pages of history.

On the arrival of Carson at Bent's Fort, Fremont at once resumed his westward march. He again crossed the Rockies, but by a different route, passed through the Great Salt Lake region, over the then unknown and untraversed desert beyond and on into California, once more stopping at Sutter's Fort, soon to become famous the world over as the Golden El Dorado of the West. From Sutter's Fort Fremont went northward, up the Sacramento river, en route for the regions of the Columbia river.

At Lake Klamath he was overtaken by Lieutenant Gillespie of the United States marines, who brought him secret instructions from Washington and from his father-in-law, Senator Benton, then almost the power behind the throne at Washington, as to the part he should play in the conquest of California, in the event of the expected war between the United States and Mexico becoming a reality. Just what these instructions were, is unknown, even to this day. Fremont, on the receipt of these messages, determined to return to California at once, where he would be on hand to watch the course of events.

That night, the night Lieutenant Gillespie reached Fremont's camp, there occurred a tragic incident that will illustrate vividly the perils to which the little party were constantly exposed, and how dangerous it was for them to relax their vigilance even for a moment. Kit Carson himself, in a letter to the Washington Union of June 18, 1847, has described the incident, and we will let him tell the story in his own matter-of-fact way.

"Mr. Gillespie had brought the Colonel letters from home," Carson writes, "the first he had had since leaving the states the year before, and he was up and kept a large fire burning until after midnight. The rest of us were tired out and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in Salt Lake, that we failed to keep a guard; and as the men were so tired and we expected no attack, now that we had sixteen in the party, the Colonel didn't like to ask it of them, but set up late himself.

"Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time by the ticks of the axe that killed our men. At first I didn't know it was that; but I called to Benton, who was on that side: 'What's the matter there? What's the fuss about?' He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow, and he never knew what killed him—his head had been cut in his sleep. The other groaned a little as he died.

"The Delawares, we had four with us, were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Klamaths charged them. One of them caught a gun, which was unloaded; but, although he could do no execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and didn't give up until he was shot full of arrows, three entering his heart. He died bravely.

"As soon as I had called out, I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together called out, 'Indians!' There were no orders given, things went too fast, and the Colonel had men with him that didn't need to be told their duty. The Colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey and Stepp jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don't know who fired and who didn't but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Klamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left

in his quiver, the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. When the Klamaths saw him fall, they ran; but we lay, every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack."

You may be sure that, after this experience, which had lost them three men, no matter how tired they were or how safe they felt, the camp was never again left unguarded when they were in the Indian country.

A short time after this, in a fight with the same Indians, during which the red men were severely punished, Carson came very near losing his life. In chasing an Indian warrior he had dashed up to within ten feet of him, when he threw his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger, but the gun only snapped. At the same moment the Indian, with arrow on the string, bent his bow. At that short distance he could not miss; and Kit felt sure that his time had come. But, before the arrow could be discharged, Fremont, who was near and saw his friend's peril, drew the bows of his spurs deep into his horse, causing the animal to leap upon the Indian and knock him down. Before the warrior could regain his feet, a ball through his head killed him; and Kit Carson owed his life to the quickness and presence of mind of his commander.

This is not the place to tell of Fremont's operations in California. They are a part of our history. But, in all probability, we owe the fact that the Golden state is now a part of the Union to Fremont and his brave men being on the spot at the right moment. England was on the lookout and ready to gobble up the territory the moment Mexico dropped it; and, possibly, would have done so, had not Fremont been there. This will give you something of an idea of the importance of this Third Expedition and of the value to the United States of the work done by these sturdy men of the rifle.

During this struggle for supremacy in California between the meager forces of the United States and the soldiers of Mexico, Kit Carson performed what has been called one of the most heroic deeds of the Mexican War. This is how it happened. On September 15, 1846, he was placed in command of fifteen men, and ordered to bear important dispatches to the Government at Washington—a tremendous journey to make, when you stop to think that there were no Western railroads then and that some two thousand miles of the route lay through a wilderness infested by hostile Indians. While crossing the plains Carson met a body of United States soldiers, under the command of General Kearney, en route for California. General Kearney, as soon as he learned that the quiet little man was the famous Kit Carson, ordered the dispatches taken to Washington by another messenger, and detained Kit to act as his guide.

When within about one hundred miles of San Diego, California, General Kearney was attacked (CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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PLACE





BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## Care in Mating

**A**S the really big money in the poultry business comes from selling eggs and stock for breeding, it should be the aim of every poultry dealer who has planned experience from practical work to establish a flock of really fine birds. I started with common stock, because I hadn't the capital when I commenced to purchase anything better, but from the first I studied the principles of mating, and at the end of about three years, when my poultry was paying well, I determined to start out with a higher class stock, which would enable me to get big prices for eggs and birds. I bought a trio which had won first prize at the New York Poultry Show. They cost seventy dollars, which seemed an awful price for three birds, and I felt guilty until results justified the extravagance.

The birds were bought in February, and the following October their account stood as follows: The ten best cockerels sold at five dollars each; four equally good pullets at two dollars and fifty cents each; thirty-two cockerels not so good in points, an average of one dollar and fifty cents each; twenty pullets of the same grade, valued at one dollar each, added to our own laying stock; fifteen really first-class pullets kept for breeding stock, making in all the cash return of seventy-six dollars. Value of stock kept, thirty-two dollars and fifty cents; making a sum total of one hundred and eight dollars and fifty cents. Deducting eight dollars and fifty cents for feed and the original outlay of seventy dollars, I netted a profit of thirty dollars in nine months.

Rearing prize birds or animals is one of the most profitable and interesting branches of husbandry. But it should not be attempted until experience has furnished solid practical knowledge and time has established a good market.

Inquiries for thoroughbred stock had been numerous for at least a year before I had any for sale. So the first year there was no occasion even to advertise. An article written by A. A. Brigham for the Young Poultryman of Rhode Island in 1890 was so helpful that I asked for and received permission to quote it at length:

## Inbreeding

"Breeding in and in" is a term which signifies the breeding together of animals of close consanguinity, but the closeness of blood relationship is not defined. The idea is to fix and concentrate any desirable quality by breeding together closely related animals possessing that quality. It is always easier to find one or two animals possessing the desired character in a marked degree than to find a whole flock possessing the same quality, e. g., every pen of fowls has its 'best bird'.

"If, then, we would seek to develop a family, flock, or breed possessing the properties desired, we can most quickly secure this object by interbreeding the few individuals possessing the properties, with their offspring which have inherited the same qualities."

"Carefully and intelligently prosecuted, this process may result successfully. Ignorantly or injudiciously carried on, the result will probably be disastrous. It is a principle in stock-breeding that coupling two animals possessing the same good quality, defect, or disease will tend to fix and intensify that good quality, defect or disease in the offspring."

"Two essential conditions must invariably attend successful inbreeding, viz., sound constitution and perfect health. With these as a foundation, close inbreeding may be practiced with the best of results, as is shown by the breeds thus produced and perpetuated by successful stock breeders."

"The qualities of fattening easily and quickly, of early maturity, of enormous egg production, all have been brought to highest perfection in individuals and families which have resulted from close inbreeding. Mr. Bates' rule in cattle breeding was, 'Always put the best animals together regardless of any affinity in blood'. One of the most valuable practical advantages of careful interbreeding is in the imparting of the quality of prepotency to males. The thoroughbred stallion, bull or cock bird is bred to many females of his kind, and thus greatly influences the quality of numerous offspring on the farm or in the neighborhood where he is kept. A male which has inherited the concentrated virtues of a long line of interbred ancestors will stamp those qualities most certainly upon his offspring."

"Cross breeding as a farm practice may be defined as breeding together animals of different breeds or families."

"Cross breeding is of vast importance in improving wool, muscles, meat, milk, eggs, or other marketable product of common or native stock. The common animals generally have good constitution and good health, but are often inferior in their yield of valuable market products. The pure-bred animal, possessing the qualities desired and the power of strongly and surely transmitting them, is crossed upon the common stock, and the result is usually great improvement. The prepotency of the pure-bred animal gives him the power of affecting the qualities of the offspring to far greater extent than his mate."

"Note how rapidly the pure blood increases if in the process the offspring of each generation are bred with pure bloods each time."

The first cross has 1-2 pure blood.  
The second cross has 3-4 pure blood.  
The third cross has 7-8 pure blood.  
The seventh cross has 127-128 pure blood.

"With the second cross comes the question of interbreeding, i. e., the breeder must decide whether he will breed the daughter to her sire, or make use of another animal of the same breed as the sire."

"When by crossing with superior animals we have improved our stock we must also provide improved conditions. The climate, the food, and the care as the superior pure-bred animals have previously enjoyed, else the improvement cannot be maintained."

"In nature changes come slowly. It may be necessary to secure the desired changes by gradual steps. If the animals to be crossed are too disproportionate to each other, 'reversion' will very probably occur and bring disappointment. Violent crosses are, therefore, to be avoided. Do not attempt to cross animals of distinct breeds having opposite characters. Never cross-breed animals simply for the sake of crossing."

"Breeding between crosses is merely guesswork and yields haphazard results, because usually crosses have not fixed hereditary characteristics. How fast the pure blood may become diluted by crossing out and out is shown by the fact that in the tenth generation the descendant would possess only one-tenth and twenty-fourth part of the original pure-bred ancestor."

"However desirable it would seem to be able to determine what qualities the father and mother each transmit to their offspring, the con-

ditions of breeding are so complex and intricate that it is very difficult to establish proof of any theory as to this subject."

"We are safe in asserting that the parent which has the greatest prepotency and an ancestry bred for the longest time in a certain line will most strongly affect the progeny."

"We may sometimes overcome the transmission of a defect or blemish of one parent by coupling with such animal a mate possessing very prepotent excellency in the point where the other is deficient."

"It seems to be not so much a question of sex as of individuality. We may hence learn what individual parents may do, and by careful use of that knowledge, and with close regard for accompanying conditions, bring about desirable or avoid undesirable results. The relative influence of parents is further affected by purity of blood, by constitution and by physical vigor. The age of a parent may thus have much to do with the question. Lack of bodily exercise may tend to lessen the proportion of influence. Excessive use in breeding will cause diminution of power to transmit qualities."

The beginner is usually convinced that two perfect-looking creatures of any sort or kind will produce their like but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have almost more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the signs of reverted heredity can be recognized at once, and intelligently combated by the next season's mating."

As Plymouth Rocks were the first American creation in poultry to achieve any public recognition, we will consider them first."

The amateur who tried to breed Plymouth Rocks twenty years ago had to fight the legacies bestowed by the original mixed ancestry. Sometimes it would be the feathered legs of the Cochins; sometimes the black coloring or red feathers and poor breeding of the old-time hawk bird. Years of careful breeding have almost entirely eliminated such troubles in up-to-date stock. But allow a flock of originally good birds to mate indiscriminately for three or four seasons, and they will gradually lose their special Rock individuality, and reproduce in bleared form many of the traits of the birds from which they sprang. To militate such tendencies and keep up the standard, the amateur must be thoroughly familiar with the form and color of the ideal Barred Plymouth Rock type. The body should be deep, yet well rounded, the neck and tail curving upward from the back, which is broad and of medium length. Body, deep, broad and full; thighs, large and of medium length; shanks, stout and smooth; well apart and of medium length. Head, medium, carried high. Adult males should weigh nine and one half pounds; cockerels, eight pounds; hens, seven and one half; pullets, six and one half. Color: beak, shanks and feet yellow. Females sometimes have a few slight dark stripes at the base of the bill, which are not essential, but are not counted as blemishes. Eyes, deep bay, face, comb, wattles and earlobes bright red. General carriage should be alert, trig and business-like."

Now for the most exacting and difficult item—plumage. The standard of perfection describes it up to 1903 as bluish-gray, with narrow parallel lines of dark blue, just stopping short of positive black. In the later issues it has been changed to grayish-white, each feather crossed by regular, narrow, parallel, sharply-defined dark bars, that stop short of positive black, free from shafting of brownish tinge or metallic sheen. The light and dark bars to be of nearly equal width, and to extend throughout the length of the feather in all sections of the fowl. (On females, feathers having narrow dark tips are preferred.) The combination of overlapping feathers to give the plumage a bluish appearance."

## The Color of the Tip

Until the latest revision of the standard of perfection, no mention was made of color of tip in either Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, or Dominique Leghorns. This point, which has so much to do with the general effect and surface color, has for several years past received considerable attention, and at our best shows has been critically judged. Strange to say, in the latest edition of the Standard no mention of preference for this finishing touch on males is made; only it is described for females. Truly it would be a poor mating that did not match in this respect."

Early in the 90's particular attention was called to the very pleasing effect of continuous bands of color caused by the straight bars of the best bred birds, matching in such a way as to produce the effect of rings of color around the body or across portions of the wings."

The attempt to produce this "ring" effect upon



WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS.

as many sections as possible, since it became the fashion, has proven not only fascinating to breeder and fancier, but is establishing a trademark upon the highest standard bred exhibition Barred Plymouth Rocks that are of more than common value for fine show birds."

Until recent years male birds have been much lighter than pullets. Now the ambition of the club is to have males and pullets match as nearly as possible, and experienced breeders discovered long ago that to accomplish this feat it was necessary to keep two distinct families, each specially mated, to produce males and females."

When I commenced to read up on the subject, "line-breeding" and "double-mating" were my stumbling blocks. I read dozens of articles in different poultry papers before I was able to grasp the true meaning of either. Two perfect birds who match and have won first prize in a showroom will, if mated, invariably produce light or dark birds, and as invariably will the indiscriminate mating of two distinct blood lines of barred varieties produce blurred or imperfect markings. So the only way to get exhibition birds is to mate standard-color males to slightly darker females who were sired by the same father. In other words, mating a bird to his half-sister, of a slightly darker color than himself, and the male progeny will almost surely resemble the father, while the females will be like the mother, strongly marked birds—but too dark for showroom requirements. For blue ribbon females, standard color pullets must be chosen and mated with a male of a lighter color, belonging to the mother's family—father or brother or son—it is immaterial so long as relationship is on the maternal side. You will probably say, "Why, that is inbreeding," which, of course, it is; but as only the best shaped and generally

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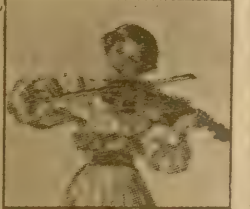
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Miss Edith Fortier,  
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perfect specimens are chosen for such propagating, it is not likely to cause any trouble. Periodically it is well to procure a cockerel from some branch of the same family, which has been out-bred, and make an experimental mating with one or two pullets. If the progeny of either sex is good, keep them, and infuse new blood into the breeding pens, but always remember to keep the matings to standard color on the sire's line for males, and the mother's line for females. And also remember that shape and vigor are as important as plumage. Though I started my thoroughbred pens with prize birds, I had quite a difficult fight to get the bars to run straight across the feathers. They were good to the tips, but there they either mixed on the black line or

ply of water in a heavy crock which they can't throw over. Clean hutchers and good food are the best preventive of slobbers. For those who are already affected, all you can do is to wash their mouths out with alum and water two or three times a day. Give them rather a dry mash, made of ground corn and oats and bran, and add a little condition powder, such as you would use for a cow or a calf. Make it a rule to keep a piece of cork salt in each hutch, and a little log of hickory wood for them to gnaw on.

A. L. L.—Little chicks of the Plymouth Rock variety often get almost bare between losing their infant down and getting their real feathers. Just leave them alone, and they will soon be all right.

A. L. W.—If the climate you live in is too wet for little chicks, it would not be good for young ducks of any variety.

P. E. D.—I am coming to you for advice in regard to my chickens. I have lost three hens in the same way. Had another one get that way, but I doctored her and she got all right. The first I notice them being sick is in the mornings. They will be lying on the ground, and when made to get up will stagger as they walk. Their head and body turn all purple. Their droppings have white mixed with the dark. They have plenty of good, fresh water, and a free range. Any assistance you can give me will be greatly appreciated, as I am a new beginner and don't know very much about poultry. I am a pleased reader of COMFORT.

A.—You don't say how old the hens are, or to what breed they belong. Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds, and all the heavy class birds, are liable to contract liver trouble if they get at all too fat after they are two years of age. Pick up some of the black and see if they are too fat, or if the lower part of the body between the legs is saggy and heavy. If so, reduce the feed, especially corn. Add one teaspoonful

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

girl! We groan and say, "If there were something we could do to set them free." Well there is! Just set your brain to working and you will think of a dozen ways you can help to free them. If we have to wait till women get in power before there will be laws and officers capable of liberating them, we women can work for woman's suffrage. You say how? Well, if you are not in favor of it, it will be the least you can do to say nothing at all about it. It is evident that you do not know anything about it or you would certainly not be against it. Get busy and learn all there is to learn and you will wake up some morning fighting for it with all your might; when you hear of some policeman in league with the white-slaver that captured your daughter, then you will wish you could help elect a policeman that knows right from wrong. I only came to Oregon last fall, but I respect the state as a people far more than I do the one I was reared in, because they have gained woman's suffrage, and it took hard work to get it. When it came time for the cities to elect their officials the women of Portland marched to the polls, cast their votes and elected again without a word and back to their homes, and it was done with such clockwork movement, and over so quick, that the men were perfectly astonished. I tell you when a power like that asserts itself, there is something going to happen; something is going to be done! When woman suffrage becomes universal in this nation, the white slave traffic will go down in a lump and whiskey will be wiped out. Mothers let us work! Work till the last beam fades, till we are too weak to stand and till our hair becomes snow white, if by so doing we can down only this one of the many curses of this nation. Life is very, very sweet to me, but if I could by giving my life to the noble cause of helping turn the great wheel that will in time grind this awful curse to atoms, if the time would hasten by so doing, I would at the end of that time gladly, joyfully, give up my life and feel that such joy would be greater than I could contain.

Sisters, will you bow with me and pray? Thank God that the time is coming closer and closer when this curse will cease and ask Him to hasten it if it be His will.

Prayer is the key of God's storehouse, for He says, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you, trust Me and I will pour out My blessings upon you greater than you will be able to contain." It takes all-abiding faith and do not doubt once that He will not answer your earnest prayers because He will. I know from experience or I should not have told you. Since He performed that miracle of saving my soul from everlasting doom I have had that sweet peace that passeth understanding and faith that removeth mountains.

May He bless all the workers of COMFORT and in your every word and act is the prayer of your humble sister,

MISS EMMA WARD.

Miss Ward. You have written us a valuable letter, full of inspiration and suggestion—the kind of help we most need. Your principles, formed with such clearness of thought and purpose, are exemplified in the place you are filling in your brother's home, where surely you have triumphed over self, for no one could step into a mother's place, inexperienced, and not go through many a struggle.

How beautiful is faith—how necessary—"Never yet did there exist a full faith in the divine word which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions."—Ed.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After having knocked twice in vain I will try again. I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years, receiving my first copy when I wore pigtails, and I find it impossible to do without my COMFORT.

I agree with Mrs. Weedin. I, too, do not believe in kissing. When my "good John" read Mrs. De Berry's letter, he said, "she certainly hit the nail on the head."

I have been married five years and we would like to adopt a boy. Can any of the sisters help me? I would like to hear from all.

MRS. H. A. HALL.

BRYANT POND, R. R. 1, Box 10, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Isn't it strange how few sisters favor us with a letter from Maine? I know there must be many COMFORT readers in our home state. Let's hear from some of them!

I live near in the center or perhaps a little to the southeast of the center of Maine, in a small plantation. Milton is situated in a very deep valley. The land is very fertile, and farmers could raise much better crops if only the summers were a little warmer. In late years our summer season has been short and dry. Our chief business is the manufacturing of clothespins, and we have quite a large factory for such a small place. Without doubt many of the sisters have used clothespins made in this factory for they are sent all over the United States.

Sisters try planting your sweet peas in the vegetable garden. They will bloom from early till late in the season.

When picking pinfeathers from turkeys or any fowl, use your strawberry huller, the work is much more easily and quickly done.

A simple way to remove black ink from white goods is to cover the spots with cream of tartar and pour boiling water through goods. Repeat if necessary.

When the top of the kitchen range becomes of a red-dish color and will not blacken readily, rub with lemon juice before applying the blacking and note the difference.

To kill weeds and soft corns, apply Castor oil daily until the offenders disappear. This is a simple remedy. Try it.

Sisters, don't forget to call on your "newcomers." They may have left home, friends and old associations to live near you, and they spend many lonely, homesick hours that would change if neighbors would be more thoughtful. Do not be afraid of "breaking

the ice." Make some excuse for calling if otherwise the way is not opened. Sometimes I think we become so cramped with our own homes, our own happiness and enjoyment, that we forget the good we might do by sharing our lives with some neighbor. Just a kind, cheering word will send dark clouds far away and let the blessed sunshine in.

God bless Uncle Charlie and may his noble work ever prosper. I am, your loving sister,

MISS NANCY B. MILLETT.

HOLBROOK, L. I., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for some time, it having been loaned to me by a friend, and I am now enclosing stamps for a subscription for myself, because I think the name COMFORT is very appropriate.

I read it, most especially the homelike talks from dear people in different parts of our big country. I am forty-four years old and we have two acres and a bungalow almost in the center of Long Island, one mile from the railroad track. My husband works in New York, but as it is too far to commute, he only comes home week ends. I have one daughter twenty years old. We saved the money to build our home by janitor service, but illness compelled us to give up and put a mortgage on our property last year. Now what I want to know is, can any of the COMFORT sisters tell me how I can add to my husband's income and help to pay off the mortgage? The interest on which is a great burden to us? Thanking you all in anticipation, I am sincerely yours,

MRS. FLORENCE GRACE.

BUSHONG, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just written Mrs. Alden in reply to her query, "Have you a blind baby?" and feel that I must write you.

Four years ago, June 6th, the stork visited our home leaving a dear baby boy, making us very happy, more especially because our baby was a boy. (Our other baby being a girl.)

But when he was three days old his eyes became sore, and despite all medical aid, and every attention, after five long weeks of suffering, our baby was blind. It was very sad and I thought at that time nothing could be worse. But after one year had passed, one eye began to improve and my baby could see the sunshine and even the moonlight, though no objects.

Sisters, you can't imagine the hopes that filled my bosom, and how I looked forward to the time when I thought my darling would see with one eye (I knew it was impossible for him to even see out of but one, as the sight went out of the other when only two weeks old.)

Time wore on with little improvement, and at the age of three years our baby was a fat, cheerful boy. We decided to take him to Louisville to an eye specialist, one that had almost performed miracles in the profession. He operated on baby's eye seemingly with every hope of success, and for four days baby seemed to be doing well, when inflammation set up, and after suffering two weeks of untold agonies his eye had to be removed to save his life. No hope was left. To think my darling boy could not even tell daylight from night! It was so pitiful to hear him say: "Mother when will the sun ever shine? When will it be daylight?" It almost broke my heart, for I knew for him it would never be dark. One year has passed since then. He has never fully regained his cheerfulness and strength of body. The operation took so much from him, even though it was just a little light.

He is above the average for brightness and can sing so well that everyone is surprised when they hear him.

I have had a great deal of trouble through life, and most of the time I try to look on the bright side. But at times I feel there is no silver lining to the clouds.

I am twenty-seven years old, and have been married six and one half years. Have four children, the eldest five and one half years, the youngest one year old. Until two years ago, I had been sick eleven years with a side and back trouble, which proved to be a defective kidney, which I had removed, almost costing my life and that of my second youngest child who was only eight weeks old at that time.

Eleven months and eighteen days from that time another baby boy came to me. Now I have very good health, considering myself a small woman with just one kidney, and would be happy but for the one shadow that will ever darken my life.

Remember me in your prayers. Your COMFORT sister,

MRS. HETTY BROWN BUSHONG.

FT. WORTH, 1325 Ash Crescent St., TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I was reading COMFORT yesterday, I saw where one sister said she used peroxide of hydrogen for pin prick, scratches and rusty nail injuries. I want to warn her and all readers against its use in fresh cuts. A neighbor's boy got his knee cut and she used peroxide all together, and just seven days from the time he received the cut, blood poisoning set in. A doctor was called at once, and he told her to never use peroxide in a fresh cut, to use turpentine or carbolic acid, weakened with water. To bathe and use peroxide on old sores. The doctor gave the boy a purgative and quinine and paregoric every two hours to relieve the pain, and used flaxseed meal poultices on the wound. She used them every hour for about twenty-four hours, and then let them stay three or four hours longer, and kept them up for three or four days, and her boy was up and about in a week. It was a bad place in the knee joint. They gave oil to the boy to keep his bowels well open. I want to say from experience that flaxseed meal poultices are one of the finest remedies for bruises I ever saw, and good for boils also. To make a poultice, use two heaping tablespoons of meal in a teaspoonful of cold water; stir constantly over a fire until thick which takes two or three minutes. After it begins to boil put between thin cloths and apply as warm as possible. Test by putting to the cheek first.

I am sure some of the sisters will recognize me, as I wrote about this time last year my experience with bottle babies, which was published in the September COMFORT. I want to say my babies were the picture of health until May when they contracted that dreaded disease cholera infantum, and we came very near losing them. One was taken May 17th and the other the 19th. They seemed well when they were sick two weeks, one losing fifteen pounds in weight. The doctor gave liquid peptonol every four hours, and the whites of two eggs strained through a cloth into a cup with two tablespoons of water and one teaspoon of whiskey every four hours as a food, alternating peptonol and eggs, so it gave food every two hours. He also gave blamuth mixed cod liver oil, the bowels, and Castor oil and paregoric. Other medicines were given, but I do not know the proportions as they were prescriptions. I used three drops of camphor in a glass of water to stop vomiting. Eight or ten drops can be used for adults.

I want to come again sometime and express my views on certain subjects and all interested in. With best wishes to COMFORT's great family,

MRS. W. A. SMITH.

15N. Beech St., OXFORD, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I see so many letters in our corner asking for children. I have just received a little book called the "Beacon Light," devoted to childless homes and homeless children. If anyone will write to F. H. Darby, 34 First Ave., Columbus, Ohio, he can tell you all about the children. They have them all ages.

I have one boy eight years old who has had asthma for five years, and often think if anything should happen to me no one would give him the care I do.

With best wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers,

MRS. EMMA MATCHER.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I began subscribing for dear old COMFORT some twenty-three years ago, when it was quite a small paper to what it is now, and we feel we cannot do without it. I have watched for a long time to write a letter to our corner, yet this is my first attempt.

I want to tell how to cure or prevent constipation. It will never fail. Take wheat bran and graham flour in equal parts, an egg or two, brown sugar or cooking molasses to make as sweet as liked. One large spoonful of salad oil to each handful of the bran and flour, soda, salt and sour milk to make a rather stiff batter. Bake either in gem pans or in bread pans. It will keep several days. Is fine in milk and can be warmed over. Try it sisters. It is so good to the taste and so good for the system.

One eats one meal a day, say supper of this bread with other food if desired, one need not fear appendicitis and will not be troubled with constipation. Try it thoroughly and repeat. We would like to hear from all who get benefit.

Another thing, if you have colic or pains in chest, stomach or bowels, lie down on back with pillow or cushion under small of the body, but none under head

# Beware!

Unscrupulous imitators are selling a mixture that isn't even real chewing gum to people who want the clean—pure—healthful

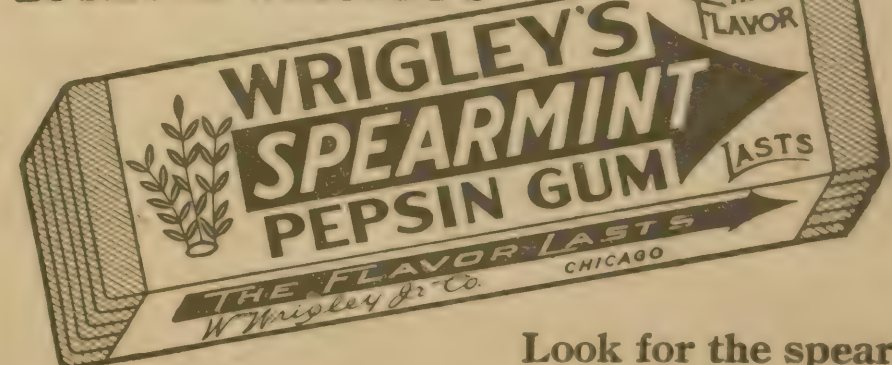
WRIGLEY'S  
SPEARMINT

They imitate our package in colors, shape and general appearance. BUT they dare not use the word "Wrigley's." They dare not use the spear.

Look before you pay.

Make sure you get the beneficial confection that aids digestion, soothes the nerves, whitens the teeth, refreshes the mouth, quenches the thirst and sweetens the breath.

Be sure its WRIGLEY'S



Look for the spear

or other part of body. In a short time colic or pain will be gone.

For those who have lung or throat trouble we would advise going to New Mexico. The southern part is best, but not along the Rio Grande river or where much irrigation is done unless land is mostly sand. Deming and vicinity is fine for such troubles. Alamogordo and many other places are as good, but if you go and get well, do not be in haste to return East or you will not be benefited. Also live out of doors as much as you can, even sleep out in open porch or tent.

To those who use coffee, take corn meal and brown sugar, about four cups of sugar to six of meal and mix well; put in oven and when top gets brown, stir up thoroughly and set back in oven. Keep on until it is browned through and through, almost black, then put tablespoonful in coffee pot, boil five minutes or more and then add teaspoonful of coffee. This makes a delicious beverage and not hurtful. I brown the meal on top of grate of oven, which cooks the top and does not stick to pan or bottom, and will be stirred under. It is best to melt the sugar first as it has to melt before browning can begin. Be sure to get it almost black as it will not be good.

Your loving COMFORT sister,

AMELIA J. MEER.

BEAUCHAMP, SCOTT CO., ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wrote to the COMFORT Sisters' Corner recently about my home county and its cheap homes, and received so many letters that I cannot answer all, much as I would like to do so. I enjoyed them, everyone. I come, begging space in your corner to answer the questions which seem to be of general interest.

The country near my home is rough, as I am well up in the mountains, but below me lies a lovely valley and quite level. I prefer the mountains for the pure air and water. I live on one of the many deep streams that flow through the mountains. Plenty of game and fish near me. Yes, some people do rent land here, but it hardly seems necessary when a little farm can be bought for five hundred dollars with small improvements. Of course best bottom land is worth more. Farms are from thirty-five acres up to one hundred and sixty. All kinds of grains grow on bottom land. Uplands are fine for fruit and some kinds of grain. All stock run at large. Cows sell around thirty dollars, hens about eighty cents, land sells from three dollars up, according to distance from railroad.

Men get one dollar and twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per day at sawmills. Work is not plentiful. Bermuda grass does well here, also wild grass. Horses are as high as in the North.

We have no negroes. We have six months' school. My home is sixteen miles southwest of Waldron, ten miles north of Engleton. We have daily mail, telephone, etc. There are many sawmills near me. Lumber sells around seven dollars at mill. Snakes are very scarce where hogs run loose. Timber is pine, cedar, oak, walnut, etc. Eggs bring from ten to thirty-five cents, potatoes at present are one dollar and fifty cents; grain brings good price. Cheaper land usually has some surface rock, soil will be dark loam with clay subsoil.

Hoping I have answered clearly all the questions, I am your COMFORT sister,

MRS. IDA YORKE.

KEITH, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I come to you with the hope that someone can help me. For fourteen years I have been hard of hearing and have risings in my head nearly all the time. So-called specialists have treated me and have done some harm. This deafness has resulted in my staying at home, from church and from friends, for I cannot hear. I have often thought there must be devices through which the deaf could hear, then life would be so different.

I am thirty-seven years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have light hair and light complexion, gray eyes. I am a widow with three small boys and we live alone on our own farm. We have about twenty acres under cultivation and my oldest boy of thirteen years almost does the work of a man. Corn and cotton are the chief crops in this part of Texas.

Before I close I am going to ask the sisters to send me reading matter as reading is about the only pleasure I have, and it helps pass the lonely hours away. I can't enjoy going in company, so I stay at home nearly all the time and read everything I can get that is worth reading. I want every Christian

that reads this letter to pray that I may find relief for my hearing.

I must tell you all how much I like COMFORT. It is always welcome, and read it from cover to cover. I do so much enjoy reading your letters and they have been a great help to me. Will close with much love to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters and hoping you will write me.

MRS. FANNIE HUGHES.

MARLIN, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I come to you with a request that you help me find a child for adoption; age between one month and three years. My home has never been blessed with children.

Success and happiness to each of you,

MRS. ORPHY KING.

WALLINGFORD, IOWA.

DEAR SISTERS:

I always greatly enjoy reading your letters, in fact I love the whole paper.

This is not the first letter I have written, though none have found their way to our corner, and while husband says I may keep on writing but will never see my letters in print, yet I am going to try this once more.

I am five feet five, hazel brown hair and blue eyes, and have been married ten years. We live on a one hundred and twelve acre farm and like the life. We have no children of our own, but adopted a little boy at the age of four and one half months who is now eight years old, and we love him very dearly. I especially enjoy the letters which tell of the children and I want to read my boy right.

With very best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and you all,

MRS. LEMMETTA M. GREEN.

RUMKIN, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

It is no use to try to tell you and the sisters how much I enjoy our corner, or how much help I get out of it, but must tell you about my cook book. It is a blank book, the first page given up to an index that is something like this, "Cake, page seven to seventeen. Pies, page eighteen to twenty-five," and so on and the recipes are written after being tried and found good. "This needless to say that most of them are taken from COMFORT."

What I started to tell you about is how some of my near neighbors and I made sauerkraut, as I saw request in July number. We chopped the cabbage, then salted to taste and put it in a dish pan and bruised by pounding with a heavy bottle till the juice started freely, then we packed hard and tight into Mason jars and put the rubbers and lead on tight, just like sealing fruit and set it where it could run over without damage and let it stay till it stopped working, then washed off jars and set away like any other fruit. It was made in March and is just as nice now, right in the hot, rainy season as it can be. To serve, take from jar and cook juice and all. I hope many sisters will try this.

MRS. BESSIE WALLACE.

SANDUSKY, R. R. 3, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Well! here I am again. I don't know whether it is my turn or not, but there has been so much said and written about giving homes to the dear little forsaken ones that I want to tell you what we did, after living for five years in a childless and somewhat lonely home with nothing but a dog and a lot of cats upon which to bestow our surplus affection, home to one of these unfortunate little ones, and accordingly sent in an application to our state public school, located at Coldwater, Mich., accompanied by the required fee of two dollars, asking them to send us a small boy. Of course we sent necessary description as to how we wanted him to be as to appearance and disposition.

Well! they sent us one of the dearest, brightest, little fellows you ever saw. I wish you could all see him as he plays about our home. I know all you childless sisters would be tempted to go and do likewise, and it would not be long till the children's homes would be flooded with applications.

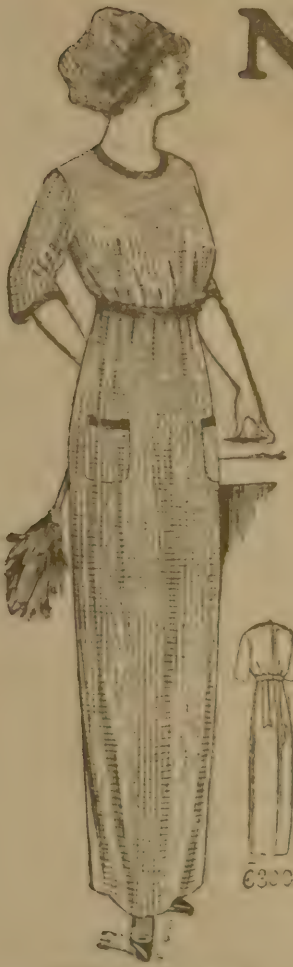
I am so proud of my boy and do not think I could love him more if I were his very own. He is such a happy, contented child, and so pleased with everything, and is never happier than when helping mamma. I forgot to say that he is not quite five years old. He

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



# Home Dressmaking Hints Pattern Descriptions

By Geneva Gladding



LADIES' WORK APRON.

**No. 6300—Ladies' Work Apron and Cap.** This attractive model will please every woman who aims to be neat and becomingly gowned when attending to her household duties. It may be worn as a dress or apron. The slightly raised waistline is most practical as it will then slip on over any dress. The plain blouse and gathered skirt with short sleeves and patch pockets are very easy to make. The opening is at the back. Brown checked gingham with blue trimming bands made the one represented. The cap, made of same material is cut with front gathered into a turn-back piece, and a short piece of elastic is run through the edge of back, holding it in place and protecting the hair from dust. Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and three quarters yards of 27-inch material and three eighths yard of contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6023—Ladies' Skirt.** In this model we have a splendid skirt for separate wear or for costume development. It is cut in five gores and closes at the front. It may be made in Empire or regulation waistline. Striped wool ratine made this skirt. If a high waistline is desired, use the belt marked (E) and make an inside belt of canvas or silk belting and sew underneath top of skirt. If a regulation waistline is used, cut top of gores off one and one half inch and take up side seams above notches to fit hips.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches bust measure; medium size requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6323—Ladies' Tucked Skirt-Waist.** A smart tailored blouse showing a stitched plait over each shoulder to give necessary fullness to the blouse and one on each side of the closing. The sleeves may be long or short as preferred; when long they are finished with a mannish stitched cuff. The high or low collar can be used.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 5906—Misses' and Small Women's Dress.** This charming frock is designed for general wear and to be made of any suitable material. It has the fashionable front closing and is made with revers at bottom. The skirt is cut in six gores.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 years requires six and one half yards of 27-inch material with two and one half yards of braid. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6354—Misses' and Small Women's Dress.** A pretty design for a one-piece dress shows the new yoke effect on the blouse and a plain, smart skirt. The blouse is tucked at the opening with the yoke front and back. It is quite full at the waistline, this being a feature of the new styles this season. The skirt has an inverted plait in front, stitched down below knees.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; size 16 years requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material and three eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 5909—Ladies' Combination.** Too much praise cannot be given this sensible garment which is really three garments in one. Every woman who studies her clothes knows she cannot look her best unless care is given to having her underwear well fitting and free from unnecessary fullness about the waist. There are four pieces to this pattern, front, side back and ruffle. Front and ruffle should be cut with the large triple perforations on a lengthwise fold and side and back pieces with the three small perforations on the straight of the material. If a square neck is desired, and insertion is used, do not cut away material from underneath until insertion is securely stitched in place, then leave a generous seam's width to turn away and fell down. Face back edges and inside of leg with a bias strip of the material. The right side of back overlaps the left three quarters of an inch which is sufficient for a closing. If boning is to be used for the ruffle, cut seam allowance from ruffle and cut skirt off, front, side and back at line of large perforations.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and three quarters yards of 45-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 5837—Ladies' Dress.** Serge with cuffs and collar of chiffon velvet, and chemise of lace with design outlined with embroidery silk to match dress, made this tailored dress. The closing is made at the front and the skirt is cut in five gores. The pattern provides for a removable chemise if desired.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five yards of 44-inch material, five eighths yard of 24-inch velvet and five eighths yard of 22-inch all-over lace. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6299—Ladies' Dress.** The full vest with small collar, the peplum forming a cutaway effect, and a figured skirt with plain waist material are some of the features which mark the latest styles. Nothing could be more graceful than this costume.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch plain goods and three and one quarter yards of 36-inch figured goods. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6356—Girl's Dress.** This little dress shows the stylish low-belted effect which is the newest thing in children's fashions. The short skirt is fitted and the blouse is full slightly into the stitched belt. The long or short sleeves can be used. The neck is slightly pointed and finished with a small flat bow. Brown wool trimmed with brown plaid made this dress. The buttons are gilt.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight years requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material with three quarters yard of 27-inch contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6355—Children's Dress.** This design closes at the front and is made with separate bloomers attached to an underwaist. Patterns for both long and short sleeves are used. Cotton, crash, wool, galatea, or any suitable material can be used for this dress which is a particularly desirable model. By buttoning the bloomer waist in front, children can put this dress on themselves, and the two pockets are a joy to any child. A leather or cloth belt can be used.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; age four requires three yards of 36-inch material with three eighths yard of contrasting color. The underwaist requires three eighths yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6336—Girl's Dress.** A delightfully plain little dress is shown here. The blouse closes surplice fashion and is trimmed with scalloped edges and novelty buttons. The closing is at the front and the skirt is cut in four gores with a very broad box plait at the back. The waist is slightly bloused according to the new styles. The pretty girle with such ends is a definite part of the dress. Navy blue serge with red wool girdle, cuffs and collar, and hard red buttons would make an ideal school dress.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material with one yard of contrasting color for trimming. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6247—Girl's Blouse.** The Middy blouse of this season is somewhat changed from the old style, taking some new lines from the Balkan blouse. It has the usual drop shoulder and open neck with fancy collar. The sleeve is plain top and bottom and the lower edge of the blouse is gathered into a wide flat belt. These are worn with gored, plaited or gathered skirts, the prettiest effect being when collar and cuffs match color of skirt, unless both blouse and skirt are of one color and material.

Cut in sizes six to 12 years; size eight years requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material with one half yard of 27-inch for collar and cuffs. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6328—Children's Dress.** Simple little slips like the one illustrated are very practical, becoming and easily made. Trim only with a tiny edge at neck and sleeves.

Cut in sizes one half, one, two and three years; size two years requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 6289—Ladies' Maternity Gown.** The inner body lining of this dress can be laced at the darts and down the front and the outer portion, with its short Empire bodice and skirt with double box plaits in front and back will give as much as is needed for comfort and looks.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

**Script Alphabet No. 1.** Each sheet of this alphabet has seven different sizes of a single letter, as follows: Twelve five eighths inch for handkerchiefs and baby clothes; 12 one-inch for lingerie, Christmas novelties, etc.; 12 one and one half inch for napkins, dollies and guest towels; 12 two-inch for towels, bed linen, etc.; six three-inch lunch cloths, etc.; six four-inch for table cloths, making a total of 60 letters on each sheet. The transfer patterns are made with a

separate sheet for each letter, the price of a single sheet being 10 cents.

**No. 11-4-35—Embroidered Corset Cover** that slips on over the head. The armholes and neck of this corset cover are buttonholed in tiny slits and the daisies and small flowers ornamenting the front are worked in French and eyelet embroidery. The corset cover showing no opening is quite necessary when transparent waists are worn, and certainly make them more attractive. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 11-4-45—One-piece Blouse** with design to be done in French knots. The blouse may be developed in cotton voile, marquisette, chiffon cloth, crepe de chine or batiste. A brown chiffon cloth with tan, rose shades and black knots makes a smart combination. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 5980—Girl Doll's Set.** This set consists of a dress, coat and hat. The coat can be made with or without the hood.

Cut in sizes 14 to 26 inches long. To make the set for a 22-inch doll it will require three quarters of a yard of 36-inch material and one quarter yard of 27-inch contrasting goods for the dress. The coat requires three quarters yard of 44-inch material with one quarter yard of 24-inch silk for the hood. The hat requires one quarter yard of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

## How to Make a Skirt

Before cutting the skirt, read pattern carefully and place pieces on the material as directed, the small single perforations on a lengthwise fold. Use sharp scissors and when cutting be careful not to stretch the edges. Make sure if the pattern is long enough to hem, and if not, cut on three inches.

## Joining

Pin the gores together, the upper and lower edges even. Notches meeting and baste with a close firm stitch. When the necessary changes have been made at the top, fit your inside belt if the skirt is to be high waisted, by taking up a dart on each side directly under the arms. Baste the skirt carefully to the belt and try on; if properly adjusted, turn up the hem the required distance from the floor. If a normal waistline is desired and the pattern calls for a raised one, cut off at the line of perforations and fit a bit more closely around the hips.

## Seams

The lapped seam is a favorite for tailored models. It requires more than the usual seam allowance. The edge is turned in an inch or a specified distance, pressed flat and lapped over the other edge, notches meeting and stitched to position one quarter or three eighths of an inch from the fold. The welt seam is also used, and is made by joining the seam in the regular way and then turning both seam edges forward and stitching them on the right side of the skirt a short distance in front of the seam.

## To Finish the Placket

The continuous facing is a simple and practical way to finish the plackets of wash skirts. Sew a strip of the material about an inch wide, along the edge of the slash from end to end, then turn the hem on the wrong side. Lap one side over the other on the outside of the skirt and stitch firmly at the bottom.

If an inverted plait is laid on the center-back seam, a strip of material about one and one half inches wide is stitched to the left side for an underlap, the edge is turned under on the right side, the box plait is creased along the line of perforations and the crease brought to the edge

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of the opening. Stitch each side to the depth of six inches. Sew on hooks about one inch apart and one eighth of an inch back from the edge, covering with a strip of silk. The eyes are attached to the left side at the joining of the underlap; when the placket is closed the edges should meet exactly.

When the skirt has a habit back, the edges of the placket should be interlined with a soft pliable strip of canvas about three quarters of an inch wide and not quite as long as the placket. Stitch to the left side an underlap about one and one half inches wide and sew on straight eyes at the lap seam. Before sewing on the hooks, stitch the edges the full length of the placket. Sew on the hooks and face with a strip of silk.

## Questions Answered

**CLEANSING NET YOKES AND SLEEVES.**—ADA, pulverize laundry starch and gently rub it into your net and lace, let it lay a few hours and shake out. Another way is to soak in naphtha one hour gently rub and rinse with a little clear naphtha.

**INTERLININGS.**—MRS. M. P. LORD, use outing flannel or a light weight all-wool flannel to interline baby's coat. These materials are used for interlinings in all kinds of coats. A good quality of mercerized dress lining makes excellent coat linings for school coats; also, all-wool plaids where a warm coat is needed.

**FUR TRIMMING.**—ALICE, make your gray squirrel coat into a close hat, muff and neckpiece, combining it with dark blue velvet, matching the color of your suit. From the odd pieces that will be left, cut and sew into narrow bands and edge bottom of skirt and wherever else seems desirable. Use a little white in front of waist.

**WHITE.**—MRS. GARLAND, white serge and homespun suits are worn all winter wherever the climate will permit. A plaid in light colors would make an effective waist to wear with such a suit whenever you want a lighter color. By no means have your petticoats fuller than dress skirts, and an inch less in width is preferable. The narrow skirt is a much in vogue as ever with just a touch of draping or soft plaits with draping extending around the entire skirt.

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## Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Once the nurse stole to the door and looked in, but seeing that he was not needed, he noiselessly went away again.

The sun was just setting and soft shadows were beginning to steal into the room, when Clifton stirred slightly on his pillow.

"Shirley," he breathed, as he turned his eyes, filled with a world of tenderness, upon her.

"Yes, dear," she responded, bending over him with bated breath, for something in that glance smote her with sudden dread.

"Shirley!" he repeated, the light of a great peace mingled with indignant love illuminating his face and, with that dear name on his lips, the soul of Clifton Vining passed into the dawn of a new day.

Mr. Vining had never ceased to do all in his power for his son, after his removal to his own rooms.

He provided him with every comfort and luxury, and seemed anxious to have everything possible done to prolong his life. He and his wife went every other day to see him and were very gentle and tender toward him; but they never softened one whit toward his sweet and faithful wife.

When Cliff died they insisted upon showing him every mark of respect, and, accordingly, the most elaborate preparations were made for his burial.

Of course they were obliged to observe proprieties in order to avoid scandal, and so Shirley, attended by Madame Marton, was allowed her place during the last sad ceremonies, and in following him to his last resting place; but not one kind word or look of sympathy was offered her, excepting what Annie expressed; and she, it must be confessed, was a very sweet little comforter.

Thus it all seemed like mockery—the costly, elaborate casket, the abundance of elegant flowers, the dirge-like music and formal services, and Shirley was thankful when everything was over, and she was allowed to go back to the rooms where she and Cliff had spent so many tender, yet sorrowful days, and give herself up unreservedly to her heart-breaking grief.

And now the reaction came. She had borne up with wonderful fortitude while Clifton needed her, but she now found herself worn and spent with her long season of confinement and tireless watching and with hardly strength enough to dress herself and eat her three meals a day.

Dr. Wallace became very anxious regarding her condition, and strongly advised her to go away for a change.

"Ah, but I will not leave Madame Marton," she replied, when he broached the subject to her.

"And who wants you to leave her?" Madame abruptly demanded. "What's to hinder my going along too?"

"But where can we go?" Shirley wearily asked, and feeling too wretched and indifferent to make any effort in the matter.

"A trip to Europe would be very beneficial," Nell suggested, but with a slight fidgeting of his lips, for he felt it would be no light sacrifice on his part to have her so far away from him for an indefinite period of time, and yet he knew that such a journey would be the very best thing for her.

"To Europe! but would you be equal to that, Madame Marton?" Shirley questioned, and now betraying a slight show of interest, for she had always longed for foreign travel.

"Of course I am equal to it," said Madame, with an emphatic nod of her head, and between whom and the young surgeon this plan had previously been freely discussed. "I never felt smarter in my life, and I would like nothing better than to go over the sea with you, if you will take me and not feel that I'm a burden to you."

Shirley affirmed that she would rather have her than any other companion; and after talking the matter over a little more fully, it was decided that they should sail for England on the fifteenth of October, and after that they were so engaged with the necessary preparations that they had very little time to indulge her grief.

Nell kindly made all arrangements regarding their voyage, putting them under the care of an acquaintance, who was bound for Germany to study in one of the noted hospitals there, and smoothing every possible difficulty out of their path.

He laid out a route of travel for them, giving them many hints and directions to aid them in the different countries they proposed to visit, which his own experience had qualified him to offer; and so, at last, they went away well equipped for a long sojourn in foreign lands.

"Will you write to me, now and then, to tell me how you are enjoying your trip, and to keep me posted regarding the state of your health?" Nell asked of Shirley, just as he was about to take leave of her after having seen her and Madame nicely settled in their stateroom on board the Teutonic.

"With pleasure," Shirley replied, lifting her clear eyes frankly to his. "You have been a faithful friend to us, and I feel that it is very kind of you to feel so interested for me."

Dr. Wallace smiled slightly as he thanked her for granting his request, but there was a look in his own eyes as they rested upon the grave, sweet face beside him, which plainly indicated that some deeper feeling than mere friendly interest had prompted it.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

SHIRLEY MAKES HER DEBUT IN FOREIGN SOCIETY.

Shirley and Madame Marton were absent about fifteen months during which time they saw much of Europe and considerable of Egypt and the Holy Land—at least the most notable points of interest in these countries.

Madame in spite of her years, was a most enthusiastic traveler, and she exhibited the keenest interest in the history and traditions of the places she visited, and was thus an invaluable companion to Shirley.

While they were in Vienna they met a Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, some New York people, who appeared to be greatly attracted toward her, and as they were all contemplating a return to America about the same time, the Hiltons proposed that they consolidate and travel together for the future.

This plan was very agreeable to Madame and Shirley, as it would relieve them of many cares, and give them pleasant companions at the same time, and they readily consented to it.

The Hiltons had not yet visited Florence, but they proposed doing so, to remain a month with their son, who was studying art there; and although Madame and Shirley had already done the whole of Italy pretty thoroughly, they were not averse to spending a little more time in that treasure house of art and beauty.

They arrived there the latter part of November—the second year of Shirley's widowhood—and to their great delight the Hiltons found themselves at once surrounded by a small army of acquaintances who were spending the winter in that beautiful city.

Of course they were immediately drawn into "the swim," and then there followed a gay round of pleasure, akin to the gayeties of New York, where Mrs. Hilton had, for several seasons, been one of the most brilliant leaders of society.

At first Shirley utterly refused to participate in any of these festivities, although her new friends were extremely anxious to introduce her, feeling that she would make quite a sensation with her beauty and peculiarly charming personality.

"I have no heart for any such thing," she said to Mrs. Hilton, with a sorrowful glance at her somber dress, when she urged her one day to accompany her to a brilliant reception.

"I know, dear, it is perfectly natural that you should feel thus," the lady kindly returned; "but of course you are not going to bury yourself away from all pleasures. I am sure your husband would not wish it, and would tell you so if he could speak."

Shirley started slightly and flushed as she suddenly remembered what Clifton had once said to her, but which had never occurred to her since. "What is it?" her companion smilingly inquired.

"Your words made me think of something he once told me," she murmured with starting tears. "Is it too sacred for me to hear?" asked Mrs. Hilton in a tone of gentle sympathy.

"Oh, no," he told me not to let his going away spoil my life," was the tremulous reply.

"And why should you dear?" her friend asked. "Any true, unselfish husband would feel the same. I am sure he would be grieved to have you exclude yourself from all society, for even the time you have done so. It is now more than a year since your loss; and truly, Shirley, if you will allow me the freedom of saying it, I think you owe it to yourself to see a little more of life; so come with me tonight and let me introduce you to the Gordons—they are charming people."

"Not tonight," said Shirley, still shrinking from the thought of mingling in gay society, and she would not be overpersuaded.

But when the following day Mrs. Hilton asked her to assist her at an afternoon tea, she waived personal feeling and consented, for she thought she owed it to the friend who had been very kind to her in many ways.

Mrs. Hilton was quite jubilant over this concession, for she felt sure after one such experience she would have no difficulty in persuading her to accompany her to other receptions, and she was determined to have the *ecclat* of "bringing out" this beautiful girl if she could possibly accomplish it.

Shirley looked very fair when at the appointed hour she stood beside Mrs. Hilton and against a background of lovely ferns and palms, which had been artistically grouped in one corner of her handsome parlor, to receive with her.

She was very simply dressed in a soft white crepe robe, which trailed gracefully away from her slight figure, her only ornament a bunch of Parma violets worn as a corsage bouquet.

Mrs. Hilton had experienced some anxiety regarding her costume for the occasion, and she looked her over with a critical eye when she appeared before her.

She quickly noticed the absence of all ornament of which she was rather fond; but the girl was so exquisitely lovely in her chaste and appropriate dress that she could not desire the slightest change.

"My dear, you are a delight to my eyes," she exclaimed, as she involuntarily bent and kissed the fair round cheek nearest her.

The afternoon passed delightfully, even to her, who so dreaded it.

As Mrs. Hilton had predicted, she attracted a great deal of attention while she also became deeply interested in the refined and intelligent people to whom she was introduced.

There would have been nothing to mar her pleasure but for a little incident that occurred just as everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves the most, which caused for a few moments a flutter of well-bred excitement, but which also resulted in making Shirley more conspicuous and popular than she might otherwise have been.

It was almost time for the guests to begin to think of making their adieux, when two gentlemen and two ladies were ushered into the room, and immediately greeted with great cordiality by several of those present.

Mrs. Hilton hastened forward with welcoming smiles, while she extended both hands to the foremost couple.

"Ah! my dear Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar. I had almost given you up; but am delighted to see you, even at this late hour," she exclaimed with charming warmth.

"We had some friends come in very unexpectedly just as we were leaving home, and so were delayed," Mrs. Farquhar explained; "and," she added, "we have taken the liberty to bring them with us, as they are acquainted with many of the people whom I knew would be here."

"I am very glad," heartily responded Mrs. Hilton. "And now introduce me, please," she added, as her glance rested upon the fine-looking couple who accompanied her friends.

She was formally presented but there was a slight look of surprise on her face as she greeted them with her customary graciousness, and then she observed:

"Really, I regard this as a somewhat remarkable coincidence; I wonder if you are not in some way connected with my charming *protegee*, Shirley, my dear," turning to the unsuspecting girl, who had been so engaged that she had not noticed the late arrivals.

"I want to introduce you to some new friends," Mrs. Hilton remarked, as she came forward. "Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Vining, allow me to present Mrs. Clifton Vining."

Had the heavens suddenly fallen, Mr. and Mrs. Vining could not have looked more dumfounded than at this moment, when they were thus brought face to face with the lovely vision who had been with only Parma violets on her breast, and the bright gold of her own hair for ornament—this exquisitely beautiful girl whom they, of course, at once recognized as the despised wife of their dead son.

Shirley, too, for one brief instant, was almost overcome by this unexpected meeting; the next she had completely recovered herself, and resolved that she would ignore all personal feeling and greet Mrs. Hilton's guests with all due courtesy.

She came composedly forward and saluted them with inimitable grace.

Mr. and Mrs. Vining did not so readily regain their equanimity, in spite of their long familiarity with the customs of polite society.

They stared at the girl, and were so apparently embarrassed that a decided flutter of excitement was noticeable among those who had witnessed the introduction.

Mrs. Hilton was quick to perceive the awkward situation, and, while wondering what it could mean, immediately threw herself into the breach by presenting other friends, and thus adroitly set everybody at ease.

The encounter had served to arouse Shirley just enough to make her resolve to shine at her best in the presence of her husband's parents, and thus do honor to the man who had chosen her to be his wife in spite of their opposition and displeasure.

She returned to those with whom she had been conversing, when Mrs. Hilton called to her, and for the next fifteen minutes became the life and center of an admiring and constantly increasing group.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes gleamed with a brilliant light, while her fluent language and charming manner, her ready repartee, which was permeated by a fine vein of wit, fascinated everyone about her.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Vining were keenly observant of all this, and of course proportionately irritated and astonished; for they had not supposed that Shirley had ever been in society at all; so, after making the round of the rooms and partaking of a cup of tea, they made their adieux to Mrs. Hilton and went away.

The other guests followed their example soon after and Shirley was left alone with her friend.

Then Mrs. Hilton went to her, and taking both her hands, looked inquiringly into her eyes, while she exclaimed:

"My dear child, will you explain that mysterious *contrempe*? I confess I was appalled for an instant, although you pulled yourself together most beautifully."

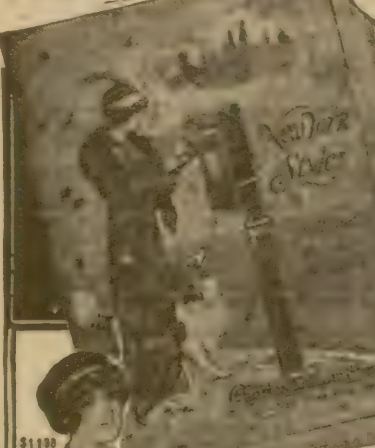
Shirley gave vent to a little musical laugh, which, however, had a tinge of bitterness in it. "Certainly I will explain, dear Mrs. Hilton," she said. Then drawing her slight figure up with something of hauteur, she added: "my husband was Mr. Hamilton Vining's son."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed her companion, more astonished than ever. "Then of course there is only one inference to be drawn from what occurred this afternoon—they opposed the marriage."

"Most emphatically!"

"But why? I am sure they could have de-

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sired any greater happiness for their son than

that he should have won you." And the lady's

eyes expressed the most affectionate admiration

as they rested upon the fair face before her.

"Why?" repeated Shirley, with curling lips.

"Simply because at the time I married him they

supposed me to be a poor and friendless girl."

"Well, I know that is the way of the world;

but it is a great pity," sighed Mrs. Hilton, as

she bent forward and softly kissed Shirley's

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the moment they fell upon Shirley and saw at a

glance that her jewels were far more valuable

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Of course they made it a point to avoid each

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that their despised daughter-in-law was destined

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They wondered more and more at the ease

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\$1.98 PRE-PAID

No. 9B-1003

Women's All-Wool Balkan Belted Sweater. Here is a guaranteed all-wool sweater at less than is often asked for cotton mixed garments. Look at the fine style of this sweater, with its strictly ribbed stitch, smart turn-back collar, patch-pockets, jaunty, turnover collar and tie, all in contrasting colors, giving a fine dressy effect. Buy this attractive model and feel the satisfaction of having the correct style for Fall and Winter. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Colors: red, navy blue, red trim. Color State Size. Prepaid Price \$1.98

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\$14.98 Pre-paid

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No. 9B1010

The Charles William Stores

NEW YORK

sired any greater happiness for their son than that he should have won you." And the lady's eyes expressed the most affectionate admiration as they rested upon the fair face before her.

"Why?" repeated Shirley, with curling lips. "Simply because at the time I married him they supposed me to be a poor and friendless girl."

"Well, I know that is the way of the world; but it is a great pity," sighed Mrs. Hilton, as she bent forward and softly kissed Shirley's flushed cheek. "I only wish that Clifton Vining had been my son. I should have blessed him all my life for having given me such a daughter," she concluded earnestly.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Hilton," Shirley responded heartily; and then she told her something about her short married life and its trials.

A week later she met the Vining again at a brilliant reception given by an English lord. She had been out two or three times meanwhile, for Mrs. Hilton had persistently followed up the advantage she had gained, and Shirley was rapidly becoming a favorite in society.

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They wondered more and more at the ease and freedom with which she adapted herself to these brilliant scenes, neither could they understand where she could get the means to dress so elegantly.

"It is the greatest mystery in the world," Mrs. Vining remarked to her husband, as they were discussing these questions after they returned from the above-mentioned reception; "that girl had a small fortune on her person tonight."

CHAPTER XLIV. MRS. NORWOOD AND HER DAUGHTER RECEIVE A SHOCK.

The "Hilton party," as Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, with Shirley and Madame were designated, remained in Florence until the first of January, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)







## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

PENDLETON, BOX 375, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want a little room close by your side for a while. I am a Western girl, but I am not a bit wild. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds. I have dark brown hair, brown eyes and no freckles. I am twenty-three years old. I live with my papa on a large wheat ranch. My mother died when I was a small girl about thirteen years old. I find a girl's mother is her best friend. I have a kind papa and he is good to me. I am the only child living.

Our wheat ranch has about two thousand acres in it. I do the housework, cooking and raise chickens. We use a combine to cut our wheat with. We use from twenty-six to thirty head of horses to pull it around the field, and it cuts and thrashes the wheat and runs it out into sacks as it goes. A man sews up the top of the wheat sacks and dumps them off without ever stopping the combine. It only takes five men to run them. I do love to ride on them.

Uncle you ought to come out here and go sleigh riding with me. We had three feet of snow here and stayed on ground for seven weeks. Now Billy the Goat may get jealous of me for telling you you could go sleigh riding.

SUNNY MAY.

Sunny May, your letter gives us quite an idea of big scale farming in the far West. I am glad to see that machinery is taking much of the heavy toll from the farmers' and hired men's backs. Everything that can be done by machinery, should be done. When all the heavy tasks are performed by whirling wheels and bands of steel, men will have more time for recreation and there will still be enough pleasant tasks to be done by hand to keep humanity out of mischief. You say you use a "combine". I don't know what a combine is but as long as it does the work I take off my hat to it. I hope it won't be long before you will replace those thirty horses with a gasoline engine. The horse has been a faithful and valuable servant to man, but his day is passing, and he will soon be as scarce as the buffalo and nearly as scarce as the best politician. The sooner the horse goes the better, as we have to give up large areas of land to raise feed for him and we need every inch of that land to raise food for ourselves. I'm sorry I wasn't there to go sleigh riding with you Sunny May, as you seem to have had some exciting experiences. You say: "We had three feet of snow here and stayed on ground for seven weeks." How was it you had to stay on the ground for seven weeks? I suppose you got smothered in snow and they wouldn't let you in the house for fear you would melt and spoil the furniture. If I go sleigh riding with you mind I am not going to stay on the ground for seven weeks. The ground is never a very comfortable place in snow-time. I'll want a guest chamber, a plush rocker and a red hot stove or I don't come. I am sorry dear, that you have lost your mother, but what a blessing it is that you have a kind and good father. The reason girls miss mother so much more than father is due to the fact that mother is always thoughtful, loving, kind, tender and sympathetic. The young folks are not only her children but her chums, while father looks himself up in a wall of icy reserve, kicks if the kids make too much noise, kicks when he has to shell out the long green for clothes and drops dead if he's asked for ten cents for pleasure or candy. Not every "pop" is a grouch, but fathers could if they cared to, hold just as warm a place in the hearts of their children as the mothers do. Fathers miss half the joy of living by not making chums and companions of their children, entering into their sports and fun and winning their love instead of repulsing them. Sunny May, you have one astounding statement in your letter, the most astounding statement in fact, as far as my experience goes, that has ever been made by a human being. You say: "I am the only child living." If that is the case tell me and tell me quickly when did all the rest die? There's a little girl playing under my window right now. Maybe you forgot to count her among the missing or the dead. Anyhow as long as she is alive you can't be the only child living. If however you are the only child living, please come on to New York at once, as I can make a billion dollars exhibiting you at a dollar a head to the childless multitudes of earth. Sunny May, can't you tell us how it feels to be the world's only baby? Doesn't it make you feel terribly lonesome to have no other boys and girls of your own age to play with? I think it is cruel of you to hide yourself in the wilds of Oregon now that you are the only living child. Billy the Goat has just looked out of the window and says that there are at least sixty kids playing on this block, and in spite of the fact that the automobiles kill two or three hundred a day (more or less) it does not seem to decrease their number, so Billy thinks that what you intended to say was that you are the only living child in your family and not the only one in the world. I'm so relieved to hear this as the world would be a dreary place without the children. I'm sure Sunny May, you would not want to monopolize all the child business of the world, and have all its kissings and all its spankings.

5243 Honore St., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Now Uncle, would like to ask your advice in a matter which has troubled me for some time. I would like to be an author, but do not know exactly how to go about it. I am only fifteen years old, but people say that I am rather old for my age. Constant intercourse with people older than myself has made me older than I would be otherwise. If, for instance, I had been among younger people, I would have been younger. I have often written stories for the little children living near our home and they really are "not so wretched." My compositions have always been among the best of the class.

Could you advise me of the kind of stories that would meet with the publisher's approval, and whether it would be well for me to write a story to a publisher on trial? If so, to what publisher should I send it? Do you think I am too young for this sort of work? My father is getting on in years, and I want to be able to earn my living so as to take that care away. I have read about and have seen many trades and different kinds of work, but in none of them, do I take such interest as in story writing. My idea is that, perhaps, if I go to work in the daytime and spend a little time each evening on my writing till I am able to write better stories and then devote all of my time to them, I may be doing the best. Is this plan a feasible one?

There is one more question I would like to ask and that is: If my attempts at story writing should fail to meet with the publisher's approval should I give up the writing, altogether or should I keep at it till I succeed?

Thanking you for the kind attention you have shown in reading my letter through to the end, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JUST FIFTEEN.

MILDRED CIVISH.

Mildred, I am only too delighted to advise you, because your handwriting is exquisitely neat and your entire letter almost without a flaw, and between the lines I can read your character, and know that you are a young lady full of determination, taking life seriously—not too seriously as some very foolish people do thus losing the brighter and more enjoyable side of it—but just serious enough to make the best of any ability God has given you. If you have any talent, I know you will make the best use of it, and let nothing stand between you and the goal of your ambition. Ninety-nine out of every hundred letters I receive from those who want to be authors, or lyric (song poem) writers come from people almost entirely illiterate, people who can't spell cat with the aid of six dictionaries. It's a very strange thing and yet it isn't strange after all, that the more ignorant people are, the more they make up their minds, or apologies for minds, to enter the very highest professions and to butt into the most exalted arts, the doors of which are absolutely closed with steel doors a million miles thick, to all but those who have great talent and enough education to develop that talent so it will mold into marketable form the products of genius. The hardest and most difficult

things in the world always look easy to ignorance, which is ever looking for a short cut to riches, while the easy tasks which require neither skill nor education to accomplish, seem difficult because even the ignorant can grasp the fact that it takes hard work to dig a ditch, but ignorance can't believe and won't believe that writing stories, painting pictures, composing music, harmonizing and arranging same for great orchestras, designing magnificent buildings, chiseling from crude blocks of marble the perfect human form, oh no! ignorance cannot and won't believe these things are difficult, because the undeveloped mind, though it can understand physical and brute force, cannot grasp the grandeur, glory and sublimity of art, nor the insurmountable difficulties that must be overcome by its students and devotees, if they would live by artistic work. Little do the uninitiated outsiders know the tremendous sacrifice, the years of ceaseless study, the disappointments, the failures, the broken hearts, the ruined lives that strew the thorny road of those who have ventured upon artistic careers. If they only knew, they would think twice, and many more times than twice, before they entered upon a pathway strewn with the dry bones of wrecked ambitions, and the ruins of a myriad of blighted hopes. It is the saddest thing in the world to come across men who can paint beautiful pictures and yet cannot sell them except as pot boilers to a department store, and for a sum that would not even pay their studio rent for a couple of days. Those who have money to indulge artistic tastes, and buy beautiful pictures, will only purchase the works of renowned artists, the big men at the top. When the newly rich buy pictures (and they are the only ones who can afford to) they pay tens of thousands of dollars for the artist's name, for most of them do not know a good picture from a bad one, and they insist on going to Europe for their works of art, leaving native talent to starve. Literature however, holds out more rewards than other branches of art, and here Mildred is your opportunity. People who want to write for a living should get on the staff of a newspaper as a reporter. If there is anything in you, this work will mighty soon bring it out, and if there isn't anything in you, you will be told it so soon as you will make your head swim. The New York World some years ago sent Anna Steese Richardson, one of the greatest newspaper writers in the world, to write me up, and Mrs. Richardson told me how, when she was out in Colorado, the man who ran a little country newspaper was taken sick, and she went right to work and did the literary part and got the paper out. She had education and great ability, and this incident started her on a most successful career. In this life our careers are usually determined not by ourselves, but by some unforeseen circumstance, some thing that comes really isn't an accident at all, but opportunity knocking on our door and beckoning us to follow. Thousands of gifted writers from Kipling down have started their careers in newspaper offices. Newspaper work does not give one much time to dream. Everything has to be done with a rush, but it does sift the literary wheat, from the ambitious but useless chaff. So I advise you Mildred, as I advise all others, to tackle the local newspapers first, then go to the nearest big town and get on a newspaper where a higher grade of literary work is demanded. In your case Mildred you will find a suburban newspaper an excellent field to try your prowess on. After you have done reporting for two or three years you won't have to ask anyone's advice, as to how to make good in the magazine field at story writing. In your newspaper work you will probably come across people who can write rings all around you, and who in spite of their talents have never succeeded in making more than eighteen to thirty-five dollars a week. These people may lack ambition, may have got in a rut, and not have had character enough to pull themselves out of it; or they may have talent for newspaper writing, have not enough imagination or ability to succeed at authorship. In newspaper work you learn the A. B. C. of the craft. You learn to be observant, to study character, form, proportion, values and to let nothing escape you that can be turned into marketable news. All this is immensely helpful to one who would go higher up the literary ladder. If you don't want to take my advice in this matter, just go ahead and write your little stories, and send them wherever you think they will fit best. Don't send them to the Christian Herald, and don't send a story of heart interest and of a religious nature to Puck or the Police Gazette. That's what most people do, and that's what the goops who won't dig for a living with a spade, but insist on trying to dig their graves with a pen, invariably do. You ask: "Shall I send a story to a publisher on trial?" Oh, no I think that would be foolish. Why not lock it up in the attic, without telling a soul about it, and then wait to see if the publisher doesn't learn by some supernatural way, that you have a valuable ms., and later break in through the roof, drag your story out and pays you a million dollars for it. Didn't you know that's what the publishers always do? They don't expect you to send things to them, or to act as a sane and sensible person would. They never look at the things that are sent them—that would be too easy. So they crawl into attics and cellars and down chimneys, day and night, at the risk of their lives in the hope that in some nook or corner within a million years, they may find a story written by a little girl of fifteen, a story that probably wasn't even worth looking at. "Uncle Charlie," you will say, "that's a damnable course it is!" When people ask foolish questions, a little dash of sarcasm is the only thing that will bring them to earth. If you don't send your story to a publisher, how will he ever know you have got one? If you were growing cabbages in your back yard would you write and ask me if you should send one to a store in the city on trial? Of course you wouldn't. You'd have sense enough to send it somewhere where cabbages are bought and sold and that's all you have got to do with a story. There's no difference between disposing of cabbages and stories, both must go to market to be sold. Oh, by the way: There is more money in cabbages than in stories, for the world must eat to live, but anything that is sent anywhere is sent on trial. Everything, literary matter especially, is examined before it is bought, and one or two errors on the first page of your story, and it is thrown aside, returned unread, rejected. That's putting a thing on trial. Now how can I advise you about the stories that would meet with the publisher's approval? Can't you go to a news stand and buy a few story magazines each week? They will cost you from five to thirty-five cents each. Buy them and study them. If you do that, which even a blind puppy would have sense enough to do, you'd know just the kind of stuff editors and publishers want, and then you would start out to write the things you were most capable of writing, and you would send it to that magazine which published the things which seemed to be in line with your particular talent—if you have any. Now why do you ask me to what publisher you shall send your work, when I don't know what you can write or even if you can write? I suppose you think that I know of some poor innocent goop (a goop that always exists in the imagination of those who lack energy, enterprise and initiative) who has millions of dollars ready to pay to little girls who write stories, good, bad or indifferent, and who publishes them in a beautiful magazine, where the little girl's picture is put on the front page so that Pa and Ma. can see it first, and millions of others the world over can look at it and admire it and say: "Oh, what a wonderful little girl she is." Ah, no my little dear, such good fairies or bad fairies never existed, and a foolish man who did pay a lot of money for the crude efforts of inexperienced little girls, would be a very bad man, for he would wreck their careers at the start, for when you pay money for bad work, you're encouraging bad work and discouraging good. There is positively no market as

I have told you repeatedly, for crude or amateurish work of any kind, especially for so-called song poems. You must deliver the goods, the real, genuine, eighteen karat, jeweled in four holes stuff, or you won't get by. I've had a dear old war veteran writing me for years, and he writes some very beautiful things, but he never quotes hits on anything that is in demand. He can write but he doesn't know exactly what to write to catch the editor's eye. The last time he wrote he said: "I'm not discouraged, because I read in the paper the other day that out of two hundred manuscripts which came to a leading magazine in New York the other day, only one was accepted." One out of two hundred, five out of a thousand—that's fierce odds! Now remember when you butt into story writing, you've got to compete with at least five hundred, nay thousands of immensely clever professional story writers, and then you've got to compete with a dozen or so of men and women of genius. So you see you're up against a pretty tough proposition and every day the chances for success grow beautifully less, because as knowledge and culture spread and our colleges and universities turn out men and women already grounded in the fundamentals of various arts, the competition in all these lines of effort, grows greater and keener every day. However, that should not discourage you. When I butted in I did not let anything discourage me, or I wouldn't be here talking to you now if I had. I sent my little old poems off to editor after editor, and what's more I sold them, and had some of the editors write and ask me for more of my work. Now how did I manage that, you will ask? Well I studied every magazine, found out the stuff that they wanted, then waited until I got hold of some really funny humorous idea, something I knew would make the editor laugh when he read it, and I won out. As so many of you believe that editors are horrible ogres who only buy the work of famous men and women, and who never even gaze at the contributions of an unknown writer, let me tell you that editors are not only not ogres, but often very lovable men, always looking for the man who has something new and something good to offer. I sent a poem, years ago called "What Boys and Girls Are Made Of," to the Delinquent, a good paying but very hard market for the literary aspirant to break in to at that time. In a few days I got a nice fat check, all the more acceptable because it was just before Christmas and I needed the money badly. With the check came a note from the editor saying he hoped the check would help make my Christmas a happy one, and asking me to send some more of my stuff. When I sent the editor some more stuff and a little note of thanks, he wrote me that I owed him no thanks, but on the contrary as he really looked through the bushes of chaff that came to him when he found that one grain of wheat which he knew he would finally alight on, he was exceedingly grateful to the one who sent it. Now you see it all hinges on that one grain of wheat. If you can produce the grain of wheat you win, if you can only produce chaff, you lose. Remember however the best of writers cannot always turn out wheat. Occasionally they, too, turn out chaff and as you learn to do better and grow more experienced with every hard knock you get, instead of whining and giving up as most all folks do, you may produce something that will put you in the front rank, and then you will have to fight and work your very head off to stay there. You can't get on the top of the ladder and go to sleep, if you do you'll soon be pushed off. Just one word in conclusion. There is an invaluable little magazine published for writers. Every editor is always glad to recommend it because it helps the editor and helps the public by encouraging talent and discouraging ignorance. This magazine tells you where to market your stuff and gives you a list of all the publications in the United States I had to break in without the assistance of this magazine. If you, Mildred send me an addressed postal card, I will tell you where to get it. From this magazine you can also get books that teach the fundamentals of authorship and story writing. Please don't all of you write to me for the address of this publication. Two or three years ago when I offered to do this, I was deluged with letters that took days and days to answer. I would not have minded that so much if I had been able to do any good, but when the people found that this magazine could not be bought for twenty-five cents a year, and that the text books cost more than a dime a dozen, they backed out. It is now almost impossible for me to hold a pen let alone write hundreds of letters and post-cards. Now Mildred, I've given you some good advice and if that advice doesn't help you, it may help some other budding genius to flower and bloom in the garden of fiction and fame. Remember no editor will even glance at a manuscript unless it's neatly typewritten and mailed flat—never rolled.

LOVINGTON, N. M.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl twelve years old. This is the first time I have ever written. We live eight miles from Lovington. I like to live in the country. We milk one cow, and get lots of milk but no butter.

I go to Sunday school every Sunday. My school will be out 21st of March and I expect to get promoted to the seventh grade.

I haven't got any beaux, Uncle Charlie. I think I am too little to have sweethearts don't you? We have an organ, and can play some by heart.

With best wishes to the Comfort family, would like to receive cards and letters from the cousins. Will answer all I can. Hope to see this in print.

ROSE MORFATT.

Rose, you have written Lovington, Lovington. Fortune thing I have a post-office directory or I would never know where half of you live. Go to your teacher and ask her to tell you how to make a v. You write all your v's like u's. I remember the time I first asked a man if he would show me how to make a v. he told me to go to work and earn five dollars. Wasn't he mean? Rose that's a wonderful cow you have. Not so much from what she accomplishes, but what you think she ought to accomplish. You say: "We milk one cow and get lots of milk, but no butter." Now don't you think if you are getting lots of milk from one cow you are doing pretty well? Do you want her to hand you out butter as well? I suppose if she presented you with butter, you'd kick because she didn't give you cheese and the next thing I suppose you'd be trying to milk a hobble skirt out of her. I think you ought to be satisfied with what you are getting. I am delighted to know you go to Sunday school every Sunday. Billy the Goat wants to know if you ever went to Sunday school on Monday. That Goat's entirely too fresh. You say your school was out 21st of March. What was it out of? These institutions that are always out of things make me tired. The last hotel I stopped at I asked for a turkey as it was on the bill of fare, and the waitress said: "Turkey's out!" "When will it be in?" I asked. "Then she reported me to the landlord for being fresh. When I got to bed I found there were no blankets on the bed and I rang up the night clerk, and complained about the blankets, and he said they were out, and I said: "When will they be in?" and he at once replied: "When the horse comes in." Fancy a hotel with only one pair of blankets and that pair on a horse! Don't you dare talk about "beaus." Babies of twelve who talk of such things should be spanked. So you can play the organ by "heart." That's quite an advantage to be able to do that. I suppose you mean that you can reproduce the melodies you hear on your organ. That is what they call playing by ear, my dear, and not by note. Get somebody to show you how you can make a v, then you can play a five dollar note.

MONT ALTO, R. R. 1, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Very seldom we see any letters from Pa. We surely have some Comfort readers there for I know lots of folks have subscribed for the paper. We like it very much, especially the letter. Now I am a little boy with brown eyes and hair, fair complexion, with red cheeks. I have two dogs, one is a Great Dane with a bob tail, we call him Bob. We have lots of pigs, chickens, cats, mice and rats.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



## The New Edison Phonograph

Mr. Edison's Latest Invention  
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An offer introducing The New Edisons. Write quick—while this offer lasts.

WRITE today for our new Edison catalog—that tells you all about the wonderful new model Edison and our new Edison offer.

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among all his wonderful inventions is his phonograph. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model. Think of it: over 35 years of work on all these epoch-making inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected!

## The Offer:

We will send you the new model Edison Phonograph and your choice of all the brand new records on an absolutely free loan. We want you to hear all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudeville, minstrels, grand operas, the old sacred hymns, every kind of comic and popular music, also your choice of the highest-grade concertos and operas, as rendered by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and friends. Then, when you are through with the outfit, you may send it back at our expense.

REMEMBER, not a penny down—no deposit—no guarantee—no C. O. D. to us—no obligation to buy—a full free trial in your own home—direct from our factory to you. Return it at our expense or possible (if you want to keep it) at the rock-bottom price direct from us.

## The Reason:

We are tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument, and we know everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so we are pretty sure that at least someone, if not you, then somebody else, will want to buy one of these unique instruments, especially as they are being offered on the most astounding rock-bottom price and on easy terms as low as a few dollars a month.

## Our New Edison Catalog Sent Free

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—while this offer lasts. Fill out the coupon now—today.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors  
Dept. 3048 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.  
Canadian Office—366 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Can.

To  
F. K. BABSON,  
Edison Phonograph Distributors,  
Dept. 3048 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name

Address



# COMFORT Rounds the Quarter

**W**ITH our October issue COMFORT completed its first quarter century and this anniversary number celebrates the auspicious beginning of its twenty-sixth year. But as age is of no account unless the years are filled with sincere effort and mark, as milestones, a career of progress along the road that leads (as

and clerical assistants, while the income provided the means to enlarge and improve the paper and acquire a printing outfit. Advertising patronage also grew apace, and, building success on success, I was able in 1891, to buy a convenient lot, put up a suitable building for my publishing business and install an up-to-date printing plant.

ber of pages in the edition that is being run, the largest rolls weighing 1400 pounds each. As the paper unwinds from the rolls and runs through the press rapidly in continuous webs it is printed on both sides and comes out at the other end cut, folded and stitched with wire, two complete copies of COMFORT at each turn of the machine.

I also have another web-perfecting press, capable of printing a 24-page supplement.

These two presses are in the basement of the new fire-proof building 40 by 42 feet, with three stories above the basement, which I have erected this year as an addition to my other buildings to relieve their crowded condition and accommodate the pressing needs of the growth of COMFORT's establishment. This building is constructed wholly of brick, steel and cement concrete, without the use of any wood or other inflammable material. The walls are brick, the frame steel, the floors and roof cement concrete, the door and window casings and the doors and sashes are steel, while even the window glass is fireproof with fine steel netting woven through it.

The building to the left in the view of COMFORT's plant is the new one. Next beyond and connected with it is the brick office building, 54 by 70 feet and five stories, including two below the street which look out on the river, and beyond this are three wooden buildings, of which the first and third, each 100 feet long with three floors, are used for storing stock and material, while the small one between is the stable for my horse, and also used for storage. The total floor space of all the buildings is 51,018 square feet. This picture was taken just as the mechanical and clerical force was coming out at the noon dinner hour; in the busy season they number more than two hundred and fifty.

The first story of the building, above the basement, is the composing-room. The equipment of this room is new; new type of the latest styles in new steel racks, a new rapid auto-press for printing circulars and two other job presses and various other machines and appliances requisite to a thoroughly up-to-date printing establishment including that wonderful machine, the linotype, that seems almost to think. One woman sitting at this machine and playing its keys, like those of a typewriter, does as much

million three hundred and fifty thousand stencils. For each subscriber there is a stencil in which is cut the subscriber's name and address and a



Five Buildings of COMFORT'S Plant Facing Willow Street

reads our motto) "onward and upward," our readers will appreciate the pardonable pride with which we spread before them the following brief summary of COMFORT's growth and achievements.

Like the tiny acorn from which the giant of the forest springs COMFORT's beginning was small, but its growth has been continuous.

Twenty-five years ago this month I published the first issue of COMFORT, a little twelve-page paper with only a few hundred subscribers. As the small capital and limited credit with which I began were insufficient to purchase a printing plant I hired offices for my editorial rooms and contracted with a printing house to do my printing at the start. I was owner, publisher, editor,

I will not tax your patience with the details of COMFORT's growth between that and 1908 other than to say that from time to time the paper was enlarged and improved by the addition of various features and new departments and by the employment of able editorial and department writers and special contributors, and that the buildings had been enlarged to accommodate the increased force of employees and the several new presses and other mechanical appliances and labor-saving devices of the most approved pattern to facilitate the printing and mailing of the paper with the utmost efficiency and economy of expense so to give our subscribers the benefit of a low subscription rate and the most and best possible for their money.



Part of Subscription-Room Where Thousands of Subscriptions Are Recorded Daily

business manager and advertising agent, in fact pretty much the whole thing and did nearly all the work personally the first few months because I could not then afford to hire competent assistants to aid in the performance of these important functions. The days were not long enough for my labors which I regularly had to prolong into the night and frequently into the small hours of the morning. It was a hard struggle to win success against the almost insurmountable handicap of insufficient means, and it taxed my strength and health nearly to the breaking point.

However, I was borne up by an abiding faith in my undertaking and cheered by the popular favor with which the results of my efforts were

With the presses which I had prior to 1908 a thirty-two page paper was as large as I could print, and but few editions had reached that size. That year I put in a new web-perfecting color press capable of printing a forty-eight page paper in a color and black. The present year we have given you two 48-page papers, the February Washington and Lincoln, and the March Household number. As originally constructed this press could turn out only one 48-page copy at each revolution, but in order to facilitate early mailing of these large issues I had this press enlarged this present fall so that it now has a capacity of two 48- or even 56-page papers at each revolution, turning out 12,000 copies an hour; and even at that we further expedite the



The Eight Stencil-Cutting Machines

received from the first. Subscriptions came in rapidly and circulation increased by leaps and bounds, soon passing the hundred thousand mark and in a few months running up to hundreds of thousands. This necessitated a corresponding expansion of quarters and increase of editorial

printing by running this great press from seven in the morning to nine or ten o'clock at night, until the edition is off.

This press is 26 feet long by 12½ feet in height. It prints from two to four rolls of paper of various sizes at a time depending on the num-

work as six men setting type by hand. As the keys are operated the little brass molds of the corresponding letters drop into place to form the words, and when these reach the width of a column melted type metal is forced into them and instantly comes out a perfect line of type all cast together; from which the machine gets its name, an abbreviation of line-o-type. Then the little molds separate and go back to their proper places in the rack ready to come out again and form other words in response to the action of the keys. After the slugs, as the type thus cast in lines are called, have been used, they are melted and the metal is returned to the machine to be recast in type as required. The stories and all the department matter in COMFORT are set by this machine, while the editorial and the advertisements are hand composition.

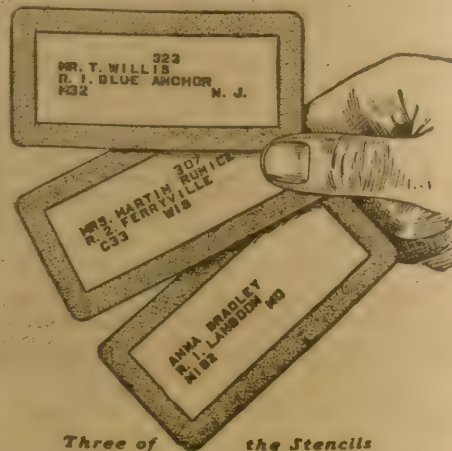
But we do not print from the type. From each page of type two heavy electrotype plates are made to go on the press in curved form, so to print two copies at the same time.

On the next floor of this building is a correspondence department including in its equipment the latest improved Printograph machine for reproducing typewritten form letters.

The third story is the stencil-room furnished with 60 steel cabinets which contain the stencils of COMFORT's subscription list systematically arranged by states and mail routes. Each cabinet contains 50 drawers with a capacity of 450 stencils to each drawer, or a total capacity of one

their friends and neighbors and send us subscription clubs.

By this means supplementing the host of voluntary renewals COMFORT's enormous rural circulation is maintained at nearly the same volume year after year. It is the largest rural and small-town subscription list in the world as well as be-



Three of the Stencils

ing the best, because those who take COMFORT knew the paper and subscribed because they liked it and not to get a premium, for every subscriber pays the regular subscription or renewal



Post-office at Augusta, Maine



# Century Mark

## Its Twenty-five Years of Progress and Achievement "Onward and Upward"

price and receives no premium with the paper. It has taken me years to build up this subscription list in this way and I take every possible



One of the 60 Steel Cabinets with Drawers Pulled Out for Removing Stencils of Expired Subs and Working in New Subs

precaution to protect it against fire, for its destruction would be an irreparable loss.

If I wanted city circulation I could easily obtain any desired number of city subscribers by employing circulation agencies and professional canvassers for that purpose as other papers and magazines do. But that is not the kind I want, and the circulation agencies and professional canvassers can't operate successfully in the small towns and farming communities where COMFORT gets over eighty per cent of its subscribers.

Now let us go into the adjoining office building and see how these stencils are cut and how they are used in the mailing machines for addressing the wrappers. On the first two floors are the offices of the publisher and superintendent, and the rooms of the editorial, cashier's, bookkeeper's, proof reader's, circulation and advertising departments.

The third story is the subscription department, and in the picture you see the young women who handle, sort out, arrange and file the great grist of subscriptions that comes in on every mail, also the superintendent of this room and his assistant, and the typewriters whom they keep busy answering the correspondence of this department. Every subscription and renewal order together with any accompanying letter is carefully preserved and filed here under such a system that it can be found instantly at any future time.

The girls seated at the tables copy the subscribers' names and addresses from the subscription orders, using special blanks for that purpose, and put on the numbers which indicate the dates at which the respective subscriptions expire. The girls who do this work have to write a good, plain hand and be very careful not to make mistakes in copying; they also become expert at deciphering bad writing for some of the subscribers write their names and addresses so carelessly that it is almost impossible to make them out, and yet in such a case we are blamed if COMFORT goes to the wrong address when it is the fault of the subscriber or person who sent in the subscription card. Please be very careful in writing names and addresses.

The copies go to the stencil cutters and the name, address and expiration number of each subscriber is cut into a separate stencil. This is done on the stencil machines which operate like typewriters, only instead of printing they cut the letters through the cardboard of which the stencils are made. They are run by electric power as is all the rest of the plant. There are eight of these machines all new and of the latest, most improved pattern. Probably our subscribers have noticed how much clearer their addresses on the COMFORT wrappers are since I replaced the old machines, which only picked the letters through the stencils, with these new ones which cut the letters out clean. When the eight machines are all running they cut 5000 to 6000 stencils a day. After they are cut the stencils are carefully compared with the original subscription orders

to correct any possible errors in copying, and then they are taken to the stencil-room and worked into their proper places in the steel cabinets, as already described.

Each stencil cabinet is mounted on rubber tired wheels so that it can be moved easily. When the stencils are wanted for use in the mailing-room, which is in the first basement of the office building, one of the cabinets is run onto the elevator and sent down.

Here are four mailing machines, Nelson Auto-Mailers, each capable of handling 35,000 to 40,000 copies of COMFORT per day. These wonderful machines seem to act with human intelligence, for they take COMFORT as it comes from the press, fold each copy, put on a wrapper, paste the edge of the wrapper and stick it down, print the subscriber's name, address and expiration number on the wrapper, and put each copy, thus wrapped and addressed, in the proper mail sack duly tagged to go directly through to its destination. Each machine is complete in itself and performs this entire process about as fast as you can count.

mail sack which is tagged to reach its destination. The machine repeats the process with each succeeding copy of COMFORT, sending them all to the same sack until a stencil addressed to a different post-office or mail route is reached, when the machine automatically sends this and all other copies of COMFORT thus addressed to a different mail sack, always to the right one to reach the proper destination. This seems wonderful, but it is accomplished in a very simple manner by means of peculiarly shaped blank stencils which are so placed in the drawer that they separate the stencils destined to one mail route from those destined to another. Whenever the machine reaches a blank stencil an electrical connection is made which shifts it over to the next mail sack.

In thus sorting and sacking our mailing we are doing the work which otherwise would have to be done at the post-office, and so the government is saved a lot of expense for clerk hire.

As the sacks are filled they are tied up and hauled by the cartload to the Augusta Post-office, where all the government has to do is to weigh

large addition to the Augusta post-office. All that part to the left of the tower was built on



One of the Four Mailing Machines

recently, nearly doubling the size of the building.

I have let you into the secrets of my business to show you how COMFORT has grown and is growing, and how I use the most improved machinery and appliances to reduce the cost of the mechanical production of COMFORT to the lowest possible figure so to maintain a low subscription price and give my subscribers the most and the best I possibly can for their money.

While I thus economize on the cost of mechanical production I spare no expense on the editorial, department and literary matter in COMFORT, for that is what gives value and influence to a publication rather than the weight and quality of the paper on which it is printed or the attempted artistic effects of its cover designs.

COMFORT maintains its hold on the hearts of its readers because it stands for what is true and noble, because it leads ever "onward and upward," because it fearlessly fights their battles, the battles for the people's rights, and because it accomplishes solid and beneficial results for them.

Among the things for which COMFORT has fought and contributed in no small measure to bring about are the Postal Savings Bank and the Parcel Post. Both are in successful operation and doing more business than was anticipated, although our Parcel Post as now established, is inferior to that of foreign nations and grossly inadequate to the needs and demands of our people. We must keep up the agitation for better service, larger size and weight limits, and lower long distance rates.

While the spirit of optimism with which COMFORT is animated carries cheer and hope to every heart, it is not blind to the insidious evils of the times which menace the public welfare, and fears not to expose and denounce them in the interest of progress and reform. I have no use for the muckrakers or scandal mongers; neither have I any respect for the subsidized mouthpieces of the interests known as "the invisible government" in their efforts to cover up or defend public evils and official wrong-doing, and to lull the people into a false sense of security.

COMFORT will always be found leading the vanguard in the march of progress and on the firing line in the people's battle.

COMFORT also points with pardonable pride to its charities prominent among which is its

Wheel-Chair Club by means of which, in the last five years, it has given more than two hundred wheel chairs to relieve the sufferings of worthy, destitute, crippled shut-ins. It is unnecessary for me to pursue this line of comment further because you know what COMFORT has done and is doing.

I will simply say in closing that COMFORT was never before so well situated and equipped to serve its readers and help them, and I promise you my best efforts this coming year to make our paper better, and more interesting, useful and helpful.

I enjoy your interesting letters and especially those in which you describe your homes and families, and I had intended to introduce you to mine and tell you about my three dear grandchildren, but lack of space compels me to defer that to a future issue when I will also describe, in the same connection, an important project I have in view and which I believe can be worked out to the benefit of the people generally.

I thank you for your loyalty and for your all success and happiness and cause for rejoicing at this coming Thanksgiving season. Sincerely your friend, W. H. GANNETT.



The Big Press That Prints 12,000 COMFORTS an Hour

It is here that the stencils are used for addressing the wrappers, and it is the peculiar construction of the stencils that governs the perfect operation of the machines. A stack of COMFORTS is put into one part of the machine, a drawer full of stencils is taken from the steel cabinet and transferred to the machine without disarranging the order of the stencils which are arranged according to mail routes and post-offices which are labeled on the front of the drawer. Government mail sacks tagged for the same mail routes and post-offices are attached to the machine as shown in the picture. The machine is then started, and as each copy of COMFORT, after receiving its wrapper, reaches a certain point a stencil drops on it and under pressure of an ink pad the subscriber's name, address and expiration

them for postage and put them aboard the mail cars. The postage rate is a cent a pound on the bulk weight.

To give you an idea of the magnitude of a large edition of COMFORT I will tell you the actual figures of our Washington and Lincoln number issued last February. This was a 48-page paper and we mailed one million three hundred and fifty thousand copies. In that single issue we used 227 tons, 454,000 pounds, of paper and fifteen barrels of ink weighing 7,740 pounds. Ink would seem a small item, but just think, it took nearly four tons of ink to print February COMFORT. With the wrappers on that edition weighed 480,858 pounds according to the official post-office weighing, and the postage on it at one cent a pound cost me \$4,808.58. It takes



60 Steel Cabinets, Capacity 1,350,000 Stencils, Containing COMFORT'S Subscription List, All Paid in Advance

number are printed on it, the stencil then passes in one direction to resume its proper place in the drawer, while the addressed copy of COMFORT travels along a run and drops into the proper

about 20 mail cars to carry such an edition of COMFORT.

The growth of the publishing business in Augusta has necessitated the construction of a

friendship, and I wish you all success and happiness and cause for rejoicing at this coming Thanksgiving season. Sincerely your friend, W. H. GANNETT.



## Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Anxious Widow, Buckeye, Ariz.**—A widow's wedding may be exactly like a maiden's wedding if she wants it so, though most widows usually get married a second time, or oftener, with much less display than the first time. They have learned that so much display really is more bother than good. Therefore you may wear what you please, making it appropriate to the kind of wedding you have, church, or home. The church ceremony is fixed and no variations in it are possible, but in the matter of music, decorations and that sort, you may have whatever you want to pay for, but we advise simplicity. Your brother may give you away, your father being absent. In other details you may do just as you did when you were first married. You have not forgotten them, have you? The styles in weddings generally undergo very slight changes.

**Troubled Dove, Oxford, Ala.**—Generally speaking mourning should be worn as long as is the custom in the community where the mourner lives, but we are advocates of little or no mourning. Grief and sense of loss we think should take a different form; should have inward, not outward, manifestation. Most widows do not begin to accept the attention of young gentlemen as soon as nine months after the death of their husbands, but some do. You say you do not care to marry again, but you will get over that, and as you fear a second husband may not be kind to your little girl, we suggest that you do not marry a man whom your child dislikes. She knows her father and what kind of a livable man he is. Don't begin your second girlhood by writing to men whom you do not know.

**Worried, Lake Preston, S. Dak.**—Your parents may be wrong in their methods of control and may be so strict as to cause reaction and do more harm than good, but you may trust them for doing what they believe is for the welfare of their daughters. Submit to it until you are old enough and prepared enough to go away from home and earn your own living. A sensible, prudent and intelligent girl may be sure to get along all right and be independent. But the girl must learn to do something worth the money she expects to earn and needs to live on. It is the ignorant and unprepared girls who lose everything and fail.

**Rose, Union, Texas.**—Many young men are careless of the little politenesses they should show to women old and young. It is oftener from ignorance and thoughtlessness than from natural boorishness and the women may easily correct such habits if they will undertake it. You should tell this young man of his careless manners every time he makes a slip and if he declines to correct them, then you may conclude he is by nature a boor and have no more to do with him. The other fault of always doubting what you say is a bad habit a good many people fall into. They don't mean anything by it, but it is bad just the same and should be corrected. If it is not, then don't associate with that kind and say why you don't.

**Blue Eyes, Edmond, Okla.**—The custom of the lady bolting the gentlemen has been gone completely out of style, and ladies now let the men hold their own hats, hang them up, or lay them aside. (2) Usually in leaving a few persons with whom you are talking to go to speak to someone else, you say "Excuse me," but it is not always necessary. With two or three it may be, but if you are in a crowd of half a dozen or more it isn't, unless you are the chief one in the crowd. It is always necessary to excuse yourself if you are talking to but one person.

**Black Eyes, Bryan, O.**—Unless the young man is engaged, or if he is and you are ignorant of it, it is quite proper for you to accept his attentions though he may have "another girl in the country."

**I. C., Duncansville, Ala.**—As stated previously in this column we are not advocates of wearing heavy mourning for the dead. At the same time we think that the wearing of gray colors for a time, should be discontinued. As your father died six months ago, we would suggest that you wear gray, or any dark color and white is always appropriate, but not all white or with a bit of black somewhere on it, as a black ribbon at the neck or belt. Avoid the reds and blues and greens and yellows. Purple is second mourning, you know, and is appropriate at any time.

**Impressed Lover, Worcester, Mass.**—We don't think she is as much your sweetheart as you thought she was, if after getting your picture by promising to give you hers, she not only refuses to give you hers, but will not write to you. Why do you want us to tell you how to win a girl of that character? If you knew a man who told you a falsehood like that and treated you as this girl has done, would you want to enter into life partnership with him? You would not, and then why want to trust a girl who is untrustworthy? Let her go and see if you can't get an honest one to take her place.

**Blue Eyes, Leesville, Mo.**—When a young man asks a seventeen-year-old girl to disobey her father and take his advice rather than her father's, he is a young man no girl should trust herself a minute with. He is lying to you when he tells you he wants to marry you now and will not wait until you are twenty. Don't ask him to wait. Send him away quick.

**Brown Eyes, Warrenton, Mo.**—You did wisely in breaking the engagement with the man who drank and used tobacco. The tobacco habit might have done no harm, if you didn't object to the weed, but whiskey is totally different and the girl who marries a man knowing he drinks deserves to get whatever happens when she is his wife. This other one who says he will quit going with you if you will not let him kiss you is another one to be shy of. Keep on not letting him kiss you and if he wants to quit, let him quit. Or, try him out by telling him that if you let him kiss you, you will let all the other young men kiss you and see how he will like that. Another bad mark in him is that he doesn't want you to go with other young men, but claims the right for himself to go with any girl he pleases. You had better let him slide. He is no good.

**Pickles, Victor, Mont.**—The best way to ask a lady to go with you to an entertainment is simply to ask her if she will go with you. There is no hard and set rule for making such a request and any pleasant way will answer. The girl will not care how you ask her, if she wants to go.

**Blonde, Youngstown, Pa.**—The best rule to follow for popularity is to forget yourself and do all you can to make other people have a good time. If you do that everybody is bound to like you, which is popularity.

**Jay, Menominee, Mich.**—It is proper to have initials engraved in the engagement ring, though it is not always done. You see an engagement ring with the girls' initials in it as well as your own renders it useless in case you don't get that girl and wish to use the ring elsewhere. This happens a good many times.

**C. E., Whitel, N. C.**—To reach the proper authorities write to E. M. Wilmet, Secretary and Manager, Carnegie Hero Fund, Pittsburgh, Pa. In writing you should have your letter endorsed by several prominent citizens of your own town including the Mayor, if you want it to receive recognition.

**Maudie, Shovel Lake, Minn.**—The best words to use in congratulations at a wedding are those from the heart and not from an etiquette book. You may say anything you please that is pleasant to hear. You think those who wish you just and that is enough. Other people's parents in your association with young men and you are of an age to assume your own responsibility. And don't follow the custom of your com-

munity of girls marrying before they are fully matured women.

**Candy Kid, Green Bay, Wis.**—If the young man told you to choose the kind of candy you wanted in the shop, he should have said "how much worth," he wanted you to have. That is, when you had chosen he should have told the clerk to wrap up so much. As he did not, you were right in naming the amount because the clerk couldn't act until he knew what to do. You were very modest in taking only fifteen cents' worth. As the candy was yours you should have carried it, and fed him out of the bag. Green Bay candy shops should have printed rules of candy etiquette for their customers.

**Bill, Manchester, N. H.**—Cake and bread are to be broken off rather than bitten off at table, though both forms are admissible. Don't butter the entire piece of bread, but only such portion as is to be eaten at the time. (2) "The popular time for a gentleman to call on his lady friend," is when she wants him to call. This may vary from seven to nine P. M., the later hour prevailing only in the cities and more formal society. From seven to eight is the usual hour in smaller places, but eight is about the best hour, except in winter when dark comes so much earlier. Your other questions were answered.

## Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

with us from the wreck—into a box, and strap up the rugs in a tarpaulin. And mind and put your spare clothes in the middle of the bundle, so that they can't get wet."

The small things, my brothers! She glanced up at him, as he stood, his bare neck tanned by the sun, his brow knit with thought of her.

"Very well," she said, and, taking up the empty mug, left him.

By nightfall Mannering had got the last of the logs down to the beach, at the edge of the high-tide mark, and he worked on in the moonlight until he had joined the logs together and constructed his raft.

When he dragged himself up the beach, Nina was standing at the door of the lean's hut.

"You are late," she said in a low voice. "Supper has been waiting a long time."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wanted to finish the raft tonight, and I have done so. You will be able to start tomorrow. Where is Mr. Fleming?"

He asked, as he entered and saw that Fleming was not there.

"He was too weak to leave his bed and come down here," she replied.

"I will go to him," he said.

"Not till you have had something to eat," she said with a touch of command in her low voice.

"He has taken some milk. I have been sitting with him. Have your supper, please."

"Have you packed the box with the provisions?" he asked as he sank on to a seat.

"Yes," she replied, pouring out his coffee.

"All will be ready tomorrow," he said. "I have been studying the currents. You must steer south by southwest. I will show you on the compass. If I am right in my idea of the position of the main group, you will sail and drift for it without any difficulty, and should reach it in twenty, or say, thirty, hours."

"We may find the men there," she said. "The boat may have taken them there."

He stopped, the mug on its way to his mouth, then he shook his head.

"No, thank Heaven! The wind was in the other direction when they went. No, they drifted out to the open sea. If I were not sure of that I would not let you go. Better run the risk of marrying me than to fall into their hands."

But there is no chance of that; you need not be afraid. Aren't you going to eat something?"

She came to the rough table, and poured out a cup of coffee. It was the first meal they had taken alone, and he watched her under his lowered lids for a time, then rose and went down to the beach, and gazed at his raft with grim satisfaction.

At dawn the next morning he was awake, and stood over Fleming, who, Mannering thought, was asleep, but Fleming opened his eyes and smiled wanly.

"Nearly ready, Fleming," said Mannering.

"How do you feel?" Fleming smiled and moved his hand feebly.

Fleming smiled and moved his hand feebly, and Mannering went down to the raft. He fired up a mast for the sail, and he was going up to Nina's hut for the provisions, when he met her coming swiftly down the beach.

"Everything is ready, I think," he said, but she broke in upon him with an anxious cry.

"Oh, come at once! Mr. Fleming is ill—worse!"

He strode beside her, his brow knit, and they entered the hut. Fleming was lying on his back, his face white and pinched, his eyes closed.

"Is that you, Mannering?" he asked in so low a voice that Mannering could scarcely hear it.

"Yes, it's I. What's the matter, Fleming?" replied Mannering. "Are you ill—worse? The raft—everything is ready."

"Too late!" said Fleming calmly. It is wonderful how calm a dying man can be. For him all earthly turmoil, all early struggles, doubts, difficulties are over. "I cannot go, I am dying."

I am sorry. Where—where is Miss Nina?"

She was beside him, her hand on his wrinkled brow, her pitying eyes full of tears.

"I'm sorry, Mannering. I would have done what you wished, but there was no time. You—you will have to do as I said. My—my prayer book! Quick! My voice—my breath—are going. Nina, my child, where are you?"

Nina sank on her knees beside the bed. Mannering had got the prayer book from underneath the pillow, and Fleming almost snatched at it and pressed it to his chest.

"It is too late," he gasped. "Heaven has decided. You—you cannot resist its decree. Kneel, Mannering."

Mannering mechanically sank onto his knees beside Nina, whose face was hidden in her hands.

What are you going to do, Fleming? Make an effort! The raft is ready, but you need not sail today!"

"I am dying!" said Fleming solemnly. "I felt that I could not wait—that it would be too late. Mannering, you remember our conversation? You know that I am right. You—you consent?"

"Yes, yes!" replied Mannering, scarcely conscious of what he said. "But Miss Nina—"

"She must consent!" gasped Fleming. "She cannot refuse. There is no alternative. Take her hand. Have you—have you anything that will serve as a ring? Anything—"

Mannering, hypnotized by the solemn earnestness of the dying man, tore the signet ring from his finger.

"There, if you must!" he said hoarsely.

Fleming had found the "Service of Holy Matrimony," and began to read it slowly, painfully, with pauses in which he struggled for breath.

As if in a dream, Nina and Mannering, prompted by the dying man, made the proper responses. Bravely, with faltering accents and heroic struggles with his death weakness, the Rev. Arthur Fleming read the marriage service.

At the proper moment Mannering took Nina's hand—it was limp and yielding to his touch—and placed the ring on her finger.

The solemn words of exhortation were grasped by the young priest, the prayer book dropped from his weak fingers, and he extended his hands above their heads and poured out the benediction. With a great effort he wrote some words on a sheet of paper and put it in Nina's hands, then, with a low cry, he fell back.

Mannering sprang to his feet and bent over him.

"He is—dead!" he cried hoarsely, to Nina, as she knelt, with her face covered by her trembling hands. "He is dead—and we are married!" he added inaudibly.

## CHAPTER V.

### A WEDDING SUPPER.

Mannering had read the burial service over Fleming, and Nina, who had stood beside the grave until the last spadeful of earth had fallen,

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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

**FITS.**—I have a dog that has fits. When having one of them he will shake his head back and forth and his ears will flap against his head. He lies very still on his sides as though dead, and froths at the mouth. Are these fits caused by worms, and is there a cure for them?  
E. M. W.

**WORMS** are a common cause of fits and you should give him worm medicine to be bought ready for use at the drug-store, or give him a dram of freshly powdered kamala, after starving him for twenty-four hours, and repeat in a month. The powder may be given in cream or soup. A dog larger than a collie may take two drams of the powder at a dose. At time of a fit give twenty grains of bromide of potash dissolved in a little water and repeat it in twenty minutes if found necessary. Feed one small meal a day and let the dog live out of doors as much as possible.

**COUGH.**—I have a bulldog fifteen years old. He was taken wheezing about three years ago and it has developed into a cough. He has been coughing for about three months.  
Mrs. J. W. T.

A dog at fifteen years of age is about as old, correspondingly, as a man of eighty and there is little hope that treatment will do any good. Try the effects of one teaspoonful of glyco-heroin (Smith) given three times a day.

**WARTS.**—My cows have warts growing on their teats and on one the warts became hard and inflamed. They crack open and fall off, leaving a crack in the teat about half an inch long, which is much inflamed. Have tried vaseline salve but of no account. Would you please give information for treatment and how to take off warts before becoming inflamed?  
K. D. A.

Rubbing the affected parts twice daily with best Castor oil, or fresh goose grease, or a mixture of one tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a cupful of melted lard will in time take off the warts without causing inflammation. Apply balsam of Peru to the cracks after each milking and if that does not suffice paint them with glycerite of tannin as often as found necessary. Milk with dry hands. Keep the udder, teats and stall floors clean.

**DOG SHEDDING HAIR.**—I have a pet dog that sheds her hair the year around. She is nearly four years old and for the last two years has shed continuously.  
Miss A. P.

It would be well to clip the dog each summer and let him live out of doors as much as possible. At present tub him with a weak warm solution of coal tar dip. The dip may be bought at the drug-store, with instructions for use. Rub dry and then brush well daily. Feed one small meal each night and let the dog take plenty of exercise and sleep in a cool place.

**DYSENTERY.**—I have a fox terrier dog two years old, very thin. She has been loose in her bowels since February, and in February and March passed worms some a foot long and some were short ones. I gave her copious till it made her sick. If I feed her very much it makes her worse. She craves water nearly all the time.  
Mrs. S. F. A.

Get the druggist to give you a mixture of one part salol and two parts of subnitrate of bismuth and of this give the dog as much as will lie on a dime, twice daily, washed down with a little water. In a course to three days, if found necessary, feed milk and linseed and gradually add oatmeal porridge as dog improves.

**EYE DISEASE.**—We have a calf which has been blind since May. Her eyes have a blue scum over them. We have bathed them with boric acid and blown powdered burned alum in them. The boric acid helped them more than anything else. It took the inflammation out of them but the scum still remains. It does not seem contagious as she has been with our other calves all summer and they seem all right.  
L. F. A.

Once daily wet the eyeballs with a solution of two grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water to be kept in a blue colored bottle to prevent chemical changes. This possibly may have the desired effect.

**PANTING.**—I have a horse that pants after traveling any distance. It doesn't appear to be heaves; he is in good order and a good traveler. Can this trouble be due to the cause of it? He is a Western horse. I am told.  
O. M. K. A.

The horse no doubt has been overcome with heat at some time or another and the present condition probably will prove incurable. Some relief may be had by keeping the horse clipped, working him in the cool of the morning and evening, feeding him bulky food at noon when work has to be done and never working him soon after a meal. Shade him and keep his body lightly when at work in summer. Feed light rations and keep the bowels active.

**DISEASE OF CATS.**—A year ago last spring we had six strong healthy cats that died of a very peculiar disease. One day one of them came home sick from hunting. He would lie in one place, almost without moving, then would walk a while and lie down again. He would not eat but would try to drink a little milk. He was always yawning as though something was in his throat. He was sick two days, dying without a struggle. A week later the other cats died the same way in rapid succession. For a few weeks we were without cats, then got three kittens which we had only two weeks before they died the same way. For the winter we were without cats and five months they too are dying of the same disease. Any information regarding them will be thankfully received.  
J. A. P.

A post-mortem examination and investigation would be necessary to determine the cause of death in these cases; but as the cats could not swallow it may be that diphtheria was present. Tuberculosis also is common among cats that are fed the new, warm milk from tuberculous cows. You should have your cows tested with tuberculin. If that has not been done and the cats have been fed warm milk in the stable. If the diseases we have mentioned are not present, then it is to be suspected that the cats are picking up poison somewhere on the place.

**ABSCESS.**—We have a mare colt that is two months old that seems to be crazy. It will take spells walking around and following anything and after a while it falls over. From the first day it was chased around by older colts then the colt and his mother were put on the range where the sun bears down on the hills. Once when we were using the mother we tied her and the colt tangled in her rope. She has been worse since then. Some people say it is blind staggers, if so what is the remedy? Then while she was on the range a lump came out on her right shoulder joint. This was cut and matted her hair. At first we thought she was bitten by a rattlesnake.  
J. P. A.

Place the colt in a roomy, quiet, perfectly ventilated box stall and there feed carefully on any food the colt will eat and digest. Keep the horse active. It is likely that abscesses have formed in other places as well as on the shoulder and that one of them may be causing the symptoms described. Paint all lumps with tincture of iodine once daily and open freely when soft. If a veterinarian can be had he should treat the colt with hypodermic injections of anti-streptococcal serum which may be bought of the druggist, or ordered through him or the local physician. The case is most unpromising, even if this treatment can be given.

**POLL EVIL.**—I have a black mare, eight years old. She has the poll evil.  
M. S. A.

If possible, get the poll evil abscess and its pipes and packets opened by a graduate veterinarian to insure free drainage and then pack the cavities full of oakum that has been saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed.

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oil and renew the packing once daily until healed. If you cannot have this done inject tincture of iodine into the discharging place once daily for three days; then syringe out clean with hot water and swab out as dry as possible by means of cotton batting tied on a limber twig or probe. When this has been done slowly and carefully fill the cavities with the following paste, which should be melted sufficiently to inject from the nozzle metal or glass syringe: Bismuth subnitrate six parts; white wax, one part; vaseline, two parts; boil and mix and place in sterilized jar. This may also be run into the cavities by means of a small clean rubber tube and funnel. Put in some more of the paste every three days to keep the cavities filled. Please report results of this treatment to the veterinary editor of this paper.

## Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

and Shirley, during that time, had become fairly launched upon society.

She enjoyed it thoroughly after the ice was once broken; not so much the gay round of pleasure as the delightful intercourse with cultivated people, who served to draw her out and develop her own brilliant powers and fitness to shine in the social world which, until now, she had hardly known that she possessed.

The party finally, with deep regret, bade farewell to this beautiful gem of the Arno, and their departure was as profoundly lamented by those whom they left behind; but their passage to New York had been secured for the twelfth of January, and so they were obliged to turn their faces toward England during the early part of the month.

Mrs. Hilton had obtained a promise from Madame Marton and Shirley that they would be their guests for another month after their arrival in New York.

"I want the privilege of introducing you to the society of Gotham," she had told her fair protegee. "My experience in that respect in Florence has been so delightful that I am sighing for fresh laurels elsewhere."

"You are very kind, dear Mrs. Hilton," Shirley had replied, "and have made the winter exceedingly pleasant for me. But," she added, thoughtfully, "I am not sure that too much of this kind of life will be good for me."

"Well, one thing is certain, and that is that you are eminently fitted for it," responded Mrs. Hilton with a smiling glance at the sweet grave face.

"Thank you; but I would not like to become too much absorbed in it. I am afraid that I might grow selfish and worldly, and lose sight of the aim and object which I have always wished to attain in life—that of making the most of myself, mentally, morally, and spiritually, and of becoming of some real use to others in the same way." There was a far-away, wistful look in her beautiful eyes as she said this.

She was thinking of something that Lord Wallace had written in his last letter to her.

"So you are to return some time next month," he wrote. "Such being the case, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of remaining in New York until that time, to greet you and bid you welcome home; for my course of study here is completed, and as are also the plans of a fine hospital, which will soon be erected in the suburbs of Quebec, and where I hope to devote the most of my future to the interests of suffering humanity."

Neil Wallace was standing upon the pier and was almost the first figure that Shirley's eyes rested upon, as the steamer rode majestically into her dock; and the gang-plank was hardly in place before he had boarded the vessel, while in another moment he was at her side, clasping her hand and earnestly searching her beautiful face, as he bade her welcome, in tones that brought a brighter color to her cheeks and made her golden-fringed lids droop with unwonted shyness to hide the joy that gleamed beneath them.

Then, to cover this unusual embarrassment, she called his attention to Madame Marton, after which she introduced him to her new friends.

Mr. Hilton and Neil were at once strongly attracted to each other, and a genial friendship was kindled then and there which lasted throughout their lives.

They stood in a group by themselves chatting socially while they waited for the impatient crowd to disperse, before they attempted to leave the steamer; but all the while the observing eyes of the young surgeon were noting every word, look and act of the woman whom he still loved with all the strength and fervor such as only grand true natures like his are capable of knowing.

She had grown a hundredfold more lovely during her absence, he told himself. Her girlish beauty had ripened and matured; her sorrow had slightly chastened the expression of her face; there was a little more dignity and self-poise in her bearing, while, looking into her clear, earnest eyes, he saw that the admiration and homage which she had been receiving of late had not served to mar in the least the purity and amiability of her character.

Mrs. Hilton invited him to accompany them home to lunch with them and his friends; but thanking her, he excused himself, adding, however, that he should be happy to call during the evening if such an arrangement would be agreeable to all parties.

He glanced at Shirley as he spoke, although his words had been addressed to her hostess. She caught the look and flushed slightly.

"Yes, do come," she added cordially to Mrs. Hilton's gracious assurance of welcome; "there is so much I want to ask you about—so much that I wish to tell you."

He presented himself at an early hour, as he had promised, at the elegant residence of the Hiltons, and the party spent a delightful evening together, and although Neil had no opportunity for private conversation with Shirley, there was a brighter and more hopeful look on his handsome face when he finally took his leave than had rested there for years.

Three evenings later there was a brilliant array of the bon ton of New York gathered in the Metropolitan Opera House to welcome the appearance of a new operatic star who had recently been achieving wonderful triumphs abroad.

The selection for this evening was "Dido," and, prominent in the middle box on the right of the stage sat Mrs. Norwood and her daughter Blanche, in all the glory of full evening dress; for they were due at a reception immediately following the opera.

The curtain had just fallen after the first act, when Blanche, who had been sweeping the theater with her powerful glass, gave a violent start and uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is it?" inquired her mother, turning to her with some curiosity.

"The Hiltons are in the box opposite ours."

"The Hiltons!" interposed Mrs. Norwood in an eager tone. "Ah! I did not know that they had returned."

"Yes, and there is the loveliest girl with them. I wonder who she can be," Blanche pursued.

"And look! there is Lord Wallace sitting directly behind her chair, talking with her and looking for all the world as if he were dead in love with her."

Mrs. Norwood's glass had also been brought to bear upon the party during this speech, and she also gave a start of surprise as she eagerly scanned the faces there; for she had immediately recognized, if her daughter had not, Madame Marton's despised companion, Shirley Livingstone, or, Mrs.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John



SCOUT UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT FOR HIKING.

## Hiking

**A** FEW days ago I asked a boy friend if he and his companions were doing any "hiking" and was much surprised when he turned to me with a blank stare on his face and answered, "No, er, I don't think so, in fact, I don't really know what you mean." This told me at once that he was not a Boy Scout, for all true members of that great world-wide organization know the sport and love it too. "To hike" means to walk but in the Scout sense, "hiking" means an organized tramping trip to a certain place, generally in the open country, for the accomplishment of a definite purpose. When a group of sturdy lads get together in the crisp, early morning, clad in their Scout uniforms, armed with staffs and the usual equipment, and with a merry whoop and hurrah, start off through the dew wet grass, that is "hiking."

But where are they going and what is the object of the trip? These are important points. There must be some definite plan, and there must be a leader and an assistant with well-defined authority. The distance one way should not be less than four miles one way nor more than eight. The course should be through woods or along a stream or historic trail or to a neighboring lake or town or spring, or to the home of a noted man or to the nearest government experimental station, or just a camping or fishing trip with Boy Scout trimmings. The patrol leader conducts the party and his assistant is next in authority. No weak or sickly lads should go because the trip will be bad for them and for the others, if the sick boys come. The leader decides this and maps out the course, decides where to stop for water or to try luck at fishing or to go in swimming, and when to come out and start for home. His word is law in matters of crossing a stream or fence or climbing a tree for nuts or following animal tracks, or where to build the fire and pitch the tent or what to cook. Of course he is over eighteen and generally the oldest in the party and must know boys and love them if he is to be cheerfully obeyed. His mission apart from having a good time himself, is to see that the Scouts obey the principles of Scoutcraft which means that they will be ever ready to help man or beast but never willing to harm them.

A word as to equipment. The Scout uniform is neat and comfortable, designed to stand rough usage, and will save your good clothes from the heavy wear incidental to outdoor play. You do not have to wear the uniform. Even a full-fledged Scout does not have to wear one. The Scout clothes are, like a pair of rubber boots in wet weather, a mighty good thing to have, but yet it is quite possible to get along without them. By all means get the suit if you can. You should earn the money to buy it, by doing some work in addition to and apart from your usual chores or duties. It may take some hard thinking and more hard work to accomplish this, but if you have the qualities that go to make a good Scout you can and will win out. Remember too, that one of the very few things that Boy Scouts are forbidden to do is to accept tips, that is to say, receive money for performing ordinary good turns. I haven't space to name the hundred odd things included in this term but will say that it means any common little courtesy or gentlemanly assistance that can be done in a few minutes or less. Outside of the uniform, much of the equipment may be home made. For instance, the staff carried may be a common broom handle, the axe can be an ordinary light one with short-curved handle and a shield fashioned out of canvas or leather, a piece of tough wrapping paper rolled will do for your map drawing. Your pocket can be found around home and a school book bag converted into a haversack. At least one of the party should have a watch and one a compass, and several should carry the Boy Scout Handbook. In fact every Boy Scout should have a compass. Material for bandages and first aid kit should be carried, and until you learn more about their use, may consist of a clean white cloth and metal jacketed vial of peroxide of hydrogen. A well-stocked waterproof match safe, extra shirt, soap and towel complete the list, which can seldom be reduced but may be added to if occasion demands. In an over-night trip you would need blankets, tents and grub. Of course a lunch should be carried on an all-day hike.

I have already suggested a dozen places suitable for a "hike." The object might be to track or free or photograph an animal, to visit a battlefield of history, to deliver a message from one major to another, to collect and classify leaves or wood specimens, to visit a noted place or simply to fish or gather nuts or berries. I fancy that some of the Comfort lads may not see a great deal of novelty in a trip to the wilds because they live in what city lads would call the open. Let me say this. There are persons living within ten miles of Niagara falls who never took time to visit the great cataract. Familiarity breeds contempt. They do not care to see it. The sight is so majestic and inspiring that thousands come from distant points to see it but these nearby folks are blind to it and do not realize it.

They have eyes but they see not. Perhaps it is the same with you country lads. You do not sense the endless charm and beauty and mystery that is in the neighboring woods. The crooning of the wind through the tall trees is only the echo of the song it can sing to your soul. Nature is a great book indeed, the most interesting of all, and you, who are close by, have never tried to read it. You need a mentor, a teacher, a guide to point out some of the wonders and explain some of the mysteries. The Boy Scouts,

through COMFORT, will do this for you. Our object will be to open up to a boy the value of his own surroundings. "Hiking" does just that, and there are so many things to learn that we will have to divide them into different groups and speak of each one under a distinct heading. Even with this arrangement, we can but briefly consider the following Boy Scout stunts,—finding direction, campcraft and tracking.

The first mentioned, we will treat in this article. Let us suppose that we are in a dense woods bound for a point northwest of the place from which we started. The patrol leader suddenly discovers a swamp and learns that instead of going in a true direction, we have been circling. This is a dilemma. We are lost. On all sides the view is the same. Nothing but an endless vista of trees confronts us, no matter which way we turn. To make matters worse it is quite late and there is some danger that we will have to spend the night in the woods. Most people have an utter horror of this. To add to our dismay a distant rumble of thunder can be heard, a snake scurries along, almost under our feet and a blinking owl sends forth a dismal hoot. In an ordinary group of boys, one of the smaller lads would begin to cry and wail, the others would turn pale and begin to talk excitedly, each loudly claiming he knew we were going out of the right course and laying the blame for getting lost on someone else. Instead of doing any good, this would only create bad feeling and cause the loss of valuable time and end in utter confusion.

If the crowd were composed of Scouts or those who are emulating their practices all would be different. In the first place, the start for home would have been made two and a half hours before sunset, unless an over-night stay was contemplated. Again they would have taken landmarks on the way in or marked the trail by hanging white strips of paper or cloth on bushes and trees. If, in spite of all precaution, they got lost, they would sit down and coolly figure out where and how the mistake had been made, and decide on a course of action. The leader's suggestions would be followed, unless he admitted being clearly at sea. To get your bearings someone should climb a high tree and look for a familiar landmark. As it is hard to shin up a tree of big girth we could utilize a bit of Scout knowledge, that is cut down a sapling and lean it up against the large trunk so that any wiry boy could clamber up into the branches of the big tree. Or you could use the sun for a guide. In this case, though it is possible to make a mistake of several hours in guessing the time, especially if you have been tramping since early morning. If the sun is obscured, get into a clearing and hold a knife blade upright on your watch crystal or piece of glass or bottom of a tin cup and the faint reflection will show you in what direction it really is. This is a hint to practice making observations of time and direction by the sun at various hours before starting on a long "hike." In most cases, it may be relied on, that moss will be found on the northern side of trees and the most limbs on the opposite side, but these signs are not absolutely reliable. The wind may help you to locate direction, if it has not changed. If a strong east wind was blowing at the start and a strong wind still continues it is very probable that it is still an east wind. If you have a watch with you you can use it for a compass. At six in the morning, the sun is nearly east, at nine, southeast, at noon, south, at three P. M. it is southwest, and at six nearly west. We here present a picture of the compass. You will notice that it is divided into 32 points. Each of these has a name so that in reality there are 32 directions instead of the four common ones, north, east, south and west, called the cardinal points. Rest the watch on a flat surface, face upwards with the hour hand pointing to the sun; then by holding it quite still and laying a piece of paper across the face of the watch so that it rests on the center and points halfway between the figure XII and the hour hand, you will get the line north to south from the paper. In other words the paper is pointing north and south if carefully placed in the position described. Many boys can tell time by the height of the sun in the heavens and this will be found very useful in Scout work.

Of course you know that the needle of the compass points to the north, not the true north, but the magnetic north which is near enough to the true north for Scout work. From this you can figure each of the other thirty-one directions. If you followed the compass or rather studied it and carefully noted your compass course on the way in you can easily find your way out by compass, no matter how trackless the land is. If night does befall, build a good fire, or if it is cold three of them. After a while rake away the

center one and lay down on the warm ground between the other two to rest.

A picture of the mariner's compass, as printed herewith, shows that there are thirty-two points. Each of these has a separate name and the ability of enumerating them in their proper order



THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

is called "boxing the compass." To become a second-class Scout a boy must be able among other things, to name the sixteen principal points of the compass and to become a first-class Scout, he must be able to box the compass, naming all the points and to point out a compass direction without the aid of the compass. The names of the thirty-two points beginning with the north and working around the circle are as follows:

North.	South.
North by East.	South by West.
North-Northeast.	South-Southwest.
Northeast by North.	Southwest by South.
Northeast.	Southwest.
Northeast by East.	Southwest by West.
East-Northeast.	West-Southwest.
East by North.	West by South.
East.	West.
East by South.	West by North.
East-Southeast.	West-Northwest.
Southeast by East.	Northwest by West.
Southeast.	Northwest.
Southeast by South.	Northwest by North.
South-Southeast.	North by West.
South by East.	Back to North again.

These terms are not baffling if you study them with method. First take the four main points, then include the four that occur between, namely: Northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest, next the eight points occurring between these, then the sixteen centrally between the given ones. A great aid is to make three separate drawings of the compass, one with eight points, one with sixteen and the last with thirty-two. The compass, like all things of human construction, falls short of being perfect. The hand or pointer is a balanced magnetic needle, which when it comes to rest points out the line of magnetic North and magnetic South. This does not, in general, coincide with the true North. The variation is different in different places, but for all purposes of finding direction it may be relied upon. In our latitude the needle moves slightly west during the early part of the day and then back again as the sun declines. Besides this any sudden change in the electrical condition of the atmosphere may cause a slight change.

At night the stars will be your guide and it is proper that you learn how to use them right away. If lost in a small boat you would have to depend absolutely on them or on your compass. The North Star always marks the true north, because it stands directly over the North Pole of the earth and never changes position while all

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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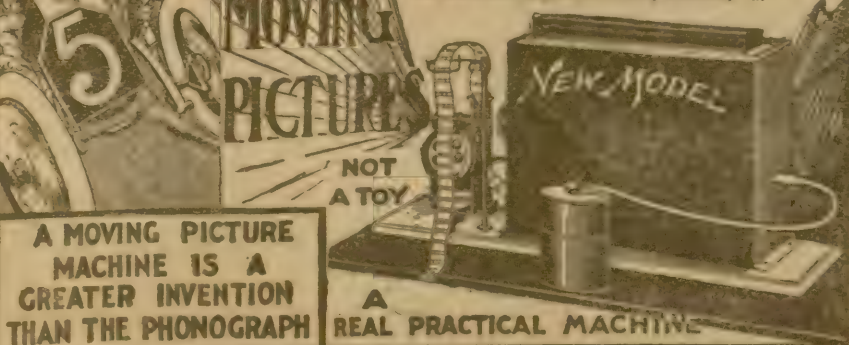
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## A Foolish Move

By Wallace Arthur

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**W**HEN the bleeding, gasping runner from the mine reached the village at the foot of the mountains, and gasped out his message, it concerned three people there: Gercy, who was in charge of the local office of the great Northern mining company; Stephen Reese, his assistant; and Evelyn Langdon, daughter of the retired mining engineer, who had once been in charge of the office.

Evelyn, her dark eyes flashing and girlish figure a-tremble, explained the situation to her father.

"The runner was from Stacey, in charge of the Arble mine. He says that his men are up in arms, and that he can do nothing with them, that he expects to be finished for good before Gercy can get help to him, but he wants, anyway, a man sent to recover the papers and plans he has hidden. And whom do you think Gercy has sent, father?" she asked, a quiver in her voice.

"Stephen! I should think it is Gercy's place to go himself; if Stephen should get killed—"

The gray veteran smiled. "In this country white men play for big stakes, my dear, and he who plays for big stakes must expect to pay big prices. Do you like Stephen better than George?"

She hesitated. "I like them both, but I love Stephen—I am pretty sure. I could never love George after this; I think he did a cowardly thing! He ought to have gone himself!"

"He is responsible to his company—"

"Tooh! there are many who would take his place and who could!"

"If you love Stephen so much go to Gercy, and tell him to assign someone else the job."

"There's no one else here."

"Then he'd go himself."

"I doubt it! In his heart, I almost think he believes that if he could get Stephen away—like that—he could have me—but he's mistaken!"

"Child, men do such things, but you have no reason—"

"I know, father, but it looks that way!"

He reacted for his pipe. "You go and tell him you do love Stephen and see," he said, serenely; "you'll learn then—who loves and who doesn't."

She left her father, her heart a little in turmoil; in her mind a picture of the blond, cheery, jovial, happy-go-lucky Stephen who had been such a good friend to her in a country where friends were scarce. She determined to see Gercy and ask him to send another, even if that person should be himself.

From his chair, Gercy, tall in figure, serene and firm of face, looked up; to her he was cool in greeting, but there was a quick light of joy in his eyes.

She refused the chair, and went straight to her errand. "George, I understand you are going to send Stephen to the mine. Please send someone else, for it may mean—it might mean Stephen's death!" She stopped suddenly, a frightful picture flashing in front of her of Stephen's blond head stained, of his—

"Yes—yes! George, do send someone—not him!" she begged, spurred on by the vision.

Gercy turned slowly to the desk. "I'm sorry—why do you wish another to go?" he asked, his voice low.

"Oh, because I don't want him—him—Oh, I love him! that's why!" she cried.

Gercy's figure stiffened. "I'm sorry, but I have already sent him."

She leaned back against the door, moaning a little. "Oh!"—the word was the only evidence of the hurt of the knowledge; then her father's fiery spirit burned through to speech.

"Why did you do that? I know—you were afraid to go! you wanted him!"

She turned and dashed through the door, fearful that the bitter words on her lips would escape. As she lay, a little later, in the lounge chair on the bungalow, an angry voice came to her from her father's den. "I'd like to know why in the devil he went off the way he did; everything is going to smash down there in the office. I don't know the game, and we've got—"

The voice died suddenly to a low tone, and she heard no more, but she saw, after a while, her father riding down the roadway with one of the young assistants in the office.

It was about ten o'clock when she heard from the room where she was reading to her father, the sound of hoofs down the road, which turned into their roadway.

A moment later, Stephen, dusty but smiling, came in. She went to him eagerly—"O Stephen—you're here and safe!"

"You bet!" he agreed genially.

"Had a long ride of it—but you couldn't get back this time, could you?" her father asked.

"No, not quite," the other answered.

She drew him out onto the porch of the bungalow, and into a shadowy corner, where they sat down.

"Tell me about it, Stephen, I've thought of you as up there—"

"No, Lyn, let's talk of something else. I'm in line for a new job—Gercy's job; and I want to get your promise to marry me and your father's consent, and do it all tonight!"

"Why! how—what do you mean?"

He squirmed uneasily and a little fretfully. "Just give me your promise, and trust me, dear, that's all. I love you, you know that," he said in a soft, wistful tone. "I shall have Gercy's place, and we can start—"

"How is that?" she asked. "Please tell me—don't be so careful—tell me!"

"Well, it's an iron rule of the company that no office manager ever be away from reach; you see, he's the only one who knows the code, and important messages come—well, Gercy has left the office, and broken the rule."

"What do you mean, left the office?" she demanded, a strange coolness settling around her heart, as she put two and two together.

He threw his putted leg over the other one. "Why, he's left—that's all."

"But where has he gone? How did you know?" she asked again.

Unwillingly the words came. "He caught up with me out near the Cano de Vert Spring, and told me to come back, that he would go on."

"Oh, I see," she said, with a quick breath. "It was a fool stunt; I could have done it as well as he; and why he did it is more than I know—for certain," he added.

"What did he say?" she questioned, her heart pounding slightly.

"He said that he discovered that you loved me, and he wouldn't have me killed for your sake; and he sent me back." He sat up. "Come, girlie, let's get down to business—you love me, don't you?"

She sat silent in the dusk; and her silence seemed to startle him. "Don't get any sentimental ideas in your head just because Gercy did that fool stunt."

"A fool stunt, you think?" she said gently. "A girl goes to him; he loves her—she sees it clear and bright in his eyes; and because she loves another more—he thinks—he deliberately dishonors himself in his company's estimation, and goes to—why Stephen, he's riding to his death! I saved you—no! he saved you!—Yet you call it a fool stunt."

"Oh, I don't know about that! Old Stacey is a fighter; I'll bet Gercy will find him marching round with a gun in each hand, and everything as peaceful as the plaza at noon," he said, carelessly.

"Perhaps," she said, but she was seeing something else—the gray, hurt face of Gercy as she had hung those last words at him.

"How did it happen, Stephen, that you were no further than the spring before he caught up with you. Were you riding hard?" she questioned again.

He said nothing for a little, and stirred uneasily; then his hot temper flared. "I'll tell you just what! I didn't intend to go up there at all until the trouble was over; I thought and knew that Gercy's plan was to send me and get rid of me so that he and you—"

She rose quickly. "Hush!" she said sharply. "I accused him of that, but we both know better."

She paused as a horseman rode up the roadway and turned the corner of the porch, and went on back to her father's side.

Stephen got to his feet. "I suppose this means a long good by," he said bitterly; "someday, you'll learn—"

"I have learned—many things; one that I never could marry a man who loitered on the way, while a man to whom he might be a friend in need was fighting for his life. Good-night!"

As she entered the house, she saw one of the men from the office leave. Her father turned to her, and his old eyes were alight.

"My dear, word has come from the hills that Gercy arrived in time to take hold of things and save the mine from being gutted, but he's got a bad stab wound. I've been taking charge of the cables since he left; years ago I was in Gercy's place, and I've saved his job for him. Here's a note thanking me. They've got him down. I'm going to go and see how he's coming on."

"Wait, father, let me go too!" she begged, and turned away to get a light wrap.

Behind her back the old engineer smiled.

## Kit Carson, the Famous Scout

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

by a force of Mexicans greatly outnumbering his little army; and, after several days of hard fighting and harder marching, was finally brought to bay on the summit of a little hill, where he was quickly surrounded by the Mexicans. He could march no further. The Mexican forces had become too powerful. He could not even defend his present position for more than a few days; and unless rescued, must soon surrender to the Mexicans; and there was no rescue nearer than San Diego; California; and no one at San Diego knew of his imminent peril.

A council of war was called; and it was decided that their only hope lay in getting word of their plight to Commodore Stockton at San Diego. But, who would carry the message? A treble guard of Mexicans completely surrounded the encampment; and, if these were safely passed, there yet remained the hundred miles of dangerous wilderness to be traversed!

All hesitated, until, at last, just as hope had almost died out, Kit Carson stepped up to General Kearney.

"I will go, General," he said. "As soon as it becomes dark, I will be ready to start."

"And I will go with you," volunteered Lieutenant Beale, then of the United States Navy, but later to win fame as one of our most daring and successful explorers.

Accordingly that night the two men started on their dangerous mission. In order to make as little noise as possible while passing through the Mexican lines, they took off their shoes and tucked them under their belts. Once their discovery seemed certain. A Mexican sentinel dismounted from his horse to light his cigarette with his flint and steel not a dozen feet from where they lay hugging the ground as closely as possible; but providence was with them, for the Mexican, after leisurely lighting his cigarette, mounted his horse and rode off, never dreaming that two desperate Americans lay almost within his hand. At last the wonderful skill of Kit Carson brought them safely through the Mexican lines; and only the one hundred miles of wilderness remained.

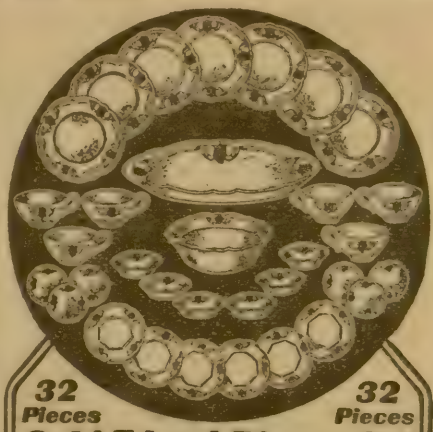
Their first thought now was to get their shoes on their feet; but, when they felt in their belts, the shoes were gone. They had lost them; and must make that rough journey, over jagged rocks and plains covered with cactuses and prickly pears, barefooted! But again grit and skill won out; for the next night they reached San Diego, almost completely worn out and with their feet in a frightful condition.

Commodore Stockton immediately sent aid to General Kearney; and a few days later he and his army entered San Diego—saved by Kit Carson.

At the close of the Mexican War Kit Carson returned to his family in New Mexico. He now again determined to give up his roving life and to become a peaceful farmer. Accordingly he and a mountaineer friend by the name of Maxwell purchased ranches in a beautiful little valley called Rayado; and here, at last, Kit Carson began to enjoy something of what it meant to have a home of his own. But even the farming of Kit Carson would not be called a peaceful occupation by the farmers of today. He was in the Indian country, and was obliged to be constantly on his guard against their depredations. Then, so great was his fame as an Indian fighter, that, whenever an Indian outrage was committed near him, he was one of the first men appealed to for aid in punishing the rascals. To these appeals he always responded promptly; and few, indeed, were the Indian miscreants who escaped their just punishment, when Kit Carson was the leader of the pursuing whites.

A number of years now passed in comparative quiet and peace. Then the bold spirit of Kit Carson began to grow restless. The memories of other days came upon him. He longed once more to experience the wild, free life of the trapper, to revisit the glorious mountains and streams that he loved so well, to head one more great trapping expedition, with his old trapper-friends for his comrades. Accordingly he collected eighteen of his old companions of the trap and the rifle, everyone of them an old mountaineer, for this last farewell trip to the scenes all knew and loved so well. What a greeting of old friends that must have been! What a journey for all those old trappers to make! They revisited many of their old trapping grounds, they lived over the old days surrounded by the old scenes; and then they returned satisfied. They had said their farewells to the mountains and streams, to the rifle and the trap; and now could settle down content to live a more quiet life.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)



**32 Pieces**  
**Gold Edged Dinner Set**  
**For a Few Hours Easy Work**  
Every piece pure white, high grade china—edged with gold. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to-the-minute and of undoubted quality. Guaranteed not to crack. Will add beauty to any table. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful Art Pictures 18x20 inches (sold for \$1.00 each in many stores with 15 cans of White Clover) for \$1.00 each in many stores with 15 cans of White Clover. Give, which you sell at 25c each. Send us the \$3.00 collected and the set is yours. We've been making these offers for 17 years. The Wilson plan is the easiest—and absolutely square. No money required. Simply send name and address. Pictures and Silver sent promptly prepaid.  
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. #208, Tyrone, Pa.

## Health Course FREE

If your name does not already appear on our mailing list and if you are at all interested in health development—we want you to accept a complete Six-Months' Course of instruction absolutely free.

**Lessons All Based Upon Bernarr Macfadden's New Science of Physicocutopathy**  
They furnish concrete evidence of the superiority of Macfadden's methods and fully explain the modern science of building health and treating disease. Simply write your name and address across this ad. in pencil and mail today to

**BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTHATORIUM**  
4200 Grand Boulevard Chicago, Illinois

**This Razor FREE**  
We will give one \$2.00 Razor free of charge to the first customer in each locality. Send your name and address to us for a 15 days trial. If you wish to keep it send us \$1.50 for our High-Grade Strop, Hone and Brush and the Razor is yours. Address: **GENEVA SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 185, CHICAGO**

**Genuine Diamond Ring FREE**  
Just sell 24 packages Gold Eye Needles at 6c. Easy to sell 24 pkgs. and profitable for 10c. When sold return the \$1.20 and this gold ring set with Genuine Diamond chips yours. Order today. Keystone Nov. Co., 5, Ring Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

**FREE BOOK ON DRINK HABIT**  
Wives, mothers and men themselves are reporting by the hundreds a really effective, safe, quick acting home method of overcoming the drink habit. A very interesting book, giving important information, illustrated, will be mailed in plain wrapper free, by the author, Edward J. Woods, 634 Sixth Ave., D 147, New York, N. Y., to anyone who applies. Show this advertisement to others.

**SKUNK** We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat, and all raw Furs. Price list free. **M. J. Jewett & Sons, REDWOOD, N. Y. Dept. 8.**

**OLD COINS WANTED.** \$1 to \$500 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1854. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. **ROCKWELL & CO., 3365 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.**

**GIRLS** all over world want to exchange post cards. **DIRECTORY FREE.** Box 314 A. A. Kansas City, Mo.

**FITS** Wonderful results in worst cases. Large \$3 bottle FREE. Sent by mail. Write **The Cura Co., Sta. 7, COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

**Understand, you get both of these fine dolls as one prize; also Dolly's Clothes Line**

**Read What My Little Friends Say**

### They Won My Heart

P. J. Allen, Mgr., Dear Sir: I am very pleased with the dolls you sent to me. Baby Cuddles is just grand. I take him to bed with me every night. They certainly did win my heart when I saw them in the box. Cuddles is just the thing for me. The French doll is beautiful. Some time in the near future I will try for the other prizes. I am so pleased with this one. If I take more pictures I hope I will be as successful this time. Elizabeth Edlund, Germantown, Phila. (Chestnut Hills).

### Lots of Fun

P. J. Allen, Mgr., Dear Sir: I received my two dolls the other day and am very much pleased with them. I have lots of fun with them, especially with little Cuddles, who is just like a real little baby boy. I never thought that I would get the fine dolls. I thank you very, very much for them and I hope to get other fine presents before Xmas. Ella Lund, 3811 Osgood St., Chicago, Ill.

### Thank You

P. J. Allen, Mgr., Dear Sir: I received my dolls some time ago, but I was so pleased with them that I nearly forgot to write. Everyone who sees them thinks they are very pretty and think I did fine—I am going to keep my French doll for Xmas—Thanking you for your premium. Mildred Garnett, Oxford, Ohio.

### Couldn't Laugh More

P. J. Allen, Mgr., Dear Sir: I received my dolls yesterday. I think they are the nicest dolls I ever saw. There is a little child around here and Cuddles just looks like him. Mama laughed so much about Cuddles that she couldn't laugh any more. Many thanks for the dolls. Luella Holzmeier, R. R. 2, Box 49, Waterloo, Ill.

### DOLLY'S CLOTHES LINE



## STYLISH FRENCH LADY AND CUDDLES DOLL SENSATION 2 FINE DOLLS GIVEN AWAY FREE TO GIRLS A GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL

with Genuine French Bisque Head and unbreakable Body—she has handsome wavy curly hair and real eye-lashes. The arms, elbows, legs, are jointed and can be moved in a wonderfully lifelike way. She wears dainty slippers and stockings. She is beautiful, exquisite. Her eyes move and eyelids close when she lies down. She will almost wink at you. We can't begin to tell you what a Grand Doll this is. You must get her, have her in your own arms to appreciate her. She is actually eighteen inches tall.

### Did You Ever See a Prettier Doll?

Look at the picture—see the rosy mouth, with the pearly teeth. My, but you will be happy when you get her, as you will be the envy of every other girl in your whole neighborhood. She is a beautiful creation; she is truly a stylish little lady. Her clothing is all in separate garments; each piece can be taken off, and she can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish. Look at the pretty stockings and the real slippers with the pretty buckle. My, but she is a real stunning creation and makes everybody who sees her exclaim, "Isn't she beautiful!"

### The Doll With the Baby Stare!



**CUDDLES.** The Doll with the Baby Stare, is the real darling of a Doll! Makes Everybody Laugh. Everybody wants to get hold of Cuddles and squeeze him the minute they see him; you will want to do the same, you can't help it. He is dressed Sailor-Boy Fashion, with cap, blouse, etc., exactly as shown in the picture. And his eyes, just look at them—they make you laugh the minute you see them. Look at the smiling, roguish face. He is a wonder. He is so real, so lifelike, the very image of a real live baby. He can be dressed and undressed just like your other dolls. You can make him stand up or sit down. When you see him and hold him you will be delighted. Every little girl—and big girl, too—in the land, will want one of these baby dolls, they are so real. The picture does not begin to show you how sweet and lovable he is.

Both of these dollies are given as one premium and are packed securely in a good strong box. No matter where you live, they will reach you in perfect condition. Remember you get both of these fine dolls and Dolly's Clothes Line as an extra present, all packed in a box and delivered to you—all charges prepaid. How to get

### Both Dolls for Your Very Own

Send name and address and I will mail 14 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors, wrought together in the most splendid manner. Distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 14 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$3.50. Send the \$3.50 to me, and I will immediately send you **Free**—all charges prepaid—both of these beautiful dolls, also the following—

**Extra Present of Dolly's Clothes Line,** a new and original toy, both amusing and instructive, consists of 20 feet of best cotton rope, 2 metal pulleys and 15 dozen clothes pins. This combination is given free with the two dolls, packed in a strong box and sent prepaid.

**Cuddles, the Doll with the Baby Stare**

**P. J. Allen, Mgr., 649 W. 43d Street, Dept. 485 New York**

Actually 1/2-Yard Tall

**UN-BREAK-ABLE BODY**



## FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today.

### FREE ASTHMA COUPON

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Nagant and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

## Law Should Stop Sale of Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

Wrong To Buy Anything for Rupture  
Without Getting 60 Days Trial

Depending on leg-strap or spring trusses—like shown below—is little less than slow suicide. They are almost sure to shorten your life. It's next to impossible to make them hold without hurting. They are simply a curse to wear.



Away With Leg-Strap  
and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluete Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing leg-strap and spring. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstore should not more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbug—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 68—Cluete Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

## Why Quit Tobacco?

You are probably chewing or smoking to excess and this is seriously injuring your brain power, heart, stomach, kidneys, nerves and general system. You are committing slow suicide needlessly because you have become a slave to the habit.

You need not quit but gain gradual control over your habit, gently, pleasantly so that you have no morbid craving and can get far better satisfaction out of a tenth of the quantity of tobacco you are now consuming. Let us send you our book—it is something different from the usual sort—explains how you may easily shake off the shackles of tobacco and become a healthy, strong, cheerful person, enjoying your safe and sane social smoke or chew and proving to all how much your efficiency has developed. This book will come free postpaid, Albro Company, 154 East 32d Street (35th A.), New York City. Or send fifty cents, stamps, and get the remedy itself with book. Money back if you are not thoroughly satisfied.



### Are You Troubled

with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

### AGENTS WANTED

Sell our Big 11 Bottle Sarsaparilla for only \$5.00. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. 200% Profit. Complete with pure drug law. Write NOW for terms. F. R. Greene, 307 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 8, Chicago.

**X-RAY KATHODESCOPE.** Everybody wants it; tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see best girl, fellow, objects through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price, 25 cents. Stamps or Silver. KATHOS CO., 125 E. 25th St., N. Y. CITY.

### CARDS

New Series 10 Color Pennant Post Cards and Name Cards (all sizes). Illustrated Letters in all colors of America. Life Photographs, true to nature, in color. They will not discolor the skin or break the hair. Nice for a birthday present or souvenir gift. Premium No. 435.

Send stamp for postage. UNION CARD CO., B. 8 Columbus, Ohio.

## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

As much as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to debt, but that if he properly described his property at the time of such payment, and the tax collector misapplied such payment he could legally compel the county officials to rectify the mistake, unless he allowed the assessment to stand until the statute of limitations barred his claim for relief; this time in your case we think would depend upon how long ago you discovered the mistake.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

H. E. O., North Dakota.—We think that it would be committing a fraud to take out a life insurance policy in contemplation of suicide, and that the beneficiary under such policy would not be able to collect the insurance money, unless the terms of the policy, as many do, provide otherwise; we think that some policies contain suicide clauses, and that many contain clauses making the policy uncontestable after running one year.

J. O. T., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of New Mexico, we think it is the duty of a property owner to locate his property at the time he pays taxes upon same, and that if he does not properly describe same at the time of such payment, and such payment owing to his fault becomes credited as a payment on someone else's property, he would have no legal way of compelling the county officials to rectify his mistake, but that if he properly described his property at the time of such payment, and the tax collector misapplied such payment he could legally compel the county officials to rectify the mistake, unless he allowed the assessment to stand until the statute of limitations barred his claim for relief; this time in your case we think would depend upon how long ago you discovered the mistake.

W. M., Montana.—We are of the opinion that a bankrupt, in filing a voluntary petition in bankruptcy should set out in such petition as assets every item of property both real and personal belonging to him at the time of filing the petition, and that such of these items as are allowed the bankrupt by law as exceptions should be claimed as exemptions in such petition. We think a claim upon a judgment, note, open account or the claims of a joint debtor or endorser of a note can be discharged by bankruptcy if properly set forth in the petition; we think the name, address, amount and the nature or description of the indebtedness of each creditor must be set out in the petition in order to discharge the debt; we do not think bankruptcy will discharge a tort or an indebtedness based upon fraud.

L. M., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all real and personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent, as also the increase of all such lands, remain her separate property, that during the marriage the husband has the management of her separate property, but that upon her death, if she leaves no will and leaves a husband and child, the husband would receive one third of the personal property, absolutely, and a one third interest for life in the real estate, the balance going to her child, that the husband's children by a former marriage would not receive any part of her estate, except such part as might eventually reach them through their father's inheritance; we think a community exists in your state and that all property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage, except in the manner heretofore enumerated, is considered the community property, and upon the death of either party one half of the community property goes to the survivor, and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased.

Mrs. H. G., Wisconsin.—We think Indiana relies have a value depending upon how good the specimen and upon its rarity; we think that if you owned one and gave it away you cannot recover it unless its present owner voluntarily returns it to you, but that if you only loaned it you are legally entitled to its return, and that upon such a request being refused, you have a just cause of action for its money equivalent.

Mrs. W. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a cause of action could be maintained against the officer making a sale of property under an illegal levy; from the facts furnished by you, we can form no opinion as to the legality of the levy or other proceeding you mention.

Brother, Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, the widow would receive one half of the community property, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of a deceased child taking the parent's share; the widow would also receive from his property other than the community, one third of the real estate and a life estate of one third of the real estate, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of a deceased child taking the parent's share; we think that children may be disinherited by will. A widow who was a second wife would not receive any intestate community rights in the community property of her husband and a former wife except the share in the husband's share thereof, but think her husband's child or children by such former wife, upon the death of their mother intestate acquired a one half interest in the community property of their father and mother, and that their father cannot now have more than a one half interest in such community property to his second wife.

Mrs. E. J. B., Idaho.—We do not think parents should or could have their minor son sent to a reform school for expressing a desire to be married; if school for age of consent we think it might be possible under the age of consent annulled in case he actually got married; we think children often pay too little heed to their parents' advice but we think the parents should not try to send a child to prison unless he is guilty of some far greater crime than a foolish desire to get married.

Miss S. G., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving a widow and no child or descendant, and leaving no will, if he leaves a father, mother, brother or sister or a descendant of a brother or sister, the widow would receive one half his estate, but if he leaves no child, descendant, parent, brother, sister or descendant of any such the whole estate would go to the widow. That the children of the widow by a former marriage would derive no share in their stepfather's estate unless some provision was made for them by will, and except such as might eventually come to them through their mother.

E. M. B., Oklahoma.—We are of the opinion that the acts of a descendant of a descendant's estate are subject to the confirmation by the court which appointed him and that if he misappropriated funds or makes fraudulent sales of property he can be held accountable for his acts; we think if the administrator you mention sold the property you mention below its value and without proper notice you should be able

to set the sale aside, but that if the sale was legally conducted and you neglected to attend the sale or be represented at the sale and the price was adequate, we do not think you can now have it set aside.

Mrs. G. W., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a mining claim in South Dakota would not be exempt to a judgment debtor in your state, provided, of course, the judgment creditor pressed the collection of his claim in the proper action in South Dakota, and provided the judgment debtor is a resident of Iowa.

Mrs. W. F., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman intestate, leaving a surviving husband, no child or children or descendants, her estate after payment of debts and subject to a few limitations which do not ordinarily apply, would go one half to her husband and one half to her kindred, if no kindred the whole estate would go to the husband; kindred include parents, brothers and sisters and their descendants.

A Subscriber, Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if your father's land is properly fenced he is entitled to the money damages sustained by him by reason of the trespassing thereon of his neighbor's bull; if his neighbor refuses to pay him such damages, we think it will be necessary for him to bring a suit in court to enforce the collection of his damages.

Mrs. M., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will and leaving no widow surviving, his estate would go in equal shares to his children, of course such division would apply to only the surplus of the property left by him after the payment of all his just debts, funeral expenses and expenses of administration of his estate; unless the real estate was sold under some court judgment and the deed given by some officer appointed by the court, we think the signature of all the children would be necessary to the deed, and that, in any event, all the children were entitled to notice of such sale; we think the personal property should have been sold by the administrator appointed by the court to administer the estate, and that such administrator can be legally compelled to account to each and everyone of the persons interested in the estate, if he does not do this, we think a court proceeding should be brought against him to compel him to do so.

Mrs. E. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and children, his estate would be divided in equal shares between his widow and children, the widow taking a child's part; we think children may be disinherited by will, but that the widow is entitled to at least a child's part; we think, however, that a will or conveyance made by a man ninety-six years old leaving everything to his widow to whom he has been married only one year would be closely scrutinized by the courts in any action brought by one or more of his children to set the same aside, and that in case any undue influence, or lack of mental capacity was established, such will or conveyance would be set aside; we think community of the property acquired after marriage by the husband and wife exists in some states, but not in yours.

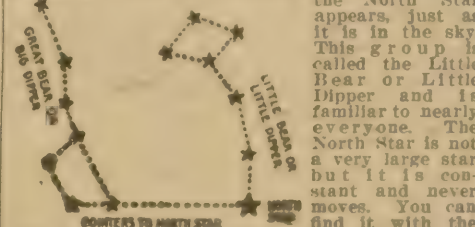
M., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow, to whom he was married since November 1, 1880, and children, his estate would be divided in equal shares between his widow and children, the widow taking a child's part; we think children may be disinherited by will, but that the widow is entitled to at least a child's part; we think, however, that a will or conveyance made by a man ninety-six years old leaving everything to his widow to whom he has been married only one year would be closely scrutinized by the courts in any action brought by one or more of his children to set the same aside, and that in case any undue influence, or lack of mental capacity was established, such will or conveyance would be set aside; we think community of the property acquired after marriage by the husband and wife exists in some states, but not in yours.

## A Corner for Boys

The Boy Scouts of America

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

other stars move through the heavens rising in the east and going down in the west. We have drawn a picture of the group of stars in which the North Star appears, just as it is in the sky.



This group is called the Little Bear or Little Dipper and is familiar to nearly everyone. The North Star is not a very large star but it is constant and never moves. You can find it with the aid of the two bright stars in the Big Dipper which always point to the North Star and are called the Pointers. The Big Dipper is also called the Great Bear. It can only be seen from the north side of the world. It is the most important group in the sky. It is almost as good as a watch for measuring time by night, because it goes around the North Star once in about twenty-four hours, but the two Pointers always point to the North Star. The position of the Pointers changes with the seasons. Each fifteen days they gain an hour, and in three months it amounts to one quarter of the circle. In a year of course it will gain the whole circle. According to a great living authority there are seven thousand stars visible to the naked eye and of those only nineteen are of the first magnitude. Three of these great stars are visible from the latitude of New York and the other six belong to the South Polar region of the sky. You can always find direction by the aid of the stars, whether on land or sea and you should study them with that end in view. Next month we will talk of Campercraft.

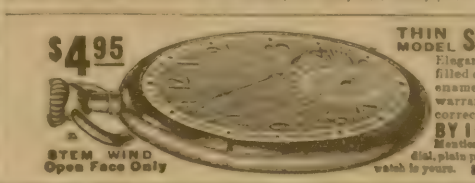
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If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give full name and address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 348 Pearl St., New York.

65 Christmas Tags, Seals, Cards, Stamps 10c  
22 Beautiful Thanksgiving, Christmas Post Cards 10c  
10c—12 hand-painted Thanksgiving, Christmas post cards 25c  
25 Panama Canal Views 15c. C. TEPPER, 148 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Watch to your.

## This Wife and Mother Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her  
And Learn How She did it

For over 20 years James Anderson of 474 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

## Highest Prices For Hides and FURS

Paid by "BIGGS" at Kansas City.

Millions will be paid for Furs this season. With you get your share! We must have more furs to supply our enormous demand. We have you all commissions and offer more advantages. HIGHEST PRICES; Reliable Quotations; Liberal Trading; Quick Returns. Fur Shipments Held Separate on Request. 32 years square dealing. Make Big Money Trapping!

Our Free Trappers' Guide tells how to trap, and traps, guns, ammunition, etc., at wholesale prices. FREE! Price lists, traps and traps. E. W. BIGGS & CO., 502 Biggs Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.



**FREE** Everything you want to know about the camera. Write for free book. J. C. DORN, 709 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 24, Chicago, Ill.

## LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary; and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loaded at fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents; or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dept. Y. Frenchtown, N. J.

## Sterling Silver Finger Rings



With Semi-Precious Stone Settings

The new, popular case is for these little finger rings, also known as shirt-waist rings, and usually worn on the small finger of left hand. Coral in any form or color is the proper thing this season. We have these rings in Coral, Jade and Turquoise matrix. Mountings are solid sterling silver in a neat pattern, as shown. Every young lady is wearing a little finger ring, all the jewelers, dry-goods and department stores are showing them in great varieties, years since any similar case was so universally popular. You should have and wear a sterling silver finger ring. Coral is reddish pink, Jade is light green, and Turquoise matrix blue. Order color preferred, and give correct measurement of your little finger. Premium No. 541.

Special Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Rings free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all if for your own use, or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**THIN SOLID GOLD FILLED GUARANTEED \$4.95**  
Model 20 YEARS. Elegant plain polished or engraved, screw back and bezel, dust proof gold filled case (guarantee stamped in case) open face gold sunburst or white enamel dial, fixed with 7 ruby jeweled adjusted patent lever movement, warranted a correct timekeeper. Before you buy a watch send us your correct post office address and we will send you this beautiful watch BY INSURED PARCEL POST C.O.D. \$4.95. Send us 15¢ for Ladies' 0 size, Boys 14 or 16 size, white enamel or gold sunburst dial, plain polished or engraved back, pay your purchase over postal note price \$4.95 only and the watch is yours. Mutual Sales Co., A18, 306 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

## Flexible Silvered Chain Bandeau

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to wear both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking for between the two roped chains are large brilliant which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different stones. They are especially attractive when worn in the evening, and will make a great addition to your toilet. The bandeau is almost a foot long and covers three quarters of an inch wide in the center, tapering and when worn on the neck it can be held together by a clasp. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and

down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in illustration. When worn on the hair it can easily be adjusted with hairpins, and under the glare of the lights or sun the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfectly beautiful. Premium No. 435.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these handsome and becoming bandeaus free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





**LIFE SIZE DOLL FREE**  
2 1/2 Ft. High  
Handsome, unbreakable, life size, cloth doll, big as a baby, can wear baby clothes. Pretty face with pink cheeks, red lips, bright eyes and blonde head. This lovely great doll can be dressed and undressed and put to bed just like a real baby. We give with it FREE an extra premium of two pretty 8 inch dolls. All three dolls given for selling 12 pkgs. Blaine at ten cents each. Write for Blaine.

**BLUINE MFG. CO.,**  
848 Mill St., Concord Jct. Mass.



### 25 Post Cards 10c Christmas, New Years

Birthday, Friendship, Flowers, Happy Children, Pretty Girls, Scenery, in rich colors, some embossed with gold. Dainty, attractive, charming—big bargains. Everyone delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. 5 packages 25 cents; 13 packages \$1.00.

**STANDARD ART CO., CHICAGO**  
27 S. CLINTON ST.

## FITS

I have treated Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness with remarkable success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. G.A. Duckworth, Norwood, Ga., says: "I am a sufferer from Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness. I have tried many remedies but have not found relief. I want every sufferer to send for a FREE 16-c. bottle of my wonderful medicine today. Give age and address and describe case."

**DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 253 Kansas City, Mo.**

**THE ROSEN "X" RAY WONDER**  
Here Boys is what you WANT. With this little instrument you can apparently see through clothes. Even the flesh turns transparent and the bones can be seen. Think of the fun you can have with it. Sample 10 cents. Royal Novelty Co., DEPT. 7, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

**"LET ME"**  
read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

## Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Improved by the addition of corn. The general conclusion, as reported in "Experiment Station Work" is that with alfalfa hay alone it requires 110 to 120 days to fit lambs for the local market with light grain ration (one quarter pound per head per day), 100 to 110 days with medium grain ration (one half pound), 90 to 100 days; and with heavy grain ration (one pound), 70 to 80 days. Gains were as great, but not so rapid, with one quarter pound of corn per head daily as with one half pound. The cost of grain increased with an increase in the grain ration.

**FEEDING ALFALFA HAY TO HOES.**—I notice that you advise feeding alfalfa hay to swine in winter time. Please tell us how to do so in an economical way.

A.—Most men simply scatter the hay in the yard to make the sows take exercise in eating the fodder. The exercise is an important item; but a good deal of hay is wasted by trampling and soiling. The commoner way is to place the hay in a low rack and let the sows pull it out as required. This also leads to waste. A new and better plan is to place the hay in a box about six feet long, 20 inches wide, and 20 inches deep, with a cover and with three round openings about 10 inches in diameter on the front side with a space of about 10 inches between the openings. Tests of this device at the Wyoming experiment station show that loss is prevented by use of this box. When the cover is closed the pigs can only gain access to the hay through the openings on the front of the box and so cannot trample and waste it. Furthermore the use of this box prevents loss of alfalfa leaves which drop from the stalks very readily when the hay is handled.

**HOUSING MACHINERY.**—When farm machinery is housed does one have to oil it at the time of laying it past for the winter? The housing would seem to be sufficient, unless in very damp climates? P. R., Kans.  
A.—It is a fine thing when men are careful to house their farm machinery in tight, dry houses or sheds. Such housing alone will do much to lengthen the life and service of any kind of implement; but it always is best, in our opinion to thoroughly cleanse a machine before it is put past for the winter. After cleansing each part all wearing surfaces should be well oiled, or wearing parts may be well greased with tallow or axle grease. The latter is the better practice. Oil tends to dry off. It is best used when the machine is in use. It also is a good plan to paint the exposed parts, after they have been cleansed. Paint, oil and grease, in addition to suitable housing, preserve machinery for many years, whereas the machinery that is exposed to the weather and never painted, oiled or greased, soon goes to wreck and ruin. One can judge of the farmer, his intelligence, success and prosperity by the way in which he cares for his farm tools. Proper care in this one respect means good general care of the entire farm.

**GRADES OF CREAM.**—What is first grade cream?  
A.—You doubtless refer to the Kansas Experiment Station work in this connection which shows that the different flavors and qualities of cream correspond quite closely to its sourness, or the amount of acid which develops in cream. As a result of this work a simple, accurate test was devised by which cream can be graded according to its market value and in absolute fairness to all. The standard for first-grade cream has been drawn at a point where cream is about twice as sour as sweet cream on the point of turning. Cream which comes in this class is said to be first grade, as it will make a very good grade of butter. In some communities farmers having their cream graded are receiving two cents more for first-grade cream than for second-grade cream. In some communities only two-thirds of the cream is first-grade and in others nearly nine tenths is first-grade, depending upon the care given the cream. As more is paid for the first-grade cream those having second-grade cream are stimulated to improve their methods of caring for cream so that they, too, may be paid the higher price for the better article.

**BLACK RASPBERRIES.**—There are two varieties of raspberries offered on our local market which appear very much alike. One is called black raspberry and the other black caps. What is the difference if any?  
A.—There is no difference. "Black caps" is simply the name given to the black varieties of raspberries, "red caps" to the red varieties and "purple caps" to the purple raspberries, presumably because of the color and the close resemblance of the berry to a cap.

**WHICH BREED OF HORSES?**—What breed would you advise me to use for the grading up of draft horses for sale in the large cities?  
A.—We scarcely care to advise in favor of anyone breed. There are six draft breeds, viz: Percheron, French Draft, Belgian, Shire, Clydesdale and Suffolk. Percherons greatly exceed other breeds in numbers throughout the country. Each breed, properly used, will grade up horses into fine and profitable heavy draft stock for the city markets. At the Stock Yards, Chicago, there is a three-top-cross Clydesdale named "Tramont" that weighs some 2200 pounds. He was bred in Wisconsin, by the successive use of two imported, purchased Clydesdale stallions. This year's record was \$1,600 for a mare to this horse. At the same time there are many big gray grade Percheron geldings. Mixed breeding and crossing sometimes produce valuable big draft horses, but the safer plan is to start with one pure blood of size, color, shape, sound, and grade marks of that type and then grade to the more desired pure after pure until the farm owner is reasonably pure. You will make no mistake in so breeding from anyone of the six breeds mentioned; but it is best to use your own judgment and taste and if possible choose the breed most common and popular in your state and home district.

## Dolly Prim's Thanksgiving Three Wheel Chairs in October

209 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I had hoped it might be more than three. However, that is one more than we sent out in October of last year, and besides that we have also made up the deficit of 71 subscriptions that we fell short of earning the four September chairs. And in September we sent out two more chairs than in September a year ago. So in September and October together, this year, we gained three chairs over the same two months of last year. This makes a good start for this fall, and let us try to keep up the same gain all through the coming year.

Following are the names of the recipients of the three October wheel chairs. The figures after each name indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Flo Marie Cole, Mont Alto, Pa., 153; Alice Wilburn, R. R. 2, Box 10, Fort Payne, Ala., 116; Mrs. W. H. Murphy, Athens, Texas, 100.

You naturally like to know something about those whom you help to get the wheel chairs, so I give you what Mrs. Theron Cole writes me about her little daughter, Flo Marie, by which you will see what blessed help it will be to both mother and crippled daughter:

"Dear Mr. Gannett—Please credit me with 49 more subscriptions toward wheel chair for my little girl, Flo Marie. She is 10 years old, four feet tall and weighs 70 pounds. So you see she is quite a burden for me to handle as she cannot use her hands, arms or feet at all. I am working hard for her wheel chair and when it comes I shall have to do the wheeling of her around. My next club will be sent soon, and may be larger than any. Very truly yours, Mrs. Theron Cole."

Mrs. Cole and her friends have sent the 153 subscriptions for Flo Marie's chair since the middle of August.

Here is what Alice Wilburn writes me about herself:

"Dear Mr. Gannett—In reply to your letter of August 29 will say: My height is four and one half feet, my weight 80 pounds. I cannot use my feet, and only use my right hand. I have never walked in my life. Very truly yours, Alice Wilburn."

The 116 subscriptions for her chair, all sent by her and her friend S. A. Gains, have been received since the middle of August.

Mrs. W. H. Murphy sent her 100 subscriptions all in a bunch on October 8th, just in time and just enough, as it happens this month, to win an October wheel chair with the help of the Club.

These three are good illustrations of how quickly shut-ins, who with their friends take hold energetically, can obtain a wheel chair with the aid of the Club.

When this reaches you, my dear readers, Thanksgiving will be approaching, and again I beseech you to be mindful of the poor, destitute shut-ins who are suffering for wheel chairs and do all you can to make our November distribution of wheel-chair blessings as large as possible; it was four last November and it surely ought to be five or six this month.

To celebrate the beginning of COMFORT'S 26th year, I shall give a wheel chair myself and add it to those which the Club earns for November. Thus my Thanksgiving donation to the shut-ins will be the equivalent of 200 subscriptions. How many will yours be? And I ask this of each and all. Get your name in the Roll of Honor in December COMFORT, if you can, but any way, some way manage to send at least one subscription in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

I haven't much space left for letters of thanks this month, but the Roll of Honor is interesting.

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little less each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Can Roll Himself Around in the House and Out in the Fresh Air

ARCADIA, S. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:  
I want to thank you very much for my wheel chair. It gives me more comfort than anything I have had in a long time. I can roll myself around in the house and outside to enjoy the fresh air. My thanks also to those who helped me get it. Wishing you the success and happiness which your good deeds deserve. I am, Yours truly,  
H. C. DUNN.

His COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Blessing to Him and His Aged Mother

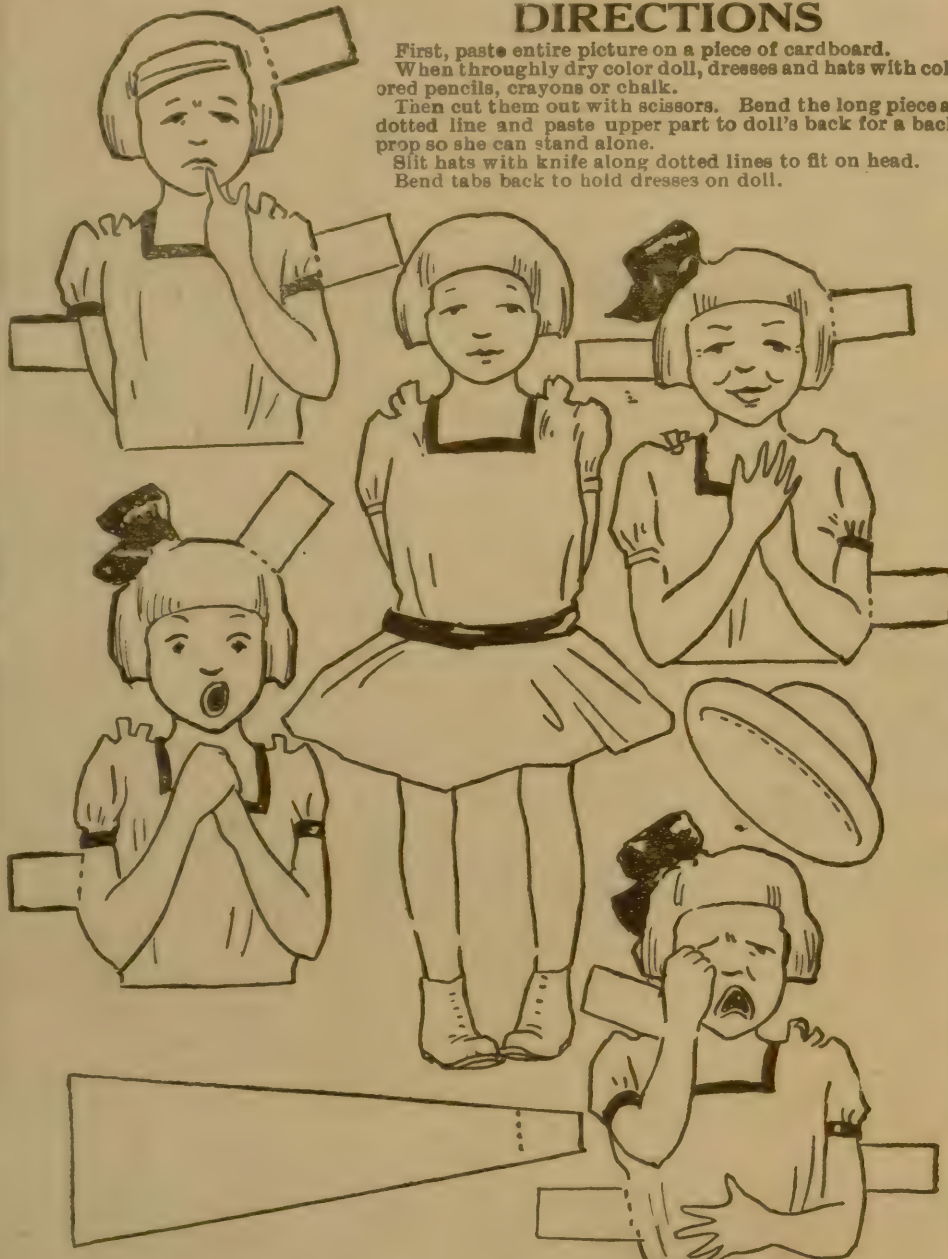
MARGEBUM, ALA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:  
Mr. Jim Thon wishes me to write for him and thank COMFORT for his wheel chair which he received last April. He cannot use his hands to write. His chair is also a great help to his aged mother. He has been visiting many times in his wheel chair. He says he is so thankful to you for getting him such a beautiful chair which is such a great blessing to him and his mother. He isn't more thankful for his than I am for my COMFORT wheel chair. God bless you, Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie and all who helped us get our wheel chairs.  
A grateful shut-in, ANNIE L. VINSON.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

### COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. W. H. Murphy, Texas, for own chair, 100; Mrs. David Hiltbrand, N. Y., for Kittle Armstrong, 73; Mrs. Theron Cole, Pa., for Flo Marie Cole, 60; Chas. F. Summers, Pa., for Flo Marie Cole, 40; Alice E. McKinney, Pa., for Flo Marie Cole, 33; Cora Anthony, Pa., for Luther Williams, 30; Mrs. Mattie Newman, Ga., for J. E. Newman, 28; Mrs. Georgia Wilson, Ga., for Miss Lella Lord, 21; Tilda Brazleton, Tenn., for Chas. Brazleton, 20; Mrs. W. S. Rhodes, Ill., for Mrs. Lottie Brant, 20; Pearl Glover, N. C., for Garry E. Fair, 20; Mrs. Chas. Brazleton, Tenn., for own wheel chair, 20; Mr. John Brant, Ill., for Mrs. Lottie Brant, 20; S. A. Gains, Tenn., for Alice Wilburn, 20; David Odell, Texas, for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Lucy Ham, Ind., for Mrs. C. W. Miller, 16; J. L. Black, Ala., for Mrs. Chas. Brazleton, 13; Annie Edwards, Okla., for some worthy shut-in, 11; Nancy Jordan, Ala., for own chair, 10; Miss Gwalia H. Williams, Mont., for most worthy, 10; Mrs. Belle Tennant, W. Va., for Sarah Tennant, 10; Sarah M. Waddell, Ohio, 8; Harriet I. Johnson, S. Dak., for Nancy Jordan, 8; Miss Gertrude Skeels, Ga., 6; Mrs. J. F. Boswell, Ga., for Miss Lella Lord, 5; Mrs. J. R. Swindler, Tex., 5; Alma Schlegel, Ill., for worthy person, 5; Mrs. Grace Beadle, Ind., for Bernard Beadle, 5; Mrs. J. W. Shoopman, Ky., for Anna Glenn, 5; Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Cal., for H. A. Copeland, 5; Margretha Beckley, Mich., 5.



### Story About the Doll That Changed Faces

It was Thanksgiving Day and Dolly Prim with a thoughtful look on her face, for who can tell what Turkey day will bring forth. Pretty soon her mamma began to prepare a huge dinner of turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie and other good things and Miss Prim's face showed that she was highly pleased. At last mealtime came around and Dolly rushed from the nursery to the dining-room. When she saw the table piled high with so many good things to eat her eyes opened wide with surprise. Her mamma told her not to eat too much or it would make her sick, but, alas! poor Dolly just didn't know when to stop. A few hours after, however she knew that she had gone past her limit because her stomach pained her so badly that she just had to cry. Then grandma picked her up and rubbed the pain and gave her some queer tasting drops in a glass of warm water and after a while Miss Dolly brightened up and laughed. But she had learned a lesson and you better do the same thing.

## Comfort's Big Double Header Catalogue Is Now Ready For You!

Don't fail to send NOW for your copy of COMFORT'S New Fall and Winter Premium Catalogue, the biggest and best ever issued, containing DOUBLE the usual number of pages, illustrating and describing TWICE AS MANY new beautiful and desirable Premiums, all offered you free for small clubs and

### Get In The Race For November Cash Prizes

to be paid December 8th. You earn a splendid premium for every club sent in and the JAME clubs are placed to your credit on NOVEMBER CASH PRIZES and GRAND PRIZES too. More Premiums and better Premiums, more Prizes and larger Prizes offered you than ever before. Come in EARLY and get your share. Send for Catalogue today and learn how you can also get IN ADDITION to Prize Money and other Premiums your choice of any dress or other PATTERN shown within its pages ABSOLUTELY FREE. This is an EXTRA present for PROMPTNESS so you should answer this announcement AT ONCE if you want it. Address COMFORT, Prem. Dept. D, Augusta, Maine.

## Beautiful 18-Inch Centerpieces



### Stamped On White Linene For Hand Embroidery

We show here five new handsome designs for centerpieces each separately stamped on fine quality pure white linene which, as every woman knows, is equal to pure linen and in fact is preferred by many to real linen as it never wrinkles and washes exactly as well and wears as long. This complete set of five different designs also gives every lady or girl a fine opportunity to display her talents with needle as each design is to be worked differently although they are so simple that no hard labor is involved. A is a cross-stitch design, B a butterfly design for punch work, C a design for French and eyelet embroidery, D Morning Glory design for punch work, E a Wheat design for Bullion Stitch. Each centerpiece is 18 inches in diameter which is a nice size and suitable for most all purposes.

For only one new, bona-fide 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at for 15 months at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you your choice of any two of these beautiful centerpieces by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you any four of them for a club two 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each, or all five for a club of three. When ordering be sure to specify the design wanted, whether A, B, C, D, or E. Premium No 396. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



- - NOTRE DAME, IND.,



## Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



Use Golden Remedy, the Great Home Treatment for Drunkards.

Odorless and Tasteless—And Lady Can Give It Secretly At Home In Tea, Coffee or Food.

### Costs Nothing To Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

#### Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,  
5577 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
State.....

## FAT is Danger



SHOWING REDUCTION OF 98 POUNDS.  
Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge writes: "My figure and appearance wonderfully improved; have lost 98 lbs." 1000 other testimonials, men & women, will be given you; investigate for yourself. Let me send you my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. If you wish to reduce 30 to 70 pounds weekly, improve health and add years to life, I will also send free BOOK of VALUABLE ADVICE—Costs absolutely nothing. Write today. DR. BRADFORD, 731 Bradford Building, 20 E. 22d St., New York. (Licensed physician by the State of New York.)

## To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

**FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN**  
We wish to induce a highly motivated, active, and successful sales force for our new, revolutionary, and profitable business. We will send you, absolutely free, a beautiful watch, ring, and chain, and we will also send you a complete set of business cards, and a complete set of business letters. Write today for your free gift. DALE WATCH CO., Dept. 12 CHICAGO

**MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT**  
Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—1 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

**FITS**  
I made a life study of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness and cured cases afflicted since childhood. I will PAY EXPRESS-AGE ON FREE TRIAL BOTTLE IF you CUT OUT AND RETURN this advertisement in your letter. Prompt relief guaranteed. Hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. Dr. F. Harvey Root, Dept. 929, Station B., New York

## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. U. N., New Washington, Ohio.—Quinine is useful in breaking a cold only at the very beginning. Ten or fifteen grains may do it then, but any more than that taken later has no effect except to produce headache. Aconite and belladonna are poisons to be taken only on prescription or by druggist's direction. Sciatic rheumatism requires something more than syrup of sarsaparilla, and some of the best physicians have failed to cure it. As a relief, when severe, take a five grain tablet of salicylate of soda every three hours until fifteen grains have been taken, then one before going to bed, and three next day. As an external application use chloroform liniment. Do not rub with it, but saturate a cloth and hold it tight over the part affected till you feel the blister coming, when remove for a minute and apply again. Don't let it blister.

E. W., Danbury, Wis.—We hardly think you have goiter. But the various swellings that affect people take so many forms and come from so many causes that no treatment should be given except by a physician who can examine them and have personal knowledge of their cause and know what should be done. Any other treatment is guesswork and may do more harm than good.

M. A. P., Seymour, Ind.—Your cough is due more to your nervous condition than to any real bronchial trouble, or it may be that your palate has fallen and a slight operation would remove the cause of the cough. Your doctor is right about you getting over your nervousness in time, but you will not if you continue to think about it and worry over it. Believe what your doctor tells you, and help him by using your will power in forgetting you have nerves. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, eat proper food properly, be with cheerful company as much as possible and think about the troubles of other people rather than your own. To this advice we call the attention of all COMFORT readers who think they have something the matter with them.

X. M. B., West Salem, Ill.—For blackheads, press the sebaceous matter out and wash the face in hot water with Castile soap. Massage the skin, either with the hands or with a brush or roller to be had at any drug-store. Use for the pimples, any good lotion that you may buy on the druggist's recommendation. Stop eating greasy and sweet foods and drink milk instead of coffee. (2) Nasal catarrh will not yield to treatment as long as the cause remains, which in most instances is climatic. Make a trip out to Arizona, New Mexico or Colorado and try that dry air for a month or six weeks. If we gave you a prescription the chances are that it would be like the one your own doctor gave you and would have no better effect than you say his had.

Mrs. F. M. G., Brownwood, Texas.—Trachoma is a very serious and often contagious disease of the eyes, prevalent among children unless their eyes are properly cared for, and you should by all means have your children treated at once. In cities children with trachoma are not allowed to go to school and immigrants having it are not permitted to enter the country. Your husband may think it is of no consequence, but he had better pay a doctor now than to have blind children.

Violette, Plentywood, Mont.—Read your Bible and find out what can be done towards adding to or taking from your hair. Violette, Plentywood, Mont. Also let your hair remain in the color nature gave it.

W. D. D., Manchester, N. H.—We hardly think you can do much with increasing the volume of your mustache. Some upper lips will not become hirsute although the growth of whiskers on the other parts of the face is perfectly normal and satisfactory. You might try a drug-store hair grower on it, or have a talk with the nearest barber. It is difficult to do much against nature and succeed with it.

M. M., Washington, D. C.—The climate of Washington is about as good for bronchial trouble as the climate of Denver is good for it and we advise that if you have a chance to make the change that you do so. The change of climate will no doubt also improve your appetite. Denver is a mile higher than Washington and you may have some heart trouble with the elevation, though as a rule people of average good condition do not.

E. T., St. Patrick's, La.—It sometimes happens that a person living in the same climate for a long time finds that he cannot stand it. We think the "sun pains" that trouble you so now and prevent your working in the sun as you once did are the result of the continued heat and you will not be cured until you go to a cooler locality. Get up into the dry, cold air of Colorado, where you can make as good a living as where you are, and your sun pains and coated tongue will leave you. You have tried medicine and doctors, without good results, so now try new air.

Angel K., Oregon, Ill.—Bleeding piles are quite common and rarely dangerous. Yours have been running too long and you should see a physician at once and have him prescribe properly for you. The cause is not always the same and the physician must know the cause before he can prescribe successfully.

Mrs. H. S., Portland, Maine.—Canker in the mouth is due to several causes, but chiefly to constitutional debility. It is very virulent in some cases. Ordinarily if the patient will take a good nourishing diet and take half grain doses of quinine in an infusion of tannin good results will follow. An agreeable mixture and beneficial is made of one dram of chlorate of potash with twenty drops of muriatic acid in six ounces of cinnamon or peppermint water, and sweetened with a little syrup of orange peel. Take two tablespoonfuls three times a day. Wash the mouth frequently with a salt water, or one dram of chloric ether in half a pint of water. Apply to the canker lunar caustic carefully for local treatment. If these remedies fail, consult a physician.

N. F. M., Lidgerwood, N. Dak.—If the cause of the nasal catarrh is the climate, you may cure or benefit it by going to a dry climate, hot or cold. Have you ever tried Colorado? As you have failed to help it with medicine, why not try a change of climate?

E. B., Minneola, Fla.—We have frequent calls in this column for treatment of goiter and we wish to say that goiter is not a disease that can be treated by mail. The treatment is slow and requires the attention of a physician who may examine the patient at frequent intervals though not necessarily in constant attendance.

S. M. C., Ardeola, Mo.—As yet no cure for cancer has been discovered by any of the scientists who for years have been studying cancer in its forms. Some forms of cancer if taken early enough are amenable to treatment, but no positive cure is yet known except surgery in the early stage of the disease.

S. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mild solutions of witch-hazel or boric acid will not harm the eyes. A pleasant eye tonic is two drops of essence of peppermint in an ounce of water. (2) The circles under your eyes are due to poor circulation. Improve your digestion and circulation and at the same time gently massage the skin under the eyes, rubbing outward and downward.

No Name, Des Moines, Iowa.—The opium salts will do no harm if not taken too frequently, but we think your doctor could do better than that for your eczema if you would let him look at it. The soda in hot water half an hour after meals will aid digestion. Take only a small quantity, say, quarter of a teaspoonful, except in severe cases of acidity. Also improve your digestion by being careful of what you eat and never swallow a mouthful that is not chewed to a pulp. A sponge bath once a day in summer seems to us to be a necessity, and it should be continued through the fall, winter and spring. Your friend who does not take a bath all winter because it will shorten her life, may live longer than some who take their daily bath, but it will not be owing to her

absence of cleanliness. The acid of lemon is citric, that of vinegar acetic and they cannot be used for the same purpose.

Agnes, Mobile, Ala.—"Shingles" is one name for herpes zoster which is inflammation of the nerve terminals on the skin and it takes the form of a large water blister or rather group of small blisters, very sensitive to the touch and affecting the entire nervous system. It may affect any part of the skin, but usually it follows the intercostal nerve around the back and sides. A predisposing cause is a gouty or rheumatic condition. Its usual course is from ten to twenty days, but it may continue for months. In severe cases both local and constitutional treatment is necessary and the services of a physician must be had. Shingles never kills, but it frequently causes a sufferer to wish that it did. It is commonest among the children and old people, and one attack does not produce immunity.

F. C., Charleston, Mo.—Probably as many people suffer from defective teeth as any other complaint, and many persons seem to prefer suffering either pain or badly formed mouths and ugly teeth to having the trouble corrected by a dentist. In most cases great improvement follows treatment and we advise all with defective teeth to have them put into proper shape. It is not necessary that the teeth should ache to require treatment, but in many cases ugly teeth spoil the whole appearance of the face and this may be corrected. In some instances we advise that all the old teeth be removed and a set of false teeth substituted. Many persons who have for years had bad digestion and poor health due to bad teeth, have been restored to health by substituting new teeth for old. Dentistry in these days is not what it used to be and no one has a right to suffer in his health or his vanity on account of defective teeth.

Brownie, Sharon, Ohio.—Will you be kind enough to give the symptoms of "consumption of the feet"? We have seen consumption in various forms, but as yet have not had a case of it in the feet.

Dark Eyes, Indian Point, Mich.—Young women from sixteen upwards, are at times troubled with the lazy, drowsy feeling you complain of, the skin is blotched and they have pains in the side. Such sufferers should at once consult a physician who will properly prescribe for them and give them advice which they need. Too many girls are ignorant of themselves and if they are properly advised by a physician and given the knowledge they should have when young, they will be free from many troubles that women have later, more as a result of early ignorance than from any tendency to ill health.

Rosy Nose, Grayson, Ky.—If your red nose is due to faulty digestion or drinking too much tea or alcohol, diet yourself and stop the drinking. Tea drinking is as none reddening as alcohol is. As an external application use a twenty-five per cent solution of resorcin, two drams to an ounce of alcohol. Apply at night on dampened cotton, after washing the grease from the skin. Continue this for several days till the nose begins to peel. Then stop and use oxide of zinc ointment until healed, and begin again, continuing until the nose is bleached. If not bleached in three or four operations, consult a physician.

### Women Do You Know?

That there are two simple home remedies, MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM and ROYAL TEA, that are doing wonders for sick and afflicted women? Steadily and quietly every day they are relieving suffering, effecting cures and restoring to health those who had given up all hopes. Every day little messengers in the form of free trial packages are demonstrating what they can do for women that suffer from the many distressing ailments peculiar to the sex. A free ten days' trial is offered to all who wish to try them. They enable you to treat yourself in the privacy of your home and have saved hundreds from expensive operations and embarrassing examinations. Send today for the free treatments; try them and learn that there is a simple, inexpensive cure for the ills that make so many prematurely old. Address SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 7, So. Bend, Ind.

**TOBACCO HABIT PAY WHEN CURED.**  
Harmless Home Treatment. Write for prices and terms. King Ni-Ko System, Desk 4, Wichita, Kansas.

**Piles**  
Pay when cured. New method. No cutting, burning or pain. Immediate relief. For free booklet, address DR. OSCAR JONES, Indianapolis, Ind.

**LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100.**  
Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Ladies to Sew** at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

## QUICK GROWTH OF HAIR

Would You Like It?  
Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is a genuine and scientific one. We will send you just like a real Indian Princess Tamboon, a big doll standing nearly one and one-half feet high and you will surely love her just as soon as you see her raven hair, big black eyes and pretty face. She is dressed up just like a real Indian maiden in a tunic representing leather and moccasins and animal skins and Indian gems while handsome ornaments representing wampum extend around her head and keep her long black braids nice and smooth. Then there are the Princess' cute little brother and sister who stand half a foot high and who are also dressed up in true Indian style just as you see them in the picture. These three lovely Indian dolls with their sweet pretty faces and bright richly colored costumes will make you just the finest playmates you ever had and best of all they cannot become broken no matter how roughly they are tumbled about. They come stamped in many beautiful colors on strong cloth all ready to be cut out and stuffed and when finished you can move their arms and legs and put them in all sorts of cute and comical positions. Thousands of little children, both boys and girls, have been made happy with these wonderful Indian Dolls, so if you are a little boy or girl either be sure to ask your father or mother to send right away now and get all three dolls for you. They won't cost a cent of money because COMFORT is giving them away to anybody who will accept the following

## Look Girls! See What We Will Give You!

The Lovely Indian Princess TAMBOON and Her Little Brother and Sister  
**3 Beautiful INDIAN DOLLS**

WE cannot begin to tell you or even make a picture fine enough to show you how gorgeously beautiful these dolls really are. You must see them in order to fully appreciate their sweet pretty faces and the rich coloring of their Indian costumes. This wonderful Indian doll family consists of lovely Princess Tamboon who looks just like a "big chiefs" daughter and her little Indian brother and sister—three fine dolls in all. Princess is a big doll standing nearly one and one-half feet high and you will surely love her just as soon as you see her raven hair, big black eyes and pretty face. She is dressed up just like a real Indian maiden in a tunic representing leather and moccasins and animal skins and Indian gems while handsome ornaments representing wampum extend around her head and keep her long black braids nice and smooth. Then there are the Princess' cute little brother and sister who stand half a foot high and who are also dressed up in true Indian style just as you see them in the picture. These three lovely Indian dolls with their sweet pretty faces and bright richly colored costumes will make you just the finest playmates you ever had and best of all they cannot become broken no matter how roughly they are tumbled about. They come stamped in many beautiful colors on strong cloth all ready to be cut out and stuffed and when finished you can move their arms and legs and put them in all sorts of cute and comical positions. Thousands of little children, both boys and girls, have been made happy with these wonderful Indian Dolls, so if you are a little boy or girl either be sure to ask your father or mother to send right away now and get all three dolls for you. They won't cost a cent of money because COMFORT is giving them away to anybody who will accept the following

**Free Offer.** For only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this wonderful Indian Doll Family—three dolls in all—free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 647. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Your Nerves Stay Young

If Revitalized With Kellogg's  
Sanitone Wafers.

50-CENT BOX FREE  
TO MEN AND WOMEN



Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers Make You Act Like a Boy. You Feel Just Like Jumping Over a Fence.

Don't lose your "grip"—get out of the rut of gloomy, weak-nerved existence. Know what it means to be well and really live. Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers work wonders for men and women who are ailing, nerve-racked and run down. They put the snap and "ginger" into sluggish minds and bodies—make you feel like a young spring colt. You need no "rest cure," "travel cure," or doctors. Just feed new vitality to your strained and careworn nerves with Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. They dispel your brain-fog and banish that "all in" feeling. Ambition and health return, and you feel like your old self again.

Send your name and address to-day for the free 50c. trial box of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., 2161 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Michigan.

**Free 50c. Box Coupon**  
F. J. KELLOGG CO.,  
2161 Hoffmaster Block,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a 50c. trial box of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

Name.....  
Street.....  
E. F. D. {  
City..... State.....



## Used Tobacco Over 46 Years! HAS NOW QUIT FOREVER

All Desire Gone and He  
Doesn't Even Think  
of It Now

The photo is that of Mr. J. A. Hill, a highly respected citizen of St. Lawrence County, N. Y. After many years of tobacco using (mostly chewing) and after having spent fifty dollars for so-called "cures," he got a certain book which gave him valuable information about how to get rid of the habit quickly and easily. He followed the information and now all desire is gone.



### GAINED 55 POUNDS!

One of the oldest established grocers of Seattle, Mr. H. M. Sherwood, says he had a smoking record of 30 cigars, daily average! That he was in bad condition is hardly necessary to explain. He got the free book, followed the information; now he is done with the tobacco habit, has gained 55 pounds in weight; health improved wonderfully.

### SNUFF HABIT ALSO CONQUERED

Mrs. E. Barnes, an estimable lady of May's Landing, was able to rid herself of all desire for snuff and now she feels very much better. Many others have conquered snuff and tobacco habit through the information obtained from the free book.

### WILL SEND BOOK FREE.

The above are but three out of legions of cases that might be cited. If you are addicted to the use of tobacco in any form—pipe, chewing, snuff, cigars or cigarettes—don't wait another day but write to the author, Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., B 147, New York City and he will mail the book free, in plain wrapper; it will likely be worth weight in gold to you. A post card will bring it.



## GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. He spent thousands of dollars before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you, I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day. E. H. Delano, 329-M Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York. I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

**SICK WOMEN**—Women who suffer from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb Diseases, Womb Cancer, Tumors and similar ailments can be **POSITIVELY** and **PERMANENTLY CURED AT HOME**. No need to consult physicians or to undergo dangerous and useless operations. Cure yourself in the privacy of your own room with the famous La Veta remedy. It acts naturally on the parts affected. Contains no poisons. Has no evil after-effects. Does not foster drug habit. Ten days treatment free. One month's treatment \$1.00. Lady agents wanted. **BONEWELL MEDICINE CO.** Sts. C. 21 DETROIT, MICH.

## LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Ointment. Stops the itching around sore. Ointment while you work. **DESCRIBE CASE** and get **FREE SAMPLE**. **BAYLES CO.** 123 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**CANCER**—Concerning its Medical Treatment write to the **WEBER SANATORIUM**, 17 W. 24th St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Established 25 years and well endorsed. 96-page BOOK FREE.

**Uncle Charlie's Poems** (Cloth bound, 50c) Song Book, 30c. Address, **UNCLE CHARLIE**, care **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

## The Doctored Raft

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

commenced at the County seat. Calmly and dispassionately the prosecuting attorney, assisted by Emerson and the attorney of the company, introduced his strongest evidence against Franklin, and elicited it by calling Franklin's scaler who reluctantly admitted that the figures on the end of the log produced in court were in his handwriting, and had been marked by him on a log in one of Franklin's rafts at Merodic.

"I offer this piece of wood in evidence," said the prosecuting attorney.

"Does my learned friend offer the whole piece in evidence or simply the writing thereon?" inquired Franklin's attorney.

"The whole thing, certainly," replied the prosecutor, and the judge smiled pityingly at the attorney for the defense.

The prosecution closed their case, and Franklin's most sanguine friends admitted that a conviction was certain.

His attorney, however, in his opening address, put on a bold and confident front. He denounced the prosecution of Franklin as a political trick from beginning to end; emphasized the fact that Lee had not been called as a witness; and charged that he was being purposely kept out of the state by the prosecution, and not even allowed to return to attend the funeral of his invalid child who had died on the preceding day.

"I am not interested in Mr. Lee's family affairs," interrupted Emerson.

Just as he closed his address a note was handed him which he glanced over and threw aside carelessly as if of no importance, but instead of calling his witnesses as announced, he picked up the piece of wood which was lying on the clerk's table.

"This whole piece is admitted in evidence, I understand," he inquired.

"My learned friend can ease his mind on that point," sneered the prosecutor. "The entire piece of wood is admitted in evidence as it stands."

"Very well," said the attorney for the defense, and producing a pocket-knife he began digging at a large knot near the sawed end of the block.

In a moment he had removed the knot and reaching into the cavity he produced a small roll of papers tied up in a piece of oiled silk.

"May it please the court," he said, unrolling the papers as he spoke; "I offer the confession of John Lee, written and enclosed by him in the piece of wood which has been admitted in evidence," and as Lee entered the court room at that moment, he added, "and if the court requires any further confirmation of my client's innocence I will call Lee as a witness to expose this infamous conspiracy to ruin an honorable man."

The prosecuting attorney, at first speechless with amazement, after a ploty consultation with the perpetrators of the plot, who sat pale and trembling, rose and said that the prosecution had evidently been misled and that he was willing to drop the case or would consent to a verdict of "not guilty."

"Very well so far as Mr. Franklin is concerned," said the judge, "but if he is innocent as it now appears, those who have conspired to accuse him falsely must answer for a higher crime and direct you to call John Lee to the witness stand to tell all he knows about this matter."

At the close of Lee's testimony the judge ordered Emerson and the president of the Jean Lumber Co., and the detective arrested and held for trial on charges of conspiracy and perjury.

## Current Events

**10,215,000 MICROBES IN MUD PIE.**—A noted bacteriologist of Lyons, France, astonished his little son, whom he found making mud pies in a playground park. Curiosity led the father to take one of the pies home for examination. He found 10,215,000 dangerous microbes in the few cubic inches of earth classified as follows: Diphtheria, 1,800,000; measles, 2,450,000; smallpox, 900,000; tetanus, 3,000,000; dysentery, 900,000; pneumonia, 575,000; tuberculosis, 6,200,000.

**MAKES BODIES TRANSPARENT.**—A new method of medical instruction, doing away largely with dissection will be put into practice at the Hahnemann Medical College next term, it was announced at Philadelphia. Physicians and surgeons of the college are perfecting a process based on discovery of a fluid by a German scientist, which will make the human body transparent. Students can study the veins, muscles, and bones far more easily, it is said. The fluid can only be used after death.

**A CURE FOR HUNCHBACKS.**—A cure for all juvenile hunchbacks was announced by Dr. J. Torrance Rugh, who has just saved two children from being crippled for life. Another child, two-year-old Joseph Kelley, is undergoing in his tenement home, the first part of the Rugh treatment, with the promise that his back will be made straight for the rest of his life by November. The new treatment can be given at home with no more trouble to the mother than the ordinary care of a helpless baby would mean, it is said. The apparatus used by Dr. Rugh is nothing but an oblong frame of four pieces of lead pipe. After the spinal column has been straightened, a home-grafting operation, to supplant diseased bones with healthy structures, is performed if necessary. Dr. Rugh is of Philadelphia.

**ORDINANCE AGAINST TIPS.**—There is a possibility that St. Louis will become a "tipless" city if the ordinance just passed can be taken as a starter. The ordinance has just been passed in this city. It prohibits the tipping of hotel employees and servants in restaurants and other public places of that class. The bill provides penalties of ten to fifty dollars, one half of the fines collected to go to the persons furnishing evidence. The police are required to arrest both giver and recipient of the tip.

**LOUISIANA GROWS COFFEE.**—Representative Broussard of Louisiana, said that coffee growing in Louisiana would succeed sugar cane growing should the present tariff bill, placing sugar on the free list, become a law. A negro planter in that state found that he could raise coffee by growing it with corn. The coffee plant needs shade. A sugar planter wrote Broussard of it. Experts of the Department of Agriculture left for Louisiana to inspect the coffee growth on the negro's patch.

**DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN.**—Professor von Behring, discoverer of diphtheria antitoxin, announced the discovery of a protective inoculation against diphtheria. It consists of a mixture of diphtheria toxin and antitoxin. Prof. von Behring asserts that no unfavorable results follow the injection of his remedy, which gives complete immunity, similar to anti-smallpox vaccination. He considers the new vaccine especially valuable for persons attending diphtheria patients, but will not be made public for the present, but will be handed over to hospitals for further experiments.

**FOR TRUE HAPPINESS.**—Early marriage for true happiness was advocated by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University. "It is neither well for the man nor for his community

**PILES CURED.** We have the proof. Avoid the dangerous knife. Write today. Do it Now. Free Sample on request. **THE ARTZ CO.** Dept. 1, St. Paul, Minn.

**PARALYSIS**—Conquered at Last! Write for Book of Cure. Advice Free. **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS** Does It. **DR. CHASE**, 254 Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Asthma**—Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. **Dr. Kinsman**, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

5 YEAR

GUARANTEE

98 CENTS POST PAID

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## LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE \$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE



If I could meet you face to face in my office and tell you the many cures my Goitre Treatment has made, you wouldn't continue to suffer and be distressed with "Big Neck". You wouldn't give up hope because of past failures. No, you would get my treatment immediately. I can't meet every goitre sufferer personally but I will gladly send you \$2.50 worth of my wonderful treatment free for a test. It's the same treatment that is curing hundreds of cases every month, and I believe it will cure you. At any rate, is it not worth trying? I take all the risk. Besides I stand at all expense of the trial. Don't give up hope because of past failures. Most of my patients have tried everything but found no permanent relief until I treated them. Just see what Miss H. Hebece Thomas of Linville Depot, Va., writes me. "There is no sign of goitre on my neck now and I only took one treatment. My general health, too, is fine. No choking or disagreeable feeling in my throat. I cannot thank you enough for what your treatment did for me."

### \$2.50 FREE Treatment Coupon

This coupon, when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Hobe, 935 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., is good for one \$2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail, in plain package.

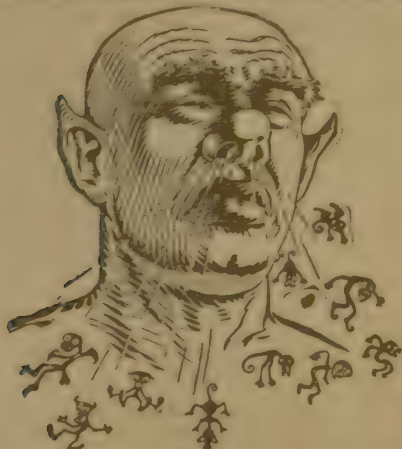
Age..... Male or Female?  
How old is goitre?..... yrs. Are you Nervous?..... Hands tremble?..... Measurements of neck over goitre?..... in. Does heart beat too rapidly?..... in. Do your eyes bulge?..... Write plainly  
Health good or poor?  
Name.....  
Address.....

## THE TRUTH ABOUT CATARRH TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity.

## HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, some-



Germ-Demons of Catarrh Scattered by Every Sneeze!

thing delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

### I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hacking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

### RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite B158  
1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. N. M. Livonia, Mo.—If you would read COMFORT's advertising columns more carefully you would find there the advertisements of coin experts who will tell you all you want to know about old coins. We are not experts in this column. Other COMFORT readers please take notice and read the advertising columns of COMFORT for information they ask us for.

Mrs. J. S. D., East Rochester, Nev.—Golden Rod is the state flower of Alabama, Kentucky, Nebraska, North Carolina; Forget-me-not, Alaska; Golden Poppy, California; Columbine, Colorado; Mountain Laurel, Connecticut; Peach Blossom, Delaware; Nasturtium, District Columbia; Orange Blossom, Florida; Cherokee Rose, Georgia; Syringa, Idaho; The Native Violet, Illinois; Corn Flower, Indiana; Wild Rose, North Dakota and Iowa; Sundower, Kansas; Magnolia, Mississippi and Louisiana; Pine Cone and Tassel, Maine; Black Eyed Susan, Maryland; Apple Blossom, Michigan; Moccasin flower, Minnesota; Bitter Root, Montana; Sage Brush, Nevada; Cactus, New Mexico; Rose, New York; Carnation, Ohio; Mistletoe, Oklahoma; Oregon Grape, Oregon; Violet, Wisconsin and Rhode Island; Anemone Patens, S. Dakota; Segoe Lily, Utah; Red Clover, Vermont; Rhododendron, Washington and West Virginia; Gentian, Wyoming. Some of these have been adopted by the legislatures, and some by the schools and some by both. States not named have not yet reached a choice.

A. E. G., Bruno, Minn.—The present Salton Sea, caused by overflow, is in southeast California and occupies the site of an ancient lake. At its lowest point it is over two hundred feet below sea level. (2) The U. S. debt in 1912, less cash in Treasury, was \$1,927,574,697, which is \$10.74 per person.

Mrs. R. L. J., Lake Landing, N. O.—Woman's Exchanges are to be found in most of the larger places and in many of the smaller ones because they have proved to be of much benefit to women who want reliable people to handle such articles as they can make and sell. A letter addressed to "The Woman's Exchange," in any city you may choose will be delivered if there is an Exchange in that town, and it will be returned to you if not and you put your address in the corner of the envelope.

Mrs. J. B., Sugar Run, Pa.—The grandchildren of two grandmothers who are first cousins would be second cousins, or double second cousins if you want it that way. Or some such grandchildren might be brothers and sisters. See?

C. L. L., Madrid, Mo.—Wireless operators, except at government stations, are in private employ. An operator must not only be competent in wireless telegraphy, but he must have a good English education, though in private employ he is not asked to pass an examination in English. The responsibility is about what it is in wire telegraphy in important offices and salaries are higher, as wireless operators have a kind of work to do that the other does not. It isn't every man who can be a wireless operator.

E. R., Centerville, Mass.—No one can become a naturalized citizen before he is twenty-one years of age. He may take out his first papers at the age of eighteen, but does not become a voter until he has resided in the United States for five years.

A. B. C., Linden, Texas.—If the mad dog did not develop rabies until some time after he bit your cow we do not think the cow is in any danger. A disease is not communicable until it has shown itself.

D. E. S., Sturgis, N. O.—Information about Indian and government lands may be had by writing to Land Commissioner, Interior Dept., Washington, N. O.

G. W., Greenup, Ill.—Old clothes may be had from second hand clothing dealers in any of the cities or large towns not far from you, for which you will pay reasonable prices. Charity organizations and Salvation Army give them away to the needy. In the smaller towns those who want old clothes visit the houses of the people and ask for them, either as donations or to pay a small price for them. If you want them for your own use we think the better way would be to buy them. That keeps you above becoming a beggar, at least, and many very good people wear second-hand clothes that they have bought because they could not afford to buy new.

N. E. W., Prosperity, Mo.—Your best plan to get at a knowledge of your rights to land as a fourth blood Indian would be to write to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C. It will cost you nothing and is reliable.

Mrs. B. A., Superior, Wis.—We are inclined to believe that tobacco could not be successfully raised as far north as Superior, except in small quantities having special care. However, write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. and get authoritative information.

Miss P., Spring Valley, Minn.—"Garage" is pronounced as though spelled gar-ahge, and "Chauffeur" is pronounced, Shofur. Don't pronounce either word with an accent on the final syllable. There is no accent on either syllable. The words are French.

Miss H. C., St. Clairsville, O.—It pays to be a cartoonist, but the cartoonist who is in the work for pay is not the one who succeeds. There is a sale for comic drawings, but they have to be not only comic, but drawn in the most artistic style of the art. We advise you not to seek that field of endeavor.

Billie, Taylor, La.—Esperanto as a universal language has not yet become universal, but we understand from its advocates that it is thriving. Books on the subject may be had from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, or from booksellers in New Orleans. Ask prices before ordering books. Unless there are others in your neighborhood who are interested in Esperanto, we would advise you not to bother with it.

K. O., Roseglen, N. Dak.—Engineers who run locomotives usually get their places by working up from positions of firemen. Not many locomotive engineers have got their jobs because they had been trained by correspondence schools. If you wish to become a train man you will pick up a lot of valuable information about the business you don't have now.

Mrs. E. R., Chatham, La.—You do not read COMFORT very closely or you would see in the advertising columns the cards of firms who are experts in old coins and can answer all your questions. Write to them.

G. W., Norton, S. C.—The Southern Institute, Camp Hill, Ala., and Berea College, Berea, Ky., are schools where a boy may earn his way through, if he has the real stuff in him that calls for an education. Write to the President of either or both, for particulars.

Reader, White House, Tenn.—Without experience as a telegraph operator you cannot get a position as the telegraph companies do not teach their operators. You will either have to go to a school where telegraphy is taught, or have some friend who is an operator teach you. Did you think training was not necessary? A good many COMFORT readers have the idea that all that is necessary is the job, whether they know how to do it or not.

**OPIUM** or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially designed. Write particulars for Harris Treatment, Suite 58 No. 350 W. 58th St. New York

## Fruit Portraits

Copyright, 1913, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

ONE of the latest fads in Paris, is "fruit portraits." Americans, as usual in the lead, are creating a sensation by placing before their guests at banquets, a large perfect apple, or peach, bearing a picture of the diner's features upon it.

The news has reached London and the United States. In certain sections of London, a Britisher can buy for a few shillings, an apple bearing a true likeness of King George.

The trick of lettering names, dates and mottoes in nature's colors on fruit has long been practiced successfully by means of the action of the sun, being accomplished in this way.

It is the action of the sun's rays that turns the ripening fruit from green to red. If paper letters are pasted on an apple before it begins to darken in color the skin will remain green beneath the letters and turn red elsewhere, so that when the ripe fruit is picked and the paper letters soaked off the print appears in green on the skin.

The process of printing a face on fruit is similar. However the fruit selected must be sound and of perfect surface and of a variety which is dark red when ripe. A print of the face is made on the ripening fruit by pasting a film negative on it and the sun does the rest.

The only satisfactory adhesive obtained thus far, is the saliva of the garden snail. Perhaps at Christmas some young man will receive from his girl, a rosy-cheeked apple, bearing her picture. Then wouldn't he be justified in calling her a pippin?

RIDS MOSQUITOES.—Philadelphia is to get rid of its mosquitoes by using the praying mantis, a ferocious-looking Chinese bug four inches long, which is being cultivated by Entomologist Horning. Recently he started 200 nests of the mantis and each nest has produced 300 black beetles which mandarins use as fighting cocks. Placed in trees in the vicinity of Southern Boulevard, they have rid that region of mosquitoes. Citizens are requested not to kill the mantis which are carnivorous only when a mosquito is in sight.

HOLD SCHOOL SESSION IN CORNFIELD.—A new way of taking the school to the people was recently illustrated in Dallas Center, Iowa. The cornfield was the schoolroom, and the Alfalfa field, the feed lot, the pasture, the barn, the silo, everything that has a place on the farm. The students were farmers, more than one hundred of them. The instructors were members of the extension department of the State Agricultural College.

## Cancer—Free Treatise.

The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

**CALL STONES** Home Remedy. No Oil. Good for any Stomach, Liver or Gall Trouble. Write Today. CALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 538, 210 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO



Send for a  
**FREE  
BOX  
of  
OXIE**  
(One Week's Supply)

## Oxien Tablets

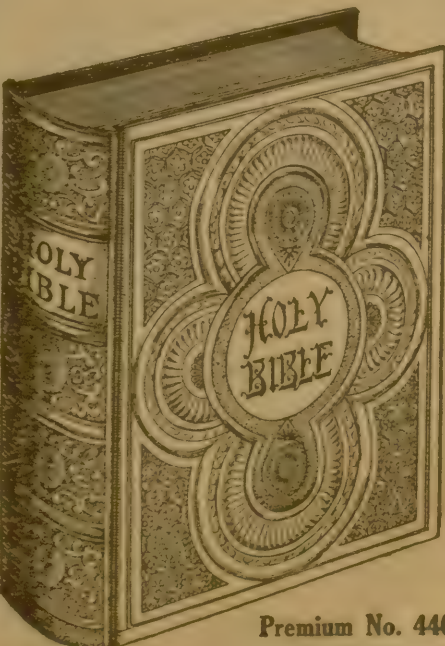
The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

ment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 20 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

## A FAMILY BIBLE THE WORDS OF CHRIST PRINTED IN RED

WITH

## Marriage Certificate, Family Record and Colored Maps



Printed from new plates cast from new type set this year. New Self-Proneouncing Family Bible containing: The Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments; The words of Christ are all printed in red in this new 1904 edition and although much more expensive to produce is an added feature free of any cost to you. The Standard Concordance; A Self-Proneouncing Dictionary of Proper Names; Maps in Colors; Over 100 Full-Page and other Illustrations; Index to Old and New Testaments; Marriage Certificate; Family Temperance Pledge; Family Record, etc., etc.

The largest and best illustrated Bible ever produced for the money. Size 12 1/2 x 10 1/4. This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite typography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing many thousands of dollars. The size of the pages is 12 1/2 x 9 3/4 inches the print large and clear and over 100 full-page and other illustrations. The colored maps of the points of Biblical interest and a feature not found with the ordinary Bible and are of great help to Bible students and teachers. These and the other features mentioned above make this edition an invaluable one and it should appeal to those who are in need of a thorough and complete Bible. These Bibles are bound in Morocco Buckram Padded Sides, with the words, "Holy Bible," on the side and back, stamped in gold, combed edges. Contains over 1,000 pages and weighs over 5 pounds. Specimen page showing size of sheet and type free upon application. Remember the Red Letter feature.

**Club Offer.** We will send by mail or express at our expense one of these 1,000-page Bibles exactly as we have described it for a club of only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## CRUEL PILES

Genuine Relief Found Which is Healing Thousands

POSTAL BRINGS \$1.00 TRIAL FREE

PILES FOR LIFE—No court would impose such a cruel sentence for any crime; yet thousands suffer this punishment for their own simple neglect, for a true case of piles never cures itself. Don't delay. Don't give up. We have thousands of letters from people who write us that Dr. Van Vleck's Absorption Treatment cured them after everything else had failed—even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. Dr. Van Vleck's is so successful in all kinds of pile cases that we send the Full Dollar Treatment to anyone on approval. Just send your address. Return mail brings the Remedy prepaid, in plain wrapper. Then after trying it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not keep your money. We take your word and trust you for a square deal. Can't you see that we couldn't sell our Remedy on this plan if it didn't nearly always bring prompt and certain relief? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 1158, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Write today.



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## GET FAT NOW!

Use BEEF BLOOD VIRO One Week AT OUR RISK!

Makes Pink Flesh Marvel of all Flesh Producers. Six times the strength of strong, healthy bullock's blood. Hundreds have gained 10 to 35 pounds. Let us send you the overwhelming proof of this natural Body-Building. Send 10c for liberal 7-day trial package. Your money and postage refunded if you are not pleased. Have a plump form. Write today! THE VIRO COMPANY, Dept. 5, Clarinda, Iowa.



## TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED

Improve health, prolong your life. Baffle stomach or kidney trouble, hoarseness, headaches, irritability, nervous worry, heart weakness. Avoid blindness! Gain lasting vigor, calm nerves, better memory, clear eyes, superlative strength. If you cough, spit, snuff or smoke pipe, cigarette, cigars, get my interesting free book. Just what you have been looking for. Proved worth weight in gold to others; why not you? Overcome nicotine habit, start now and be genuinely happy. Book mailed free. EDW. J. WOODS, 684 Sixth Ave., 14th, New York, N.Y.

## How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble; cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

## Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment, and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 20 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



**THIS YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE**

**ENTER NOW! Win a November Prize: Win Double in December. Win a Grand Prize, too.**







## Free to Little Girls!

**BIG** Mother DOLL Nearly Two Feet Tall  
**CUTE** BABY DOLL Over Half-Foot Tall



## Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome Doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. Mother Doll is almost as big as a real live baby for she stands nearly two feet high while the cute little Baby Doll which you see in the picture stands only half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think she were ready to speak and say "Mamma." As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed undergarments with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. Both dolls together—the big Mother Doll and the sweet Baby Doll—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you both dolls—the big Mother Doll and her Baby Doll—free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offer.

**Free Offer.** Send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive both dolls free and exactly as described above. This is our Premium No. 463.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND AND RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, such a feature is much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with higher drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a coveted and valuable item as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

## Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year around. For trimming 3 summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready of wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them. Herebefore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only one subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Here's Your Christmas Surprise Box!

180

See  
Old  
Santa  
Claus  
Smile



Beautiful Christmas and New Year POST CARDS, SEALS, TAGS, STICKERS, STAMPS, LABELS  
**Yours Free!**

Big, beautiful, HOLLY DECORATED Christmas Boxes FILLED TO THE BRIM with lovely Christmas and New Year Greetings Post Cards, Stamps, Labels, in many different colors and embossed with gold—this is COMFORT's Christmas offer to you and its thousands of other faithful friends and readers. The illustration gives you no idea of the splendid variety of Christmas and New Year Post Cards and Novelties we offer you in this Big 180-Piece Christmas Surprise Assortment. Just let us tell you what it contains:

- 50 Beautiful Gold, Silver and Holly Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards.
- 4 Large Embossed Colored Christmas Tags.
- 4 Small Embossed Colored Christmas Tags.
- 8 Small Gold Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards.
- 6 Large Gold Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards.
- 4 Medium Gold Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards.
- 20 Gummed Poinsetta Christmas Stamps.
- 24 Gummed Santa Claus Stickers.
- 48 Gummed Oak Leaf Stickers.
- 12 Gummed Santa Claus and Poinsetta Stamps.

## 180 Pieces In All

The entire 180 pieces contained in the above Assortment will come to you in all sizes and many different beautiful colors—gold, silver, holly green, red, yellow, etc.—all packed in a handsome Holly Decorated Holiday Gift Box. The 50 Christmas and New Year Post Cards form the prettiest, daintiest set you ever saw, all new designs this year, exquisitely done in bright, harmonious colors, and handsomely embossed. Of course you cannot send a Christmas gift to all of your dear friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to go to that extent—but you can at least send them a loving remembrance when you get this Big Surprise Box by mailing each of them a beautiful Christmas or New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find Cards to send to grandma, the older children, father, mother and baby, and Grandpa, too. There is old Santa Claus, or "Kris Kringle," with his big smiling face, bright, cheerful, cheerful eyes and long gray beard; Christmas Bells, Cute Little Children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds, and many other beautiful designs all glowing with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.

Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the form of a pretty verse or touching sentiment expressed by a great mind. The designs are all lithographed in exquisite colors on the finest cardboard and finished with gold and silver background. Then there are 130 handsomely colored and embossed Christmas Stamps, Seals, Labels, etc., which you will need to seal, stamp and decorate your Christmas letters and packages with and the stylish Christmas Tags and Enclosure Cards to be tied to or enclosed within your Christmas packages to bear a cheery message with the gift. And you will still have enough of the seals, stamps, stickers, etc., left so that you can make up an endless variety of nice home-made presents to give to those of your friends you wish to remember, but for whom you cannot afford to buy an expensive gift.

## Given To You Free For Your Own Renewal And One New Subscription

Christmas will be here almost before you know it, so don't delay, but send for your Christmas Surprise Box today, so that you will be sure to receive it in time. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents and your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents (50 cents in all) and we will mail you post-paid one of these Beautiful Holly Decorated Christmas Surprise Boxes containing 180 Lovely Christmas and New Year Post Cards, Stamps, Stickers, etc., exactly as described above.

**A 90-PIECE ASSORTMENT FREE FOR ONLY ONE SUBSCRIPTION!** If you prefer, you may send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive one of these Beautiful Holly Decorated Christmas Surprise Boxes containing a 90-Piece Assortment—just half as many Christmas and New Year Post Cards, Stamps, Seals, Stickers, etc., as are mentioned above. Please send in your order right away so we can fill it the same day it is received—later on there might be some delay as we are unusually busy sending out premiums all about Christmas time.

Address COMFORT, Christmas Box Dept., Augusta, Maine

## Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

## Given For a Club of Only Four



This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Japanese Rugs**. It is a closely woven, of fine Japanese material and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chamber or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or sit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus kept fresh and bright.

It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of these.

For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Premium No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Big Box Initial Stationery, Envelopes And Complete Writing Outfit



If, in place of this illustration, we could actually show you this splendid assortment of handsome high grade embossed monogram initial stationery with envelopes to match and complete outfit of everything you need to write with, you would not believe it possible for us to make such an offer. However, that is just what we are doing and you will miss a big bargain if you don't take advantage of it at once. It is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it, so in this big outfit we have arranged to give you two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery 10 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, two combination sheets guide lines and blotters, same size as stationery, and a complete outfit of writing materials consisting of memorandum tablet with pencil, combination penholder, one dozen best quality steel pens one pencil, one combination pencil and eraser and a handsomely decorated and embossed metal tray. The complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this and pay a big price for it in the bargain, but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturer for a very small club to tell the story how we can afford to give you such big value as the premium for a very own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit so don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is yours free upon the terms of the following

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid Writing Outfit exactly as pictured and described above free as a premium. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 352.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Every Boy Should Read—

## The Hickory Ridge

## Boy Scout Stories



Capt. Alan Douglas, Scout Master, known and beloved by every Boy Scout in the country has written a series of six real Boy Scout stories and by special arrangement direct with his publishers we have the good fortune to be able to distribute them free among the thousands of healthy red-blooded American boys who read COMFORT. No matter whether you are a Boy Scout or not you will revel in the novel, exciting adventures of the Hickory Ridge Boy Scout Troop so graphically related by the author in this grand series under the following six titles. Each story is really a continuation of the preceding one according to the way they are listed below inasmuch as all contain the same Boy Scout characters setting, all their further experiences and adventures, although each story is complete in itself. Following are the six titles which form this great series of Boy Scout stories.

The Campfires of the Wolf Patrol.  
 Woodcraft; or, How a Patrol Leader Made Good.  
 The Pathfinder; or, The Missing Tenderfoot.  
 Fast Nine; or, A Challenge from Fairfield.  
 Great Hike; or, The Pride of the Khaki Troop.  
 Endurance Test; or, How Clear Grit Won the Day.

In addition to the complete story each one of the above volumes also has an appendix containing full and authentic information of the great Boy Scout movement, how it originated and what it hopes to accomplish also an inexhaustible encyclopedia of nature lore of great value to every boy who leaves the outdoor life as it tells you how to identify and name all kinds of birds, animals, trees and the different wild things that grow or live in the woods. This appendix consists of not less than thirty pages nearly every one of which has an illustration of some bird, animal, etc. under discussion. Every book in the above series is of good size measuring 7 1/2 x 5 inches handsomely and durably bound in a green cloth binding with a beautiful illustration in colors on front cover and the title stamped in colored type on front cover and back. It is printed in large, clear type and contains not less than 175 pages, including the appendix. This grand series has been copyrighted by the author and cannot be bought at any store in the country for less than forty cents a volume but by buying a large quantity at wholesale rates direct from the publishers we are able to offer you your choice of any one title or all six titles absolutely free on the terms of the following

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents or one new 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you your choice of any one of the above books free and post-paid. Or we will send you any two of the books for a club of three 25-cent subscriptions or all six books in the series for a club of eight. Be sure to name title or titles wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

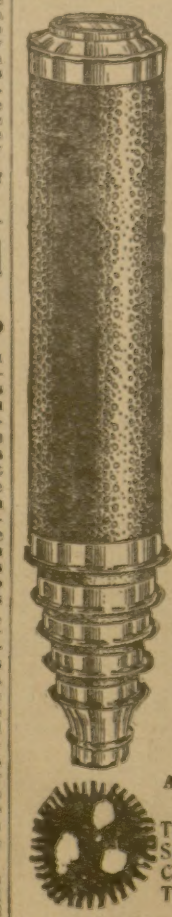
## Engraved Gold Bracelet

GUARANTEED Three Years



**THIS Round Bracelet** with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes a part of your wardrobe. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a Summer of 1913 style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own sub. either new or renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Powerful 3 1/2 Ft. Telescope



This is not a worthless toy but a real telescope made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. When closed as shown in the illustration it is 12 inches long with a circumference of 5 3/4 inches, when all five sections are pulled out its full length is over 3-1/2 feet. It is well made of brass, material, brass, bound throughout; the lens are carefully ground and adjusted by experts and are so powerful that objects miles away are brought right up to your eyes with astonishing clearness. In fact with this telescope it is really possible to pick out and identify houses, barns, horses, cattle, streams, ponds, bits of scenery, etc., at a range of from 5 to 10 miles. Such a telescope as this is an absolute necessity to farmers and ranchmen, as a matter of fact it is something needed in every home whether in city, town or country. The young people always enjoy the use of a good telescope and they are just fine to take along on hunting, fishing, touring or vacation trips. As a rule a telescope of this size sells for a very high price but COMFORT has contracted for an enormous quantity of them thus bringing the cost down low enough so that we can give them away as a premium. If you really want a good telescope do not hesitate to order this one because it is fully guaranteed by the manufacturer and that guarantee is backed up by us. With this telescope we also send you a Solar Eye Piece which you can use to study the sun and solar eclipses and you get the whole outfit free and prepaid on the terms of the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of only six 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 each, we will send you this big forty-two inch long Telescope with Solar Eye Piece by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 602. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Mysterious Sun Spots. You Can See Them With This Telescope





# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Christmas Present Making

**A** LREADY the influence of the holiday season is beginning to be felt throughout the land, and Christmas present making is at least, occupying our thoughts. When one has a large circle of friends to remember the custom of giving often, seems almost a burden, this is so, generally, because we forget that it is not the intrinsic value of a gift which makes it valuable. How few of us but cherish some token, worthless perhaps, except for its associations, which was received from some dear one in the long, long ago.

Gifts of ours will probably be as carefully cared for, if we plan to please our friends in giving rather than ourselves. If tastes and inclinations are considered, a mere trifle may often give more pleasure, because really desired, than some more elaborate or costly present the want of which had never occurred to the recipient.

If one can afford to buy the needed materials very dainty attractive little gifts can be made at home, for it is only when made up that the price put upon fancy articles is so overwhelming. Of course, it follows, as a rule that the newer and nicer the material the better the result, but when it cannot be had considerable can be done with odd bits. One should first collect all their resources in the way of scraps for especially this year does there seem to be a way to use every bit of chiffon, net, silk, ribbon and velvet.

## Sachets

As usual, sachets make desirable gifts, and one made as a mattress for a "top drawer" which term is, I think, generally understood to mean the drawer for handkerchiefs, ribbons, gloves and such other dainty belongings which need special care, would be welcomed by any neat woman. The length and breadth of the drawer will be necessary. Measure a little more than double the amount of silk required. Sew it together like a bag leaving one end open. Place inside cotton batting or sheet wadding to the thickness of an inch and a half. In this sprinkle sachet powder—violet or heliotrope is nice. Now close the opening by overcasting the two edges together firmly. Tuck the mattress in alternating rows using a soft narrow ribbon of contrasting color. Such a sachet placed in a drawer gives a delicately fragrant bed for one's best things. Some even think it a good place to stick pins and the simpler articles of jewelry in constant use.

An odd conceit in sachets is made like a banana, as follows: Cut a pattern of the skin of a banana, of course having as many divisions as there are in the skin of the fruit. It must either be made up of yellowish silk or velvet as nearly the color of a banana skin as one can find. Sew together seaming all the pieces on the wrong side, turn inside out, fill with perfumed cotton and close the end as



SACHETS.

nicely as possible. Next touch up with shades of brown and green paint as seen in the banana you are imitating. This can be done so perfectly that unless it is examined one might be entirely deceived by its appearance.

Another new idea in sachets is to make a half dozen tiny inch and a half silk squares, using the pastel shades of light blue, pink, lavender, yellow and green. Place these together and fasten with narrow ribbon bands at the sides as shown or pin the corners together with tiny safety pins after decorating the top sachet with a bunch or wreath of flowers carefully cut out of Dresden ribbon or silk and applied in place. A little more personal touch can be given by also working the recipient's initials as shown.

Applying flowers cut from chintz and cretonne is a very effective way of decorating. It can be accomplished much more quickly than embroidery and if neatly done is very pretty. One of the new oblong cushions of green burlap is here shown having a spray of roses and



OBLONG PILLOW.

leaves cut from cretonne. A plain dark green burlap stripe was used through the center and a lighter green sprinkled with small leaves for the ends. In this age when one can hardly have too many pillows what would be a more useful and charming present than one which rests the back and delights the eye. By attaching ribbons as shown in the illustration a pillow of this sort can also be used as a head-rest on the back of an armchair. Very good effects may be secured by this mode of decorating if one is careful not to overdo it, and the flowers and fabrics chosen suit each other and their special purposes.

## Pincushions

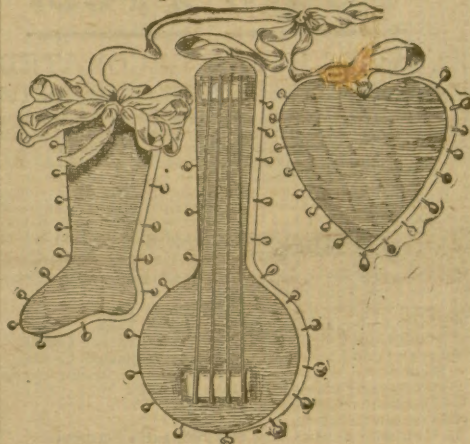
Pincushions are among the little things which are always in demand, as one can scarcely have too many for with actual use they soon grow shabby.

Neatly made of pretty material, these cushions sent in by Lida M. Dearborn are very attractive.

The first unique combination of a boot,

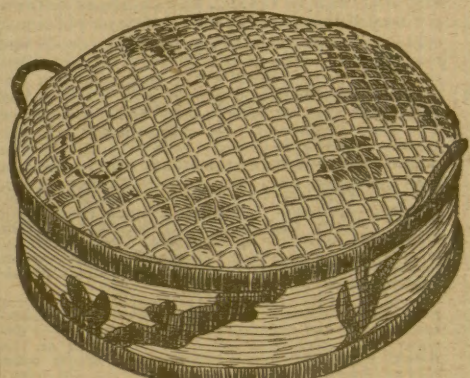
heart and banjo will serve to hang over one's dresser.

For the foundation use pasteboard and cover with velvet or silk, finish with baby ribbon and fill each of the cushions with black, pearl and colored headed pins.



ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS.

The foundation of this cushion is the bottom of a round pasteboard box. This should be about one inch in depth. Cover the outside smoothly with a pretty piece of fancy silk or ribbon. Fill heaping full with bran, cover the top with cheese-cloth, filling as it is sewed in place until the cushion is well rounded up. Then cut a circular piece of silk to fit, turn in the edge, run in a drawing thread, fit in place and overcast all around. Cover this with a piece of gilt net or white or black silk



PRACTICAL AND USEFUL.

veiling. The net will add to the appearance of the cushion and also prevent the pinholes from showing. Finish with handles and two bands of gold braid or narrow velvet ribbon to harmonize with the net used.

## Talcum Box Cover

A one half yard four-inch ribbon can be made into a very dainty cover for powder box. Along each end turn in an inch hem and make a casing for running in a number one baby ribbon. Fold the ribbon together evenly and up both sides run in strong threads; these should be placed so that the box will fit in easily but closely. Draw up the threads along the sides so that the ribbon will just reach the top of the box.

TALCUM BOX COVER.

Run in the ribbon around the top and finish with full bows each side. Please remember that patterns of the articles illustrated here cannot be supplied. But anyone who is accustomed to making fancy work should be able to copy them exactly enough, for slight differences from the original designs are of no consequence. Very often a clever worker can make changes which are really a great improvement.

In changing and rearranging, however, it is often necessary, in utilizing one's materials, one should remember to keep the proportions and measurements of articles correct.

## Embroidered Marquisette Set

A cuff and collar set of fine white marquisette can be embroidered quickly by fine chain stitching. Almost any pattern can be done in this way, but with a running vine



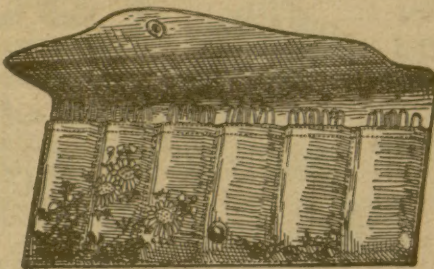
EMBROIDERED MARQUISSETTE SET.

like design one can get along very rapidly. Turn under a hem and baste in place and embroider through both thicknesses or edge with

lace as one prefers. Such a set adds a dainty touch to any waist.

## Hairpin Case

A young reader wrote how she fashioned a very handy little hairpin case. Silk, velvet or almost any material can be used for this and



HAIRPIN CASE.

the size may be changed but a case measuring four by seven inches holds a good supply of hairpins.

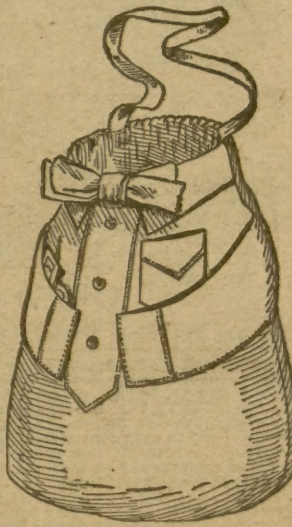
A piece of material eight by twelve inches will be needed to make this sized case. Cut one end to a rounded point and slant the other end off so that one side will be an inch shorter. Turn in all edges and if necessary plan to line the flap which buttons over.

Turn up the slanting end so that the deepest pocket will measure three and one half inches. Finish by stitching all around and between the pockets, on the machine. Fasten with button and buttonhole, and if one can paint, a few flowers will make this little gift even more attractive. Such a case as this would be an appropriate gift for any woman, for hairpins are certainly indispensable little articles.

## Some New Bags

Bags of every variety are always popular at Christmas. The bag shown here for a baby's soiled linen is certainly an original idea. Pink or blue sateen is a very good material of which to make it as it is dainty in appearance and also strong and durable.

Make a bag ten by sixteen inches. To one side stitch a center piece and a little pocket; in the side seams place the two little sleeves. After stitching and turning the top edge down over a wire or embroidery hoop, add to the bag FOR BABY'S SOILED LINEN. front a little collar and necktie, and sew three pearl buttons on the front plait.



## Cretonne Darning Bag

The member of the family whose duty it is to attend to the darning will derive much comfort from this sensible roomy bag. Gaily colored cretonne is perhaps the best material to select. A circle three inches in diameter will be needed.



CRETONNE DARNING BAG.

Gather the edge and sew over an eight-inch embroidery hoop. Cover a pasteboard circle for the top, binding it around with braid or ribbon. Wind a piece of rattan for a handle or ribbon can be substituted.

## Novel Button Bag

Any orderly woman will appreciate this new button bag which is really a combination of several bags in one. Made of fine linen it will wear and launder well. The bottom of the bag is a four-inch square.



A BUTTON BAG.

this motto in brown mercerized cotton between lines as shown:

It is never too late to mend,  
But a man should not expect a button  
sewed on much after midnight.

On each of the four sides also work a butterfly in yellow and brown, and in the center of each side near the top work a buttonhole, bind the top and baste the two lower edges together and bind after sewing up. Fit around the bottom square and overcast the two edges of the ribbons together on the inside of the bag. Featherstitch up from each corner dividing the outside into four pockets. Add button and drawing cords or ribbons.

## Ribbon Corset Bag

An engaged girl would surely appreciate one of the new corset bags. These are very easily made as the ends are two silk covered ovals of pasteboard about five inches in length. To these is sewed a piece of ribbon nine or ten inches wide and fifteen or eighteen long. This makes the sides straight and an opening from one end to the other between the selvages of the ribbon.

## For the Baby

There is usually a baby or two in one's circle of acquaintances which should be remembered. If the baby is young one really should aim to please the mother even though the gift is for the child.

A bib is such a necessity for a young child, a pretty one of a simple proportions would surely be an acceptable remembrance. The one here pictured is hand made of medium weight white linen, cross-stitched across the bottom with yellow chicks above a brown border.

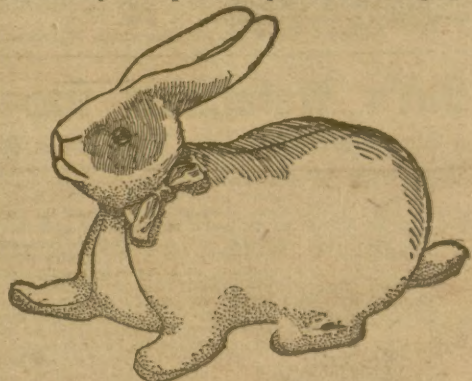
For a child a year or so old a little table apron is very useful. This is cut like a bib with bands added to the bottom which will reach around the waist and button in the back, thus keeping the bib in its proper place.

## Cap Strings

A pair of dainty cap strings may be made of lawn, for in the warm months they so soon become soiled and mussy one cannot have too many. Hemstitch the ends and finish the sides with tiny hems, or featherstitch and add a bit of embroidery or lace.

## A Cunning Rabbit

For an older child a cloth home-made animal can hardly be improved upon as a first play-



GREY FLANNEL RABBIT.

thing. Patterns can now be bought for rabbits, elephants, dogs, etc., and it is not difficult work to stitch one up and stuff it.

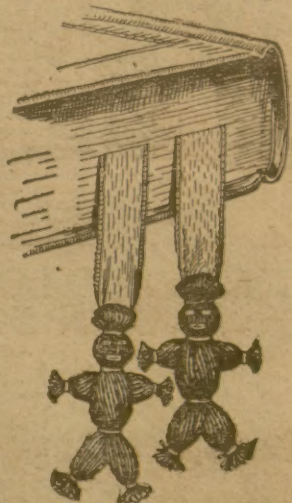
## A Book-mark

"We-uns" comes to "you-uns  
And helps you keep de place,  
Wid a Merry Christmas greeting  
A shinin' from each face."

This cute little book-mark can scarcely fail to bring a smile to one's face and is so simple

even a child who knows little of sewing can easily copy it. Begin by winding black darning cotton over a cardboard measuring an inch and three-fourths. A dozen or fifteen strands will be sufficient. Slip off the cardboard and make two tyings of bright silk to form the head as shown. Then tie and cut off some of the cotton to form the arms; draw the rest down for the body, tie and then divide into two parts for the legs. Sew each little ducky to the end of nine or ten inches of number two ribbon.

Speaking of book-marks brought to mind a friend's plan for treasuring any particular good or striking thought found while reading. Secure some cards or blank paper, copy every passage which appeals as it is found, heading it properly Health, Humor or Household according to the subject, then file it away so it can be easily found. To be sure it is rather inconvenient to say the least, to discontinue, if only for a few minutes, the reading of an interesting book, to write out some quaint or telling sentiment, but once such a habit is formed it will be found to amply pay one. From such a collection a Friendship Calendar can easily be compiled. Such a token containing so much of loving thought and labor, is one of the most precious of presents. For an invalid friend a small leather-covered blank book filled with sayings of a humorous sort, will cause a vast amount of merriment and pleasure.



A HANDY HELPER.